

SMITH COLLEGE MONTHLY, VOL. III.

OCTOBER, 1895—JUNE, 1896.

	Page
ABOUT COLLEGE	45, 93, 141, 190, 237, 285, 333, 385, 432
ALUMNÆ DEPARTMENT	42, 91, 139, 187, 234, 282, 331, 381, 430
APPLETON'S FOURTH READER	<i>Grace Lathrop Collin</i> '96 25
ART INTEREST AT SMITH	<i>Harriet Louise Peloubet</i> '97 171
ARTIST OF TOUBOO, AN	<i>Marian Edwards Richards</i> '99 368
AS FAR AS THE EAST IS FROM THE WEST	<i>Josephine Dodge Daskam</i> '98 313
AT THE BOAR'S HEAD TAVERN	<i>Clarace Goldner Eaton</i> '99 350
AUNT HANNAH	<i>Alice Katharine Fallows</i> '97 205
AVENUE, THE	<i>Harriet Wadsworth Terry</i> '96 309
BOOK REVIEWS	40, 89, 137, 185, 232, 280, 329, 378, 428
BOTANIC GARDEN AT SMITH COLLEGE, THE	<i>W. F. Ganong</i> 105
B STREET	<i>Mae Rawson Fuller</i> '97 222
CALENDAR	48, 96, 144, 192, 240, 288, 336, 388, 436
"CAN THIS BE LOVE"	<i>Caroline Roberta Wing</i> '96 316
CHRIST CHILD IN ART, THE	<i>Lucia Fessenden Gilbert</i> '97 97
COLLEGE ROMANCE, A	<i>Annie Horton Young</i> '96 299
DIFFERENCE, THE	<i>Edith Kellogg Dunton</i> '97 224
DREAM SONG	<i>Gertrude Craven</i> '99 395
EDITORIAL	34, 84, 132, 179, 228, 276, 324, 372, 422
EDITOR'S TABLE	36, 87, 134, 182, 230, 278, 326, 375, 425
EXPERIMENT IN EXAMINATIONS, AN	<i>Mary A. Jordan</i> 212
FAIRIES' BANQUET, THE	<i>Edith Kellogg Dunton</i> '97 75
FASHIONS IN BOOKS	<i>Grace Lathrop Collin</i> '96 314
FIRST IMPRESSION, A	<i>Clarace Goldner Eaton</i> '99 175
FORM IN "ABT VOGLER," THE	<i>Grace Lathrop Collin</i> '96 213

II

FROM MY WINDOW	<i>Edith Theodora Ames</i> '98	220
FROM THE INSIDE	38, 136, 328, 377,	427
GHOSTS	<i>Anna Hempstead Branch</i> '97	337
GEORGE MEREDITH'S STYLE	<i>Grace Walcott Hazard</i> '99	311
GYPSTING	<i>Alice Weld Tallant</i> '97	78
HOPE LONG DEFERRED	<i>Frances Eaton Jones</i> '96	79
HUMAN-DIVINE	<i>Amelia Dominique Smith</i> '96	314
I CANNOT QUITE FORGET	<i>Anna Hempstead Branch</i> '97	175
ILLUSTRATION	<i>Ruth Shepard Phelps</i> '99	177
IMPRESSION, AN	<i>Frances Eaton Jones</i> '96	273
IMPRESSION OF PLATO'S DIALOGUES, AN	<i>Elizabeth Reeve Cutter</i> '96	241
INCIDENT AT SEA, AN	<i>Florence Van Duzer Smith</i> '96	317
IN THE QUEEN'S GARDEN	<i>Anna Hempstead Branch</i> '97	399
INTER-COLLEGIATE PRESS ASSOCIATION, THE		410
IS "LURIA" A TRAGEDY?	<i>Constance Plumer McCalmont</i> '96	256
IVY ORATION	<i>Katharine McKim Garrison</i> '95	1
IVY SONG	<i>Rose Adelaide Witham</i> '95	10
JUNE	<i>Josephine Devereux Sewall</i> '97	421
KATIE MAHONE	<i>Mae Lucile Dillon</i> '98	271
KINDRED SOULS	<i>Mae Lucile Dillon</i> '98	320
KNOWLEDGE IS POWER	<i>Edith Kellogg Dunton</i> '97	274
LADY KEW	<i>Litz Dustin</i> '96	67
LITTLE BLIND BEGGAR, A	<i>Josephine Dodge Daskam</i> '98	409
LOST ART, A	<i>Grace Lathrop Collin</i> '96	270
LOST THOUGHT, A	<i>Mae Rawson Fuller</i> '97	29
LOVERS' QUARREL, A	<i>Margaret Ewing Wilkinson</i> '99	366
MAN THAT BROKE THE BANK AT MONTE CARLO, THE	<i>Clarace Goldner Eaton</i> '99	30
MIRACLE OF THE MADONNA, A	<i>Florence Ward</i> '97	71
MISS PRISSY'S CHARGE	<i>Susan Sayre Titsworth</i> '97	400
MONA LISA	<i>Harriette Morris</i> '97	224
MONEY MUSK	<i>Amelia Dominique Smith</i> '96	20
MY FRESHMAN CRUSH	<i>Mae Rawson Fuller</i> '97	75
NEW YEAR, THE	<i>Elizabeth Reeve Cutter</i> '96	149
NIXY, THE	<i>Josephine Dodge Daskam</i> '98	256
NOVEMBER	<i>Mary Almée Goodman</i> '96	57

III

OPEN SECRET, AN	<i>Marian Hastings Jones</i> '97	416
OSCAR WILDE	<i>Belle Gertrude Baldwin</i> '97	357
OTHER SIDE, THE	<i>Emma Lootz</i> '97	220
PAGE OF HISTORY, A	<i>Margaret Rand</i> '97	82
PHILOSOPHICAL SOCIETY, THE	<i>H. N. Gardiner</i>	145
PHILISTINES, THE	<i>Grace Walcott Hazard</i> '99	419
PIPER'S MORROW, THE	<i>Anna Hempstead Branch</i> '97	24
PLATO'S DOCTRINE OF THE SUPREME AIM IN LIFE	<i>Mary Almée Goodman</i> '96	303
POET OR NOT A POET, A	<i>Mary Almée Goodman</i> '96	370
PRESTO, CHANGE	<i>Jessie Walston Lockett</i> '97	415
PRIMROSE PATH, THE	<i>Susan Sayre Titsworth</i> '97	57
PROFESSOR JAMES' THEORY OF THE EMOTIONS	<i>Constance Plumer McCalmont</i> '96	193
PROVIDENCE ON OIL CREEK	<i>Constance Plumer McCalmont</i> '96	27
QUESTION, A	<i>Elizabeth Reeve Cutter</i> '96	32
QUESTION, A	<i>Annie Horton Young</i> '96	267
QUESTION OF CARE, A	<i>Elizabeth Reeve Cutter</i> '96	395
QUESTION OF VALUE, A	<i>Constance Plumer McCalmont</i> '96	289
RELATION OF ANTIQUE AND MODERN ART	<i>Elizabeth Fisher Read</i> '96	389
REST OF IT, THE	<i>Susan Sayre Titsworth</i> '97	117
SENIOR DRAMATICS, THE	<i>Ninety-Six</i>	20
SERIOUS ELEMENT IN THE WORK AT SMITH COLLEGE, THE	<i>Cornelia Sherman Harter</i> '98	173
SIR THOMAS ONCE MORE	<i>Alice Katharine Fallows</i> '97	267
SKETCH, A	<i>Nora Gertrude Dyar</i> '97	202
SOCIAL LIFE AT SMITH	<i>Elizabeth Fisher Read</i> '96	111
SONG TO OPHELIA	<i>Josephine Dodge Daskam</i> '98	409
SPIDER'S WEB, A	<i>Annie Horton Young</i> '96	413
SPINNING SONG, A	<i>Amelia Dominique Smith</i> '96	413
STUDY IN CIVILIZATION, A	<i>Edith Theodora Ames</i> '98	254
STUDY OF TWO ROMANCES, A	<i>Grace Lathrop Collin</i> '96	49
SUCCESS	<i>Edith Kellogg Duntun</i> '97	129
SYBARITE, A	<i>Edith Theodora Ames</i> '98	158
THREEFOLD CORD, A	<i>Josephine Dodge Daskam</i> '98	159
TOAST, A	<i>Janet Mary Burns</i> '96	204
TOM SENT FLOWERS	<i>Margaret Griswold Cox</i> '97	125

IV

TRANSFIGURATION	<i>Josephine Devereux Sewall</i> '97	254
TRINITY, A	<i>Edith Theodora Ames</i> '98	344
TWO STORIES OF ADVENTURE	<i>Florence Augusta Paine</i> '96	149
UPPER DOG, THE	<i>Margaret Elmer Coe</i> '97	363
VERSES	<i>Annie Horton Young</i> '96	25
“	<i>Josephine Dodge Daskam</i> '98	67
“	<i>Josephine Devereux Sewall</i> '97	83
“	<i>Josephine Dodge Daskam</i> '98	110
“	<i>Edith Kellogg Duntun</i> '97	171
“	<i>Elizabeth Reeve Cutter</i> '96	302
“	<i>Anna Hempstead Branch</i> '97	311
“	<i>Alice Katharine Fallows</i> '97	357
“	<i>Ruth Parsons Milne</i> '98	363
“	<i>Alice Weld Tallant</i> '97	367
“	<i>Gertrude Craven</i> '99	394
WHAT IS TASTE?	<i>Edith Frances Walker</i> '96	129
“WHEN IGNORANCE IS BLISS”	<i>Susan Sayre Titsworth</i> '97	318
WHITE LILACS	<i>Frances Eaton Jones</i> '96	417
WHITTIER'S OLD HOME	<i>Marion Pugh Read</i> '98	155
WHOSE SERVICE IS PERFECT FREEDOM	<i>Josephine Dodge Daskam</i> '98	11
WITH LOVE AROUND THE CORNER	<i>Susan Sayre Titsworth</i> '97	225
WORD ABOUT BALLADS, A	<i>Lucia Fessenden Gilbert</i> '97	344
WORD PICTURE, A	<i>Frances Eaton Jones</i> '96	315
YULE-TIDE	<i>Amelia Dominique Smith</i> '96	125

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CONTENTS

IVY ORATION	<i>K. M. Garrison</i>	1
IVY SONG	<i>R. A. Witham</i>	10
WHOSE SERVICE IS PERFECT FREEDOM	<i>J. D. Daskam</i>	11
MONEY MUSK	<i>A. D. Smith</i>	20
THE SENIOR DRAMATICS	<i>Ninety-Six</i>	20
THE PIPER'S MORROW	<i>A. H. Branch</i>	24

CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

VERSES	<i>Annie H. Young</i>	25
APPLETON'S FOURTH READER	<i>Grace Lathrop Collin</i>	25
PROVIDENCE ON OIL CREEK	<i>Constance Plumer McCalmont</i>	27
A LOST THOUGHT	<i>Mae Rawson Fuller</i>	29
THE MAN THAT BROKE THE BANK AT MONTE CARLO	<i>Clarace Eaton</i>	30
A QUESTION	<i>Elizabeth Reeve Cutter</i>	32
EDITORIAL		34
EDITOR'S TABLE		36
FROM THE INSIDE		38
BOOK REVIEWS		40
ALUMNÆ DEPARTMENT		42
ABOUT COLLEGE		45
CALENDAR		48

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No. 1.

IVY ORATION

Like all people who criticize a great deal, we who are college girls, hate to have any one find fault with us. We not only resent having the tables turned, but really hesitate to do even what we think is right, for fear of provoking criticism. It is the feeling that all our rights and privileges must be conferred upon us before we can use them, which makes us afraid to take the risk of getting them ourselves, and it is not that we only want people to sanction our opinions,—we actually wait for them to give us the benefit of our own ideas.

This is surely a waste of time and opportunity no American girl can afford, if she wishes to keep up her reputation for cleverness and ability—much less, too, can the American college girl afford it, in whom society hopes to find the most broad minded, practical, and executive woman. She cannot fall back upon the old excuse, that because of their superior education and training, men alone should keep alive to the interests of the day and its actual accomplishments. Her opportunities for culture are the same, and the result is of her own making. The responsibility of helping decide great questions, like the practical working out of every day problems is equally divided between them, and it needs only a recognition of this responsibility to make the American girl all we believe she really is.

Mere scholarship is not going to count very much in people's opinion of her. They do not estimate her by the amount of Latin and Greek she has learned. They do not want her to bristle with knowledge like the college woman who robbed Mr. Barrie of his self-possession at an evening party, by asking him whether he did not consider that "Berkley's immaterialism was founded on an ontological misconception." Society expects her to prove the theory it is still skeptical of, that she has not lost her regard for its amenities and obligations, and her family expect her to step back naturally into the home life with not lessened but broadened interest. People are anxious to see if the American girl gains or loses by her college experience, and in their eagerness to have her succeed, often do her more harm than good by giving her a false impression of what college is going to do for her. We are told, for instance, that at the end of the four years we shall feel the enormous difference they have wrought in us by the development of our character. Unfortunately this is not the way greatness is developed. It is a mistake to suppose that college is going to develop characters for us. It offers us the means, to be sure, but the change which we feel when it is over, is the result of our own efforts to develop ourselves by taking advantage of the opportunities.

Another mistake is to make us believe that college is a kind of delightfully irresponsible existence, where we are just to make the most of our fast vanishing childhood, keep from getting engaged, and at last come forth fresh and unscarred for the battle of life.

The people who tell us this are mostly the same people who said to us, when we rebelled at going to school, "Ah, my dear, your school-days are the happiest days of your life," and actually tried to make us believe it. I never believed them myself, and I am thankful to say I never knew any children who did. If there were any with such distorted minds, they must have been utterly crushed by the thought that life had nothing better to offer. Surely the little tasks of drudgery daily laid before us were as disagreeable, in proportion to our age and understanding, as unpleasant business affairs are to older people, and it would have been a melancholy sort of satisfaction, indeed, just to know that this period of discouraging monotony was to constitute our highest happiness.

Wiser people acknowledged that school days were not all they

were cracked up to be, but assured us that they were a very necessary part of our life, if we wished to grow up cultivated men and women. It was our first lesson in responsibility to feel that it depended upon ourselves to make the most of them, and although it was neither pleasant nor easy to realize, the responsibility was as great a part of our moral training as the lessons themselves. Yet we do not regard school days as a mere phase of existence, whose only use is to fill up the gap between the rattle and the fan, nor as just a means for the one end of preparing us for college. They have their own tasks and responsibilities to bear, quite aside from the mere learning of lessons. How absurd, therefore, to regard college life as anything but a further training of our characters, as well as our minds, or to suppose that it purposely avoids responsibility in any form, in order that we may enjoy ourselves for the time being. As if to spend four years congratulating ourselves that fortune were allowing us absolute freedom from care were a way to prepare us for it when it came.

Instead of these fallacies, what our kind-hearted friends should have told us is that success in college, as in life, depends entirely upon the attitude we adopt toward it.

If we could all look back and feel that from the very beginning we had adopted just the right attitude towards college life, we could go away to-day without any fear of criticism, because we should feel so sure of adopting just the right attitude towards our new life. But the truth must be told that few of us know how to adjust ourselves properly in the first place. It is only when it is too late that we bitterly regret our ignorance.

That inherited sentiment which a man feels about choosing one college rather than another, because his father, and his grandfather went there before him, is denied to us. Neither do we feel such tremendous reverence at becoming part of an historical university, or awe that it depends upon our efforts to keep the good name it had in our parents' day. We do not feel any of these things, because we have not got them back of us. Our mothers and our grandmothers did not go to college, and we have neither sentiment nor history to make us feel the responsibility of our position. We feel we are trying a still criticized experiment for ourselves, and are therefore in a position to judge it according to our own ideas of what we think it ought to be. Every little deficiency in our mode of life and surround-

ings must be dragged up and court-martialed before we are satisfied that we have done our duty and shown to the world that we know what a college should be, at any rate. By the time we graduate, indeed, our critical faculty is so highly developed that we are almost disappointed if things turn out better than we expect,—yet we feel highly insulted, when people call us fault-finding. The trouble is that we forget that the office of a good critic is not simply to tear to pieces what he condemns, but to substitute a remedy for its deficiencies. While we are busily engaged in showing up the weak points in the life about us, and rather proud, on the whole, of our critical observance, how many of us can say that we have done as much towards practically bettering its condition? How many of us have ever felt that such a responsibility rests on each one of us, if we would make the college, and our life here, all we really think it ought to be?

Isn't it true that we think we have done a good deal, when we have said how much we are going to do after we leave it? One of our favorite topics of conversation is planning what we should like to do for the college after we graduate. We can get up quite a philanthropic glow by thinking how nice it would be to marry a millionaire, and instead of allowing him to build yachts and country houses, to give it all to the college! In case he shouldn't see it in just this light, or in case our lot may be cast in an humbler sphere, we feel just as noble and generous when we look ahead and plan how much we shall still do with obstacles against us. Other things may claim our attention, of course, but everything shall take a secondary place when college is concerned. It never seems to occur to us that a great deal of this tremendous sacrifice might be avoided if we only had the moral courage to begin by practicing a little self-denial in advance. So often when we should really like to give, we feel too poor and state with regret that we really cannot afford it,—but we are never so poor that we cannot afford to buy a class or a society pin, in order to show proudly our college standing. It is not very much, to be sure, but if we cannot afford both charity and sentiment, we choose the latter.

I do not mean by this that we should deny ourselves all the pleasure-giving things of college life, in order to become a charitable mission, only that we should feel the responsibility of choosing between what is unnecessary self-gratification and what is a necessary duty.

But there are other things beside the mere question of giving, which we treat with equal inconsistency. There is the elective system, for example. It used to be one of our pet grievances for years, and gave us a certain pleasure to point out the defects in our training, which naturally arose from having it denied to us. Now that our desire is gratified, how do we prove its advantages? We go to work to find out who is going to elect a certain course before we take it ourselves. It is nearly always public opinion which decides us, not private inclination. The "crowd" in short, becomes a more important factor in our selection than the work itself. Yet if the elective system were taken away from us because we did not make proper use of it, how unjustly treated we should feel.

When our first college magazine was published, one of the chief grounds for allowing it was that it would keep the alumnae in touch with the undergraduates, and give them an opportunity of expressing their opinions on college questions. A certain department was made over for their special use, and from the enthusiastic way in which this announcement was received, it was supposed that the alumnae would be its chief contributors. So they have been, but principally in contributing the criticism that so little space is given to their department. Some have even felt quite cheated out of their subscription, complaining of the scarcity of news, but not one of them has ever felt the slightest responsibility about sending us any herself. Solicitations on the part of the editor are in vain, for each expects the other to do it, and it is accordingly left undone.

They are like the girl who never goes to class-meeting, or takes any part in college affairs, but who criticizes at a safe distance, always skeptical about any action that has taken place, and always suggesting what might have been. She never runs the risk of helping make a decision herself, or feels called upon in any way, to offer her services, but is content to let others bear the burden. Her duty goes no farther after she has given a contemptuous sniff and said, "I told you so." It makes one dread to think that these critical yet irresponsible habits we allow ourselves to form here, may so cling to us all our lives, that even when we show ourselves mindful of the faults in the world and capable of remedying them, we shall not prove it by actual deeds.

"Yet," as Miss Mitford says, "we went on very prosperously,

considering, as people say of a young lady's drawing, or a Frenchman's English, or a woman's tragedy, or of the poor little dwarf who works without fingers, or the ingenious sailor who writes with his toes, or generally of any performance which is accomplished by means seemingly inadequate to its production."

Some one quoted this once as a sentiment which might be fittingly applied to all the efforts of women suffragists to-day, and which was just another way of saying that their attempts to accomplish what they want are in vain, because their power is naturally crippled and insufficient.

In these days when people divide themselves on what they are pleased to term the "woman question," this would doubtless find many supporters, but how many would there be, had any one applied Miss Mitford's italicized *considering* to the ability of the American girl?

Yet the American girl has been a topic for conversation and a theme for argument of quite as much interest. She has occupied fully as large a space in the literature of our day and generation. How is it then, that her right to occupy our thought and take up so much of our valuable time has never even been questioned? She is never criticized for her publicity in exciting outside comment, or held up as an example to any one, except perhaps to her cousins across the water, and even there she is merely an object of envy on account of her popularity. "In her own country" as some one has said, "her attractiveness begins as far back as her babyhood. She is born into society. There is no nursery to which she is banished. She makes her appearance early at table, and at all family gatherings. She establishes at once the most cordial relations between herself and every one else; declines the foreign method of becoming the exclusive property of a nurse or governess, and is at once the most important problem of her parents' life. After school hours, she may listen at will to the conversation of her elders, and even participate in arguments on any topic. All the wonderful things in life, everywhere so accessible to her, may be eagerly learned and assimilated by her bright and receptive mind. A few years later, and she has developed into a young woman with an intelligent opinion of her own, and a perfect right to express and defend it on any occasion." She may devote her life to anything she pleases, from society pure and sim-

ple down to riding a bicycle,—not, to be sure, without comment, but comment on the whole of a rather flattering kind. Even when she marries an English nobleman, which seems to be the hardest thing her country can forgive her, it is secretly pleased, for in the midst of its upbraidings it likes to think that even aristocracy cannot do without her.

I cannot imagine what we should do with no American girl to talk and write about. If we pretended there were no such person, the newspapers would lose half their subscriptions, society would become dull indeed, and a whole field of delightful speculation and gossip would be swept away. Now the curious thing is that people who praise the American girl at home and abroad, who write clever little articles about her in the magazines and newspapers, and place her on a pedestal far above her foreign sisters, forget that when they discuss with equal disparagement anything which is included in that all comprehensive “woman question” they are simply striking at the American girl grown up, for just where to draw the line between a grown up girl and a woman has never yet been decided. For we all know that the title “American girl” does not always mean just the charming person stepping from the pages of “Life,” as drawn by Mr. Gibson, or a Daisy Miller, who never grows any older, but remains always the same irresponsible, naïve, young person. We forget that the American girl is never to be found duplicated. That is one of her charms. She was not put into a certain mould, designed by her country for all women, and poured out with a mind regulated just so far and no farther.

On the contrary, she and her sisters are as individual a set of people as their brothers, and it is our boast that we have no “type” of woman to represent her sex, but many. Moreover she does grow up. She has been growing up ever since she was a baby as well mentally as physically, and has shown cleverness and ability in whatever she undertakes. Yet in spite of her personal attractiveness, and in spite of her intelligence, the unstinted praise with which her possibilities and resources have been heralded as a girl must be qualified by that obnoxious word *considering*, when she is a woman. The conclusion one naturally draws from such a paradoxical state of affairs as this, is, that either the American girl does not retain her good qualities after a certain age, or else she does not make the most of her opportunities. I for one, am sure that of the two conclusions

only the latter should be considered for a moment, for it is out of the bounds of common sense to think that any one's cultivation and intelligence should dwindle into mediocrity just when the mind is most capable of growing. It is as absurd as to suppose that a man's best work is done when he is a little boy, and that all hope of mental improvement is over for him when he puts on long trousers.

The trouble is that we hear so much about the power of women nowadays, and what they are able to do towards bettering the world, that we are apt to think too well of ourselves, and accept the responsibility without the trouble to prove our aptitude. We are told, for instance, that the temperance question lies entirely in the hands of women, who can bring it about whenever they want, and we are also told that if women really wish to have a share in the government as much as they say they do, they have only to rise up in a body and demand it, and nothing in the world can prevent their having it. We were even dragged into that poor, old, threadbare, foot-ball discussion last year, and told that we were responsible, in great measure, for the continuance of that evil. We were compared to the women who used to egg on the gladiators in days gone by, and for whose delight as well as the men's, such performances were permitted. If women, they said, who make such a fuss about the danger of foot-ball, and continually harp on its brutality, would only stay away, half the charm for the men would vanish also, and the game would lose its harmful results by abandoning its professional preparation and notoriety. We smile when we hear such things, and shake our heads modestly, but down in our hearts we really think so too, and believe we are not only able to do all they have given us credit for, but a good deal more. We compare ourselves with women of other countries, and feel more than satisfied. We are not trammelled by half so many conventionalities, our education is broader and freer, and we are more independent in thought and action. We are credited with superior minds and personalities, and praised for what we can say and do, till there isn't anything left to commend us for. This makes life so easy and pleasant, to be petted and praised like this, to be told that we are the best dressed, the best looking, the cleverest girls in the world. You have no idea how delightful it is to be assured that there isn't anything you couldn't do, if you wanted to—or how gratifying it is to know that you are better educated than

the German girls, and broader minded than your French or English sister, because your parents have not brought you up in an atmosphere of rigid conventionality. It would be remarkable, indeed, if such statements could glide in one ear and out the other unheeded. These things are discussed in the newspapers, and in every day conversation, until we could not forget them if we would. It would be just as wonderful if we could keep from being self-conscious and self-satisfied. Alas that this should become our undoing, for from continually having our possibilities pointed out to us, we are content with potentialities instead of actualities. We are satisfied with a reputation for what we are able to do, not for what we are actually accomplishing. If our advantages over other women are so great, why do we not feel the responsibility of our position? We pride ourselves on having set them the example of independence in thought and action, and think we have done enough. It seems a pity that the time might ever come when having learned the lesson they should put it to better use than we. The independence we brag about, is not unlike the independence of the man who preferred to stay in bed and be ashamed rather than to take the trouble of getting up. The only difference is that we are not ashamed. We make a great fuss about what we are going to do when the opportunity offers itself, but we rarely go so far as to make the opportunity for ourselves.

The enthusiastic suffragist who talks about her right to share in the government, and the time that is coming when she can, but who never in any way prepares herself for the event in case it should happen, is hardly deserving the responsibility she so eagerly covets. She has done about as much to advance her cause as the woman who advocates temperance for the world at large, while she keeps wine on her own table.

She is like a girl I remember, who admitted that at last the Springfield game had lost all its attraction for her. She had been every year for three years, she said, and had caught cold each time; she had never really enjoyed herself on account of the crowd, and had had the very questionable pleasure of seeing her brother carried off the field badly hurt. She was ardent in her protestations against girls' approval of what she considered was so distinctly wrong, and not only wished that she had never gone at all, but said she would never go again. In spite of this, when the year rolled round again, she had forgotten her good resolutions, but defended herself by saying that her feel-

ings had not changed at all on the subject, but that she really couldn't bear to stay behind when everybody else was going.

These are not only cases of not living up to one's principles, but examples of that same tendency to think that maintaining a certain opinion is sufficient, without feeling the slightest responsibility to uphold it. The possibility is in us, and the opportunity is here, but we let them go, for surely to every American girl there are four years in her life just filled with opportunities for making the most of her capabilities, and these are her four years at college.

KATHERINE MCKIM GARRISON.

IVY SONG

Beneath these walls, our shelter strong
Through happy years so quickly gone,
Plant we our ivy vine.
So soft the glad days' footsteps fell,
We dreamed not we must say farewell.
Oh, closely round the future's fears
The bravest thoughts of these swift years
Ivy entwine, entwine.

As flecks of light and shade will fall,
When breezes whisper round the wall,
Rustling thee, ivy vine,
So now is joy with sorrow flecked
And hope o'ershadowed with regret.
Our mountains' calm, through purple haze
And the meadows' peace, round all our days
Ivy entwine, entwine !

And when winds lull the day to sleep
And vagrant shadows stealthy creep
Over thee, ivy vine,
Then through the dusky elms at night,
Catch the last gleam of sunset light,
And round thy life the golden rays
As symbol of our glad some days
Ivy entwine, entwine !

Tho' wand'rings wide the years may bring,
Our tend'rest memories still will cling
Round thee, our ivy vine.
We leave the old life here to-day,
But let the new lead where it may
Our hearts will courage take from thee.
So upward, strong, undaunted, free,
Ivy entwine, entwine !

ROSE ADELAIDE WITHAM.

WHOSE SERVICE IS PERFECT FREEDOM

Seymore glanced up from the MSS. in his hands, and coughed hesitatingly. "I suppose you want my honest opinion of this work?" he said. The young man—he was hardly more than a boy—nodded, and pushed his hands still further into his pockets. "It is not adapted to my work, of course," the elder man began, in a business-like way. "When you decided to leave it with me, it was, as I take it, a kind of mutual obligation. I was interested in it, and though the editor of the *Family Story Teller* doesn't invest in just this sort of thing"—he smiled somewhat ruefully—"I know well enough how it would stand with the people up-stairs. Wharton and I are good enough friends, and we're used enough to directing people to each other's doors. I used to work under him, you know. But I found this paid better."

He paused a moment, and then suddenly dropped his off-hand, business tone. "Mr. Flemming," and he looked narrowly at the young fellow who sat facing him, "Mr. Flemming, I don't know how old you are, twenty-one or two, I should say, at a guess, but I'll give you eight years to fight your way to the top in. Eight years, good, hard working years, studying, practising years—and you can name your prices to Wharton, and forget the existence of the *Family Story Teller's* office. And this is not talk—this is the opinion of a man who's kept his finger at the reading public's wrist for thirty years. That's one side of it. This is the other: your work at present is very crude. You have clearly developed what style you have with the help of nobody—as far as that can be done. Your reading has been slight, your experience almost as much so. Your touch is uneven and you are far too diffuse most of the time. A good part of the time you don't know what you're talking about—but how in the world you get hold of some of this," he touched the MSS. in his hand, "nobody knows but the God who made you!"

He waited a moment, but the boy did not speak. Seymore felt strangely drawn to him. So handsome, so young, and so utterly unconscious, apparently, of that strange, elusive flash,

called of us genius ; never to be confused with the steadier glow of a far more practised talent, never to be attained by the infinite culture that alone can preserve its perfectness.

"You understand me?" he questioned. "Two things alone will kill your work. Satisfaction at anything else than the very best realization of your very best possibilities, and the attempt to produce too soon the work that only time and experience and the training you have never had can give you." He looked almost appealingly at the boy, who sat in stolid silence.

"There are people," said Seymore slowly, "who would not talk this way to you. They'd see the ability I've seen, and they'd see no further. They'd have you in the magazines—the second rate ones. And the little cheap, cynical, clever, *fin de siècle* things you'd do! I see them now—poor, forced, little hot house impossibles! But there's a market; I'll not deny you that. Fortunately it's not very remunerative."

He paused definitely. Flemming put out his hand for the MSS. and spoke. "Thank you, Mr. Seymore," he said quietly. "I knew all this before, but I wanted to hear some one say it. Unfortunately the course you suggest will be quite impossible, however." And before Seymore could raise hand or voice in protest, the boy had thrust the sheets deep down in the coals of the open grate. Turning, he faced the older man with a look that forbade, with its pitiful command, any slightest questioning. There were fine, drawn lines about his mouth—he looked five years older.

"You have so kindly given me this much of your time," he said evenly, "that I shall trespass a little farther. I see that your principal serial, *The Mystery of a Bath-house*, concludes very soon. I have sketched out very briefly the plot of a story somewhat similar in scope, which seems to me at least as well done as that. Its plot I think I may say, is not so obvious. I should like to have you look at it." As he spoke he handed to the other a thin roll of MSS. Seymore half rose. "The deuce you would!" he burst out. "I sha'n't look at it, then!" He stared at the boy, who stared defiantly back. Half unconsciously, with professional quickness, he skimmed through the clearly arranged plot. His expression changed. "It's good," he said shortly. Then suspiciously, and with a cold inflection, "How long have you been doing this sort of thing?"

"For two days." "Have you the first chapters elaborated?"

Flemming silently handed him more sheets, folded flat. With a scowl, Seymore creased them open, and read rapidly. "Providence—or the Devil—has sent you to-day," he said, after a few moments' reading. "Hayward, the man who turns this stuff out for me to order, lost his wife last week. He sent in the rest of the MSS. yesterday, and the notice that he'd not be able to do any more—gone abroad. The people are used to him—he's done it fifteen years—and they wouldn't stand anything that wasn't up to his mark. This, however, is better than Hayward's work.

He spoke still coldly, looking steadily at a piece of paper in his hand. Suddenly his eyes met Flemming's. He crossed the room quickly and held the sheets in his hand over the fire. "Boy," he said quietly, "don't be a fool! Let me put this where the other should never have gone! May I?" At the sullen negative, he laid his hand on Flemming's shoulder. "I won't lie to you. This is good work—of a poor kind. The maturity, the sureness of touch, the terseness that the other lacks, are all here. But if you do this—it is the end. You will never do it better. Don't fancy you can do both."

The boy pointed to the fire. "I don't," he said. "Then why in the name——" Seymore's face hardened. "Is it the money? Good heavens! At twenty-two——" His face flushed. "Don't ask me to set you an example," he muttered, "God knows I can't. And I can't bear to have you—— O, live in a garret!" he cried hotly. "Go hungry for a day—it won't hurt you! I don't say stop; I only say, stop everything but the best you can do. Get some reviewing—do reporting, column work, anything but this! You understand music—write that up. Get—."

"Thank you again," Flemming interrupted. "It is quite impossible. I want money—I want it regularly and certainly." There was a pause. "I want to be sure of it," he repeated. Seymore returned to his chair. "Pardon my interference," he said courteously, taking out his watch. "The material you offer is very acceptable. The plot is fairly fresh, the situations good. I shall want about five chapters as long, on the average, as these two, every two weeks. I can pay you——" He talked for five minutes in the concise, clear cut phrasing of an over-worked man of business, whose every hour has its definite market value. He might have been speaking to his type-writer or his tailor. As Flemming turned the knob of the door, he called him back.

"I carry but one serial, as you know," he said. "Hayward used to write for *Marsh's Monthly* and the *Sporting Herald*. By stating that you had his place here, I don't doubt you could get it in both those places. They pay well, and rarely change, unless the material deteriorates. You may take this with you, if you like; I sha'n't want it till next week, early." And as Flemming colored, he added, "It's not quite usual, but I wish to atone a little for my unnecessary——" "Don't!" cried the other man, hoarsely. For no one who looked at him, as he went down the stairs that day and out into the street, could have called him a boy.

Seymore forgot the more readily, that as the day advanced, the work grew heavier. His foreman chose with exquisite consideration, the next three days for his annual spree; the paper took the ink badly, and proved on examination to be of inferior quality, having been selected by Jenkins who had just engaged himself to the lady of his choice, and who had fondly hoped to make enough margin on the purchase of the paper to pay for the ring; the janitor of the building struck for higher wages, and in the interval of obtaining another man, neglected the furnace until the staff suffered to a man with heavy colds. In the whirl of discomfort, Seymore vaguely noticed the opening chapters of what was received as his strongest serial. By the next month, it had become a regularity, and only when he read in *Marsh's Monthly* a somewhat lurid description of an impossible African fight, and noticed the author's name, did he feel again in all its first strength, the rush of angry, disgusted pity for the fellow. "Poor devil!" he said thoughtfully, and then with a scowl, "but to think that he should have crawled so for the money—and so young!"

Flemming came to him but once more. At the close of the serial, he brought another, on the same order. The touch was more certain, more vigorous, and noticeably coarser. There was a bold, sweeping action that redeemed the glaring improbabilities of the plot, and a local coloring that repelled while it interested beyond the wont of such tales. Seymore was shocked at the fellow's appearance. He tried to account for the white face, dark ringed eyes and unhealthy stoop, and failed, till he remembered that some one had spoken of Flemming's work in connection with a new paper, and that he himself had seen frequent novelettes in a publication some grades lower,

from a literary point of view, than his own. He knew that Flemming had become a favored contributor to the *Sporting Herald*, whose editor, he also knew, paid well, but demanded much material. "A man who runs four weeklies besides a steady serial—" he thought, and said in genuine consternation, "Why Flemming, what's the matter? You look pretty well done up!"

Flemming coughed disagreeably and too long. "O, I'm all right," he said. "I'm pretty busy, but—" "But it pays?" suggested Seymore. He could have kicked himself the moment the words left his lips. For the man before him blushed slowly. A long fit of coughing followed the deep, bitter red—the red that sinks farther than the flesh, and stains more than the skin—but only when the older man spoke did he cover his face with his hands. For Seymore felt all the first, old pity. "Flemming," he cried, "drop it! Drop that damned rot and write something!"

Flemming let fall his hands. He stood straight before the other and looked him squarely in the face. "'That damned rot,' as you call it," he said slowly, "has given me the one happiness of my life!" And he left the room.

Seymore lost a night's sleep, and with a determined effort put the matter behind him. The serial came in regular instalments, and occasional glances at the other papers to which Flemming contributed, assured him of his industry. But Flemming himself he did not see, for his next serial, which began the twenty-second year of the paper and the second year of his connection with it, came to the office with the other mail, and with it a request for higher pay, which Seymore, as a business man, could not afford to disregard. For Flemming's name was well known, now. The most audacious among the brethren of his adoption, he won their unstinted praise—he had even his imitators. Seymore sighed as he signed the check, and realized that no fairly known author of the day need be ashamed to receive it. "If Marsh and the rest pay proportionately," he thought, "Flemming's got money enough."

He sent the check, and looked bitterly at the MSS. "It's a shame, a beastly shame!" he muttered. "That boy could have been—" and he welcomed his friend who opened the door unceremoniously, a little absently. His greeting was barely returned. "Do you know Flemming—the *Sporting Herald* man?"

Just been there. Professionally. Told him to-day what I've known for months. As beautiful a specimen of total wreck as I care to see very often. Said he knew you. You'd better go up to see him."

Seymore started. "What do you mean? What's the matter with him? Overwork?"

The medicine case fell to the floor with a clatter. Its owner shook his fist excitedly. "Overwork? Seymore, that man is a living corpse! It makes me sick to think of it! He's quite delirious—may not know you, but he calls for you. I've been there two hours, and I'm going to do a little slum-work to get the taste out of my mouth. For a delirious man he has an abominably forceful way of putting things. I—O, good Lord, Seymore, if you know the man, go up to his house! There's the address."

The door slammed behind him. Seymore read the card he had flung on the table and gave some orders mechanically to the foreman while he put on his coat. As he walked block after block it occurred to him that Flemming lived pretty well up town, and finally a nervous hurry that had somehow caught hold of him, forced him into a cab. He flew up the steps of the apartment house, and pressed the bell saying under his breath, "It was my fault—my fault—my fault!" He ran up the stairs to the same words, half chanted, in his excitement. A maid in a white cap pointed to one of the five doors that opened into the hall, and he dashed into a prettily furnished parlor. Half dazed he traversed the next two rooms—a dining room and a dainty boudoir, full of silk and scents. Where was this? Where was the boy? Into the next room—and this was the end. Here he was, in a large brass bed, propped with pillows, waving his hand in the air and screaming hoarsely, "Where is the paper? Where is my pen—my fountain pen? Good heavens, must I die here—without paper? Bless you, Seymore, give me some paper, will you? Marsh wants his copy. He is howling for it now—and the idiots won't get my pen—my fountain pen!"

Seymore walked unsteadily to the bed. "Where is the doctor?" he demanded of the maid who had come into the room. "He's gone for a nurse, sir," she answered. "But it won't be any good. See how he picks at the sheet! O, dear! he's going to die—he's going——" "Be still, can't you?" he answered angrily. "How long has he been this way?" "Yesterday and

to-day, sir, but it's been coming on this two months. You see, Mr. Flemming, he works so hard——" "O, my God! give me some paper—some ink—I want my fountain pen!" wailed the man in the bed. He wrote steadily in the air. Seymore caught his hand. "Flemming, dear fellow, don't you know me—Seymore?" "Know you?" shouted the flaming cheeked man, "know you? Of course I know you! You are the Devil. He comes to men like me and says, 'Repent ye, for the kingdom of heaven is hand!' And then we—the men like me—say, 'Give us of your ink,' and they say, 'Nay, go ye rather to them that sell, and buy for yourselves,' and so we have no ink!"

Seymore shuddered. He turned helplessly around, and there standing in the door-way, was a woman so beautiful that he blinked to drive away a delusion that seemed one with the ravings he had heard. She was magnificently large, and yet down to her knees swept a mass of heavy red brown hair. Her lovely, straight brows were drawn, her great grey eyes were red with crying, her color, if she had any, was washed away by the tears that stained her cheeks, but even so, Seymore realized that she was the most beautiful woman he had ever seen. Her loose white wrapper fell in great, fluted folds around her, as she swept up to him and grasped his arm.

"Are you Mr. Seymore?" she sobbed. "Are you the man he calls so?" Seymore nodded. "Tell him he won't die—tell him he can't have any paper—tell him how it makes me suffer to have him so wild—Oh! if he knew how my head ached, and my eyes, he would stop!" she moaned. "Flemming stays—lives here?" he said. She turned her eyes wonderingly to his troubled face. "'Here?'" she quoted. "Where would he stay? This is his home—I am his wife."

Ah! now he saw—now—fool that he had been! "Live in an attic!" he had told the boy. "Go hungry a day!" And this was why—she was his wife!

"I—I will try to soothe him," he said. "You had better lie down and rest——" "But I *have* lain down," she cried, "I *have*, and I couldn't rest! He's kept me awake all night last night—he screams so! Oh! if he dies—what shall I do?" She looked at the figure that lay quietly now in the bed, and shrank as if in terror, groping her way into the boudoir, covering her eyes with her lovely hair.

Seymore sat down by the bed and tried to think. But just

then Flemming began to talk, and he thought no more—only listened, with a gasping horror at the bitterest tale delirium ever told. For Flemming began at the beginning, and in a low, monotonous chatter, told the story of his love and marriage, his paradise in the midst of hell, his death in life.

“Dearest, dearest my own, how heavenly it is—how perfect to have you! You shall be so happy, my own, I want you to be the happiest woman in the world—I want you to feel that I have made you so! I will work so hard, I will do such work as I never could have done without you, sweetheart!

No, dear, not poor, only not rich, of course.

But you do not need pretty gowns, darling, you are so beautiful, you know. More? you need them more? That is true, you do. You shall have them, but not now.”

Then they married. It is all in the novels and poems—how he felt—what he said. And she loved him, too. He carried her away out of herself—her beautiful, selfish self. He was to be a great author. They were very young, but they could not wait—they loved each other so!

“In New York, dear; Oh! dear, no! not on *any* avenue! You see, dear, I’ve only begun, I need such study, such practice. Long? yes, but not when you are with me!” And then she had been dissatisfied. She could not understand why it took so long. “*That*, darling? write like *that*? Why, you see——” but she had not seen.

And he had brought her home some money once, and she had kissed him. “It will make you happy? you want me to do it? Let me tell you plainly, dear, what that means to me. It is the end——” but she had kissed him. She could not understand. And so he had decided alone. He was only twenty-two. “I cannot! God, I cannot! Make her understand! If she loves me she will wait—but she said her clothes were almost gone—she must have everything—did I marry her to starve her?”

Poor boy! poor, poor boy!

“Don’t do it, Flemming! Drop that damned rot!”

Seymore winced as under a lash. “O, stop,” he cried, “Flemming, stop! how could I know?”

“Yes, dear, where would you like to live? Just as you like, my dear. You will be happy there—you will love me? You like the pearl? I thought it would be pretty on your neck. You shall have more soon. Seymore will raise me, I know.

No, I'm not tired. And you want a carriage? I thought a little vacation for you and me—but you like New York best? Well—so long as you love me and are happy!"

His voice trailed off to indistinctness. He sighed and moved restlessly. Suddenly Seymore felt his eyes—the eyes of a sane but dying man. "It was good of you to come," he said. "I wanted to tell you that I've gotten that prize the syndicate offered—will you take care of it? There's that, and the insurance, and MSS. for a novel that Marsh has taken. And she has some money, besides. And her diamonds—I thought they were safe to buy, you know. It's very hard to leave her, but, Seymore, it's heavenly to get rid of all the rest. You didn't understand, I think."

"Yes, dear boy, yes!" and Seymore choked helplessly. "I wrote you a little about it—I wanted you to know—and you will see that she gets that money?" "Yes," said Seymore, hating her dumbly, bitterly, senselessly. "She will come in in a moment, and I shall die in her arms—her arms! Seymore, she is the dearest—I've never been half worthy—" "O, don't, Flemming, don't!" besought the man who held his hands tightly, as if to hold back the vitality that slowly shrank, defying him. And then a woman with a mane of red brown hair rushed to the bed.

"Darling, don't, *don't* die! I've never been the wife I should have been—I shall die, too, if you go, before I can show you what I might—" "My sweetheart, you have been always the one happiness—" And Seymore went away.

He never had a photograph of Flemming, and he never quite remembered how he looked, in later years. But over his desk, in an otherwise plainly furnished office, hangs a magnificently copied painting. It is manifestly copied—there is but one original, and one sees that that must have been the work of an older painter of an older time. It is a portrait of a man in a quaint costume, with a strangely fascinating face. In the eyes is a half-shamed triumph, a weary scorn, a blissful forgetting. The mouth sneers at itself, and yet smiles at sweet remembrances. And in the corner, under the name of the copyist—himself noted—is written, *Andrea del Sarto, Ipse pinx.*

JOSEPHINE DODGE DASKAM.

MONEY MUSK

Quick is the beat of tapping feet,
Laughter sounds thro' the lighted hall,
Matrons, men, and merry maids, too,
Gladsome dance at the harvest ball.
Golden wheat and apples red,
From the lofty rafters swing—
Bowls of cider rich and brown
Breathe their perfume 'wildering.
“Backward! forward!” the fiddler calls.
“All join hands to the merry din!”
And then he bows his old gray head
Caressingly over the violin—
Soft and sweet the sound steals forth,
Till, one by one, the dancers fade,
And he and she in their first glad youth
Are sitting alone 'neath the linden's shade.
For only a moment the picture comes—
That dream of the long ago,
And then—he is playing the money musk
With “Backward! forward! all in a row!”

AMY D. SMITH.

THE SENIOR DRAMATICS

It was Sidney Smith who said “Make a man happy to-day and you make him happy twenty years from now,” realizing with rare insight how great a part memory plays in our enjoyment of life. The truth of his words comes home to us with peculiar force this fall as we recall last June and the senior play of “Midsummer Night's Dream.” We enjoyed it very much then, when we helped to fill the Academy of Music for two nights and burst our best gloves clapping, but it was not until afterwards that we fully realized the beauty of the play. The scenes from the “Dream” have been lingering in our minds all summer, again we have seen Theseus and Hippolyta stand in the rosy morning light in the spring woods, or Bottom and his

company giving the "most lamentable comedy of Pyramus and Thisby," or the lovers wandering perplexed in the dark forest or the fairies tiptoeing in to "bless this house," and now that we come together once more we say with deeper enthusiasm how beautiful it all was. Time arranges and deepens one's impressions; so to-day we are better able to tell why we applauded than we were three months ago. The play has gained a new significance for us; we feel that we know its spirit, its poetry has passed into our lives and by its skilful interpretation we have come into more sympathetic touch with Shakespeare.

We have a sentiment, half unconscious it may be, that lines such as

"I know a bank where the wild thyme blows,
Where oxslips and the nodding violet grows,"

or

"Now the hungry lion roars
And the wolf, howls the moon"

have become in some subtle way peculiarly our own.

The realization that it is our friends and companions, girls like ourselves, who gained such knowledge and familiarity with Shakespeare's wonderful lines, seems to put him more within our grasp.

If any of us doubted whether fairies could be successfully represented upon the stage—Puck showed us our error, and Oberon and Titania made us ashamed of it—while those of us who feared Shakespeare's mechanics too difficult for girls to represent, confessed ourselves mistaken the moment Bottom declaimed

"The raging rocks
And shivering shocks
Shall break the locks
Of prison gates," etc.

Our little college world of course appreciated more fully than the rest of the audience the planning and work that had gone into the dramatics; but few of us realized the immense amount of labor and art required to bring the play to the point of perfection that it reached.

That night our cup of enjoyment was too full for us to consider how it was filled. After-thought makes us realize some of the difficulties that were surmounted in the presentation of "A Midsummer Night's Dream." The play itself requires such va-

riety of dramatic talent that it seems well nigh impossible that from one college class actors could be found capable of taking all the different parts. Yet one of the most satisfactory things about the performance was, not the excellence of the individual work, but the fine balance that was maintained throughout the play, no one part overshadowing another, but each contributing to each in turn, so that from their very diversity an harmonious whole was produced. In this connection the fairy scenes should be especially noted for their delicacy and finish. They gave a grace and charm throughout the play and brought it to a close as it began, in dream land. Again, the play might have been well acted without our feeling its spirit. But the girls caught this intangible something, and in the bubbling merriment, the cheerful acceptance of all life has to give, and the fresh joy of living we felt the very atmosphere of "A Midsummer Night's Dream."

There was an endless amount of work done on the costumes. The pluck and perseverance that bought and colored and cut and fitted those soft green robes must win our admiration even more than the grace that made them so attractive on the stage.

The most interesting feature in the presentation of the play to a college girl was imperceptible to an outsider. We mean the spirit in which the whole senior class worked for the dramatics. The play drew them together. It made the class a unit. It represented the whole class. The girl who tied up other people's sandals and held pins and ran errands made the play a success as much as the caste or the committee. It was this *esprit de corps* that the college girls clapped and admired and longed to imitate with every scene from "A Midsummer Night's Dream."

But as our little college world is only a part of the big world after all, it was glad to find that big world echoing in some measure its words of praise.

The reviews given the play are interesting and gratifying. In the *Harper's Bazar*, June 29th, Miss Watterson says: "To appreciate thoroughly the artistic Greek gowns, and the dainty, bewitching fairies, who seemed like fluttering, dancing bits of the green forest, one should first have seen the workshop whence they came. * * But the real value of this play lies in the fine literary flavor and the impalpable odor of refinement which pervaded it. * * The guiding principle in the preparation of this play was the preservation of its grace and simplicity."

The *New York Tribune*, June 4th, has an editorial on "Applied Shakespeare." After speaking of old time Commencement programs, it goes on to say: "At Smith College the custom of producing a drama has been established. * * The standard of dramatic work set up is an entirely serious one. The idea of the students is to produce something of sterling value, the preparation of which will enrich their minds, and make a substantial addition to the culture acquired through the lecture room and class room work. To render Shakespeare's masterpiece in a sincere, consistent and intelligent manner, and to invest the performance with a true Shakesperian atmosphere, will be an achievement highly profitable to them, and highly creditable to the college. It will also afford a strong justification of the system of college dramatics practised by them.

* * To know Shakespeare, it has been well said, is in itself to have a liberal education. Certainly this truth must receive a striking exemplification in the case of students who having had his works as part of the regular college course, are permitted to prepare and to take part in a performance of one of them as a sort of crowning feature of that course. * * For this, in addition to many other reasons, the Smith College performance is heartily to be commended."

There is an article in the *Nation*, June 20th, in which is said: "The play was successful at exactly the points where it was hoped it would be. Its beauty, refinement, variety, humor and pure poetry were adequately represented and thoroughly appreciated. * * Throughout the performance, the grotesque and the clownish were used only as foils to the more romantic and delicate suggestions of the text. * * The acting was far less amateurish than might have been expected. * * From the point of view of the public, I think it may be said that such a play under such conditions gives as pure a form of entertainment as can be imagined, and affords indefinite suggestion with regard to the limits imposed by the present dramatic conventions. The success of this performance was due to the enthusiasm of the actors and to the insight and untiring efforts of Miss Ludella L. Peck and Mr. Alfred Young."

Surely, we undergraduates have reason to be proud of the parting tribute that the class of Ninety-Five paid to our Alma Mater.

NINETY-SIX.

THE PIPER'S MORROW

Up and down and here and there
Went the piper playing,
All he knew to tune his air
And keep the flocks from straying.
“Piper cease” and “Piper cease”
Quoth the folk with sorrow,
“Labor now and get thee peace
And plenty for the morrow.”

Homeward came the laborers strong,
Heavy harvests bringing,
Up and down and all along
Strayed the piper singing.
Oft the good dame from the door
Watched him thence with sorrow,
But he only sang the more
And minded not the morrow.

Slow the laborers from the plain
Bring their fruits delaying,
And the good dame waits in vain
For an idler's playing.
Flocks are wandering on the hill,
Timid with their sorrow,
And the piper, smiling still
Has gone to meet his morrow.

ANNA HEMPSTEAD BRANCH.

CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

Just a pink where the clouds have been,
Just a grey mist, pale and thin,
 Over the mountains ;
And far in the west
A robin flying home to her nest,
 In the sunset glow.

Just a peace where the storm has been,
Just a quiet and rest within
 Over the soul ;
And out of the grey
A vision glad of a better day
 When the morn shall come.

A. H. Y.

I found it on the top shelf of an old book-case—"Appleton's Fourth Reader." The brown sides were scratched, the corners rounded off, the black leather back looked like the shoes of a child who had been walking over stones. And as I looked, again I saw, not the traditional "school-house on the hill," surrounded by "green" and with groups of children either reluctantly straggling in or joyfully swarming out, but the plain square brick school-house, old "No. 2," such as is in every city ward. Again I saw the high green picket fence that surrounded the gravelled yard ; saw the groups of girls on the left of the wooden walk leading up the center to the "Teachers' Door," and the boys on the right hand, engaged in games fraught with awful possibilities of danger and bloodshed. Again the "large bell" began to ring, not the "first" bell (that was the signal for starting from home), but the "last" bell—awful and significant sound—the last trump of school-days. At that first stroke, groups of children, that were leisurely wending their way to school, beguiled with Hop-

rods, from the wells that were being pumped on the brow of the hill.

Then she looked back at the bare room and thought of the five dollars that was set aside from the small pension, to curtain the windows, and re-cover the lounge. It was hard to be poor, and no one in Apollo seemed to be poor, except of course Mrs. Lions, but she was "no manager at all."

She started, as there came a knock at the door, and flushed at the remembrance of her thoughts, as she said, "Why, Mabel Lions, I'm just tickled to death to see you. Sit right down and stay a good, long spell," and offered her a chair with angular officiousness.

"Yes, I will sit down for a minute. I'm going away for a trip, and I came to say 'good-bye.'"

"I—I s'pose your're not going far away?"

"Oh yes, I'm going to Philadelphia. I spend a week there every year. My brother gave me my ticket, and when I get there the Lord in his Providence will provide for me. I have no money."

Tabitha blushed at this confession. It seemed almost indelicate to say one was poor. "I wish I could go," she said politely, and not without a note of envy in her voice, "I was there at the Centennial."

"Well, I am a poor woman, and my worldly wealth is little, but I am sure that Providence has never failed me in need. Last year my sister and my nephew sent me. I hope you don't distrust Providence, Tabitha?"

Tabitha looked at her in amazement, and almost choked as she answered, "I don't know as I've any call to distrust, but I mostly take care of myself. I should think you'd be scared, Mabel Lions, going off like that. You'd be in an awful fix if you didn't get the money."

"Well, well, I have a faith that rests secure. I am not afraid."

She waited a moment, and then went slowly out. Tabitha watched her from the window. "She's gone clean crazy, sure, but nobody seems to know it. She used to go to school with me"—she hesitated, and then pulled a straight chair up to the table with an impatient jerk. "Well, I s'pose I can do it, I'd sooner than have her get into trouble." She wrote a note, carefully worded so as not to hurt Mabel Lion's feelings, and sent

her five dollars, sealing it with a grumbling remark that "Mabel Lions was daft if ever a woman was."

Two days later she got a letter from Philadelphia.

"Dear friend Tabitha,

I am having a lovely time. Thank you for the money. With it I can stay another week. How this instance of the care of Providence must strengthen your trust!

Your friend,

Mabel Lions."

Tabitha Jellison read it once, with flushed cheeks and an angry light in her pale gray eyes. Then she slowly read it again, and smiled. She looked at the windows where the curtains were to have hung, and then at the worn out lounge, and said drily, as she wiped her glasses, "I guess Mabel Lions ain't so crazy, after all."

C. P. McC.

A LOST THOUGHT.

It came to me in chapel,
A little gem of thought—
A diamond of first water,
Though rough, as yet unwrought.

Methought to give it polish,
With lapidary's art—
To free the fire that, far within,
Gleamed in its hidden heart.

All day I cut and polished
Till the rays of the setting sun
Warned me to leave my labor—
Then I thought my task was done.

By the fading light of sunset
I looked at my gem once more—
Only a heap of diamond dust
Gleamed from my study-floor!

M. R. F.

Outside, crowds of shoppers pushed and jostled under the burning July sun. The thermometer was rising steadily, but inside the Parker House the temperature

The Man That kept a moderate and even level, like the
Broke the Bank pulse of the proprietor. Not quite as calm,
at Monte Carlo perhaps, was that of the only guest in the dining-room, as he looked around at the

once familiar room, unchanged by the five years which had passed since he had last sat there. Five years, five centuries they seemed to him. When they began, he was still a boy, fresh from college, full of healthy young life, anticipating with great delight a first trip to Europe. And now, well, now he was "The Man That Broke the Bank at Monte Carlo."

The grave waiter behind his chair would doubtless have been somewhat startled had he known that this quiet, correct, young man was that most lucky of gamblers, whose unparalleled success was still ringing around the sporting world. Luckiest of the lucky, wildest of the wild, most miserable of the miserable!

His gains were still increasing,—in the newspapers; his losses were not yet known. The ever-veracious reporters who ran the account of his winnings into the millions, failed to take into account the debts piled up in four years of increasing dissipation, and the sagacity of creditors, who know, to their cost, the temporary nature of money, and so fasten their clutches on their victims the moment that a prospect of payment appears.

Only a fellow-spendthrift can imagine how quickly his winnings, much exaggerated by report, had vanished. Within three months from the day that his last, long sitting at the green tables of Monte Carlo had ended in the breaking of the bank, he had found himself in a garret in Paris, penniless and alone, with despair staring him in the face. Meanwhile the hand-organs in the street below were grinding out the march that bore his name and every street arab in Paris was whistling it.

There his father's letter of forgiveness and recall had reached him, and there he had written his repentant acceptance of its terms. In consequence, he was now within a few hours of home, looking forward once more to an honorable career, and the plain yet proud title of gentleman.

Dinner over and paid for, the unknowing waiter feed, and his ticket bought, he found that he had just ten dollars left. Ten

dollars, the sum he had started with at the beginning of those last games at Monte Carlo. The coincidence was ominous, so he tried to put it out of his mind, as he lit a cigar and strolled into the smoking-room. It was empty, and as he glanced at the clock, and saw that there were nearly five hours before train-time, he felt a sudden, unexpected desire for company.

The room looked extremely large and inhospitable, and the blue smoke of his cigar only made the unusual clearness of the atmosphere noticeable. He took a turn across the room, picked up a magazine, and dropped into a chair. He glanced through the pictures, and then began a story, but found the under-current of his own thoughts more absorbing.

Presently he dropped the magazine and sat motionless, staring before him with knitted brows. A sudden, wild impulse to rush out into the noise and the crowd seized him, and he started towards the door. Half-way, he stopped with an oath, realizing towards what the first step outside must lead him. He went back to his chair, and began to read again, fixing his attention on the story by a painful effort of will; but it was not until he happened to glance at the title that he realized that it was the same story that he had read before.

He began to walk rapidly up and down the room, but before long he found himself mechanically counting his steps, as prisoners do in their cells. Then he sat down once more, and tried to lean back and go to sleep. He soon became conscious, however, that he was sitting bolt upright, staring intently at a flower on the carpet. He leaped to his feet, shaking himself angrily. A sudden feeling of extreme heat came over him and he took out his handkerchief to wipe his forehead. As he did so, a small, silver coin fell ringing to the floor. As he stooped for it, an idea flashed upon him, a solution of his difficulty. He examined the piece curiously, and recognized it as an old foreign coin, picked up as a curio. He noticed the design of a cross on one side, and a queer smile passed over his face.

Without a moment's hesitation, he tossed it into the air, saying aloud, "Here goes. Let chance or Providence decide it." The silver disk fell, wheeled, lay still. He stood motionless, eyeing it from a distance, without offering to approach. The sun blazed on its face and hid the design. The clock ticked loudly in the silence, the house was deathly still. It seemed as if everything were holding its breath. The man stood still, star-

ing at the small bright spot on the carpet, a desperate gambler, hesitating to learn the result of his last throw. Suddenly the building shook and the room darkened. A heavy wagon, piled high with barrels, was passing. The gambler flung up his hands, and cried aloud, "My God," for he had seen it.

A few minutes later, a white-faced young man coming down the steps of the Parker House, almost ran into a young lady going up them. She bowed and passed on. Suddenly she stopped, hesitated, and turned. He was on the bottom step, when he heard her voice calling him. He started back in surprise, for although he had known her quite well five years before, he had hardly expected her to speak to him now. However, he remembered that she had spent those years in a very select boarding-school, where such reputations as his are not often discussed.

"Oh, Mr. Barnard," she said very much embarrassed, "I've such a dreadful thing to ask you. And we haven't met for so long, and perhaps you haven't enough with you, but really I can't help it. You see, aunt and I are going through to Magnolia; and aunt made me take all the money because she is so afraid of pickpockets, and, and——" "And you have met the fate she dreaded," said the young man, with a sudden feeling of relief. "I shall be very glad. How much may I give you?" "You're very kind," she replied. "Ten dollars will be plenty. Where shall I send it, please? You'll be at your own home this summer, I suppose? We are going to be there in August and I shall quite look forward to meeting you again. I can't thank you enough for helping me out of my difficulty. I am afraid I shall seem very rude, but I really must hurry, for our train leaves in less than half an hour. Thank you again. Good-bye." And she was gone. "I wonder which was Chance?" said The Man That Broke the Bank at Monte Carlo. C. E.

A Question

I.

Dear Kate :

Don't forget that we are going to walk to Elizabeth Rocks this p. m. Meet me at the bulletin board—2 sharp.

Yours,

Nan.

II.

There will be a meeting of the Executive Board of the Current Events Club, Saturday, Jan. 19, at 2 p. m. Room I, G. H.
L. M. Carpenter, Sec.

III.

My dear Miss Kittredge :

I hope you remember that you were to go driving with me sometime soon. Suppose we set this afternoon ? I will be around at the Dewey for you at two o'clock.

Sincerely yours,

Margaret Adams Lee.

IV.

Katie dear :—Be a lady and pour at my tea this p. m. It's gotten up in a hurry for some out of town people, or I'd have asked you before. Now don't fail your old El. C.

V.

Columbus, Jan. 18

Will call on my little girl Saturday p. m.

Chas. L. Kittredge.

VI.

With Mr. Clark Haviland's card,

Alpha Chi of Chi Psi.

Saturday afternoon, January the nineteenth.

From 2 until 6.30 o'clock.

Chi Psi Lodge,

Amherst College.

Where did Miss Kittredge spend Saturday afternoon ?

E. R. C.

EDITORIAL

During the first weeks of last June the editors sat in optimistic consultation, waiting to receive subscriptions from the alumnae, to whose enthusiastic support the MONTHLY owes its origin ; and many letters came to reward their patience, but these were notices to discontinue.

This fall found the editors still hopeful, relying confidently on the support of the undergraduates, but in spite of making widely known their cheerful willingness to receive subscriptions from all students at all hours and places, so far the list of subscribers has dwindled daily, until it has seemed necessary to try to discover the cause of this position on the part of the students and alumnae.

We believe that the present lack of support is due to a misconception of the relation of the students to the MONTHLY, its entire dependence upon them. We are likely to forget that our college paper is as yet an experiment, to lose our sense of personal responsibility for its maintenance, and to take its continuance for granted much as we would were it endowed like a professorship.

Before the MONTHLY had any existence other than that in the minds of its organizers, doubtless each member of the college had ideas, more or less vague, of what a college monthly should be ; of course she knew exactly what other college papers were, but ours was to be something different, in some subtle way a new departure among the many monthlies, as well as a novelty here at Smith.

Consequently many have been disappointed, others have grown indifferent, and one result has been a great deal of criticism entirely destructive in character. This criticism is tonic in effect, but the second result, a withdrawal of support, is not only depressing, but leaves the MONTHLY to begin the year, not as the students generally seem to believe, with a large bank account

and liberal salaries for the editors, but with less than half the subscriptions necessary to pay for the printing, and a financial crisis imminent. There is danger that we may come to look upon the MONTHLY only as a convenient and tolerable object of criticism, forgetting that it cannot exist except through the coöperation of the whole college, students and alumnae.

The MONTHLY, consistently with the policy of the college, does not admit advertisements as a means of support, but aims to maintain a purely literary character, feeling that the college in the last two years has demonstrated its ability to support a paper if it cares to do so. In voting for the MONTHLY the students practically pledged themselves to its support. If now this support is withdrawn, and the entering classes fail to lend theirs, it means simply that the MONTHLY cannot go on.

The editors' personal attitude towards the contents and policy of the MONTHLY has nothing to do with the question of its support. It is a question of college loyalty, of our interest in an organic part of our college life. We must remember that we are not only individual students, but members of a whole, the college. If the students do not subscribe the effect will be practically the same, whether the course is due to a feeling of personal irresponsibility, based on the assurance that the MONTHLY will be supported somehow, or to a disbelief in its value.

The editors are confident that the former is true, and although a statement of the financial condition of the MONTHLY in its own pages, must seem like the sermons preached to the people in church about those who stay at home, it is believed that when the students understand the dependence of the MONTHLY upon them, they will give it their hearty support, this year as before, for it is one of our principal means of coming in contact with other colleges, its pages are open to all the students, and its aims are those of the college, to promote better work, to afford opportunity for the discussion of college questions, to keep the alumnae and students in touch, and to represent, not any society, or any clique or any board of editors, but the college.

EDITOR'S TABLE

In looking back over the months which have elapsed since our last issue, there is no one book which stands out as pre-eminently the book of the summer. One could not with any certainty foretell what would be the title of the dog-eared, paper-covered book left lying on the hotel piazza ; it might be "Chimmie Fadden" or Emerson's Essays. With many persons this summer lull was a grand opportunity to catch up with the rush of modern literary production, which goes on at a pace far exceeding the power of most busy people to maintain. "The Prisoner of Zenda" was re-read, Captain King's latest book of romantic western soldiers was run through in an afternoon, Miss Cable's Autobiography and Maria Edgeworth's Life were prime favorites. But perhaps the books most widely read and talked of were Mrs. Ward's "Story of Bessie Costrell" and Elizabeth Hasting's "Experiment in Altruism." Mrs. Ward's story is powerfully told, in its sordid tragedy, its struggles and its inevitable yielding to temptation. Bessie is a weak woman, ignorant, passionately fond of beauty and luxury and sorely tempted by a sum of money pitiful to us, but full of promise to her. And so she fell and met her retribution, greater than seems meet for such a sin, swiftly and horribly. The "Experiment in Altruism" is on the whole the more interesting book ; it is written in a charming style, concise and simple, but rich in suggestion and epigrams. It reminds us of Holmes's immortal "Autocrat" in its setting. The scene is in Boston, not far from the Charles, and we know very few of the characters by name, only the winsome, bitter-hearted Janet, made strong and sweet and brave by the experience of perfect love and perfect sorrow. The Lad, the Altruist, the Man of the World, the Anarchist, the Doctor, one after the other is presented to us in the fewest possible words of description, but each is a distinct personality, with marked faults and redeeming purposes. The problem of philanthropic methods, of college settlement work

and organized charities is discussed very freely, and the futility and insincerity of many of their proceedings is condemned. But though it impresses the reader more clearly than ever with the difficulties besetting the way of the true missionary to the poor of our country, yet the tone of the work is hopeful and its doctrine is the doctrine of work.

Among the college magazines is nothing of any great interest. The June numbers of the *Vassar Miscellany*, the *Wellesley Magazine* and the *Dartmouth Lit.* are all devoted to Commencement. Of the articles in the *Vassar Miscellany*, the discussions of the "Foundations of a Free Press" is the most clearly stated and well-written, with the exception, perhaps, of the leading article on "Individualism and Societism." The style of the fiction in the *Dartmouth Lit.* is sensational to an alarming degree and the themes lack originality. In the *Harvard Monthly* for June is a fine analysis of the work and value of "Three Poets," Mr. Watson, John Davidson and Francis Thompson. The writer, while liberal with his praise, does not hesitate to condemn work which he thinks unworthy in treatment or subject of the poet's talent. The most striking article in the *Harvard Monthly* for July is "The Secret of Ezra Caine" which, painful as it is, holds one's attention from the first word.

Good verse is hard to find. We clip this sonnet from the *Nassau Lit.*

THE ONE OF THREE.

I knew not Faith nor sought her by the way—
Hope passed before me through the dark'ning land,
Holding her torch of guidance high in hand,
Which shone so that I recked not night from day—
Love lingered by my side, and, half in play,
Kissed me for comfort ;—then, half earnest, planned
A golden future, while soft breezes fanned
Hope's torch, and grew to gusts. The skies were gray,
And sullen overhead. The torch went out—
Love fell to weeping wretchedly, and passed
In sorrow from my side, the merest wraith ;—
Out of the mist appeared the face of Doubt,
Stern and all pitiless. Then I sunk at last,
And, groping blindly, called aloud for Faith !

—Francis Charles McDonald.

FROM THE INSIDE

It would seem strange to wish a "Happy New Year" when the grass was still green and the sun warm, but most of us could say the words with more meaning in September than at holiday time.

Our New Year begins when college opens. There are no new calendars to announce it, no bells to proclaim it, but we are very cordial; we pack our trunks and come all the way to meet it here in Northampton. It is wonderful when you stop to think of it, that one little phrase tucked away at the very end of a college catalogue can start more than eight hundred girls and bring them together from all over the country. We don't stop to think of it though, except perhaps at the first chapel or vesper service. Then we turn to the girl sitting next to us and say, "A week ago to-day I was at home. How far back it seems!"

But that is only at the very first. After we have looked the New Year squarely in the face and said "How d' y' do," it seems to some of us so like the old year we left here last June that we wonder if this is the new, after all. Now that college has fairly begun, we feel as if we had been here all the time. We have always been going to recitations and reading in the library and walking over the campus—summer vacation was only a dream.

The Editor planned to write something this afternoon about the long restful days of vacation and how they had brought us back to our work refreshed and invigorated, but this is the fourth week of fall term, and somehow that seems a great deal more interesting topic than anything that happened last July or August.

Perhaps this is the reason why we end up all our stories of good times this summer by saying, "Well, it *is* good to get back here, isn't it?" and put the question a bit defiantly because we are sure no one will contradict us.

We are surprised to find how quickly we fall into the old ways of working and thinking. We are surprised to find ourselves growing accustomed to changes, to discover that though this is a new fall term, "things are going on just the same." Every day is absorbing in itself. It is not that we forget, but that we have not time to remember last year, whether it was spent here or at home.

Though all new years are made of the same stuff as the old ones, no fall term is like any other fall term, for we see each from a different point of view. It may be our first fall term when everything is new and strange, or it may be our second when we learn that "It is sweet to say 'I remember,'" or it may be our junior fall term when we look in vain for that "gay and easy time" the song promises, or it may be our last fall term when we wonder

if the jumping-off place is like this—a lonely top round. But whichever it happens to be, it is interesting to each one of us as a beginning. Fall term here at college stands for that fresh start which we have always wanted in one shape or another since the days when we blotted our copy-books and asked leave to turn over.

We made mistakes last year because we had never been here before or because we had not been here long enough, but this year all is going to be different. We are beginning again and we have hopes that if we do our best the first few weeks, the force of habit will help us later on. It is a fine time to start, with the fun of Mountain Day and Hallow-e'en ahead of us and the beautiful Indian summer weather to give us a little push, so to speak, and to put us in good humor.

And all the while the sun laughs at an Editor who sits Inside and writes a sermon for an October monthly, and the Editor herself thinks of the purple on the mountains, and the light and shade on the campus, and the chestnut burrs growing big and prickly, and the ivy vines turning yellow and red and—she stops writing.

BOOK REVIEWS

* "THE STORY OF BESSIE COSTRELL." Whether Mrs. Ward conceived entirely of herself the "Story of Bessie Costrell," or whether, as has been rumored, the facts were of actual occurrence, she has shown her understanding, humane and artistic, of human life, in the appropriate setting she has given them.

The painful coincidence of weak temperaments in persons naturally dependent on each other, resulting in more unfortunate injury by all to all, and their consequent misery, needs delicate touches to put it in the most forcible relief.

This Mrs. Ward has done by delicacy of description, simplicity of narrative and accurate characterization.

Bessie Costrell yields to the temptation which the two people most interested in her welfare, her uncle and her husband, ought to have been so able and yet were, because of their own inborn selfishness, so powerless to prevent. Two things, small in themselves, the death of an old woman and the bequest of a very small legacy, are the links in this chain of destiny. By the death of his sister-in-law, John Bolderfield is left to his own ignorant self-dependence; a legacy of a few pounds tempts the extravagant, pleasure-loving though not corrupt nature of Bessie Costrell. It is only necessary for John Bolderfield's clearly loved money to be in her house and for her husband to be first inadvertant, then fierce and unpitying, to complete the disaster. The author shows with much care and skill this relative value of events to her characters and she has given to society a story as powerful and as sad as are the laws of our own human frailties.

† "THE YALE YARNS," by John Seymour Wood, are sketches of student life at Yale. The book contains much college lore, which, had it been skillfully managed and well written, might have been made interesting, but unfortunately the literary quality of the book does not save the subject matter from unfavorable criticism. The stories lack refinement, and many of the anecdotes meant to be clever, are flippant. It is very difficult, if not impossible, to suit every one in a college story. However it has been accomplished more successfully in the Harvard and Princeton stories than in the Yale Yarns.

‡ "ADOPTION AND AMENDMENT OF CONSTITUTIONS IN EUROPE AND AMERICA," by Chas. Borgeaud, translated by Chas. D. Hazen, with an Introduction by John M. Vincent. In the year 1892 The Faculty of Law of the University of Paris awarded to this book the Prix Rossi. It owes to this presentation as

* MacMillan & Co. † G. P. Putnam. ‡ MacMillan & Co.

a prize essay the compactness of form and meagreness of detail which unfit it for reference use and render it uninteresting and dry for general reading. In less than 350 pages M. Borgeaud completes the somewhat involved undertaking of classifying and analyzing the different methods by which constitutions are adopted and amended, in addition to which he has given some space to historical explanation and to discussion of recent German theories of the nature of constitutional law. The author's analyses of the French and Swiss constitutional development in the nineteenth century are the most important and valuable part of the book. The translation, while adhering too closely to the text for elegance, is clear. The introduction is very good.

* "HISTORY OF FLORENCE," by C. A. Sheffield. Few New England towns have played such an interesting part in the social and industrial development of the community as has Florence. This new history, in its attractive binding, will be very interesting to all who knew anything about the "Northampton Association of Education and Industry," which was contemporary with the experiments of Hopedale and Brush Farm. The first part of the book is a concise account, by the editor, of the settlement of Florence, including a chapter on Northampton, then follows a good account of the development of the local industries, the mulberry craze and the final collapse of the silk interests. Following this came the establishment of the so-called "Community," with which the second part of the book begins. Many former residents and visitors to the Community have contributed articles of interest about life in Florence at this time, which give one a very delightful impression. Among these contributors are Frederick Douglass and John Hutchinson, one of the famous family of singers. The history of religious life, schools, libraries, etc., which follows that of the Community, is well told. A few "reminiscences" and biographies of well-known citizens close the book. It is very profusely illustrated and carefully edited, and is sure to prove a valuable addition to New England history.

* C. A. Sheffield.

TO BE REVIEWED.

JACQUES D'AMOEN, by Emil Zola, translated by W. F. Apthorp.

LE NABAB, by Daudet.

ESSAYS IN MINIATURE, by Agnes Repplier.

BOOK RECEIVED.

A HISTORY OF GREECE, by P. V. U. Myers. Ginn & Co.

SELECTED ESSAYS OF SAINTE-BEUVE. Ginn & Co.

EMILIA GALOTTI, edited by Max Poll. Ginn & Co.

THE ACADEMY SONG-BOOK. Ginn & Co.

ALUMNÆ DEPARTMENT

The Alumnae Department wishes to thank the alumnae who so kindly wrote expressing their views as regards the Students' Building. The discussion is now of necessity closed, as the undergraduates have voted to raise the money for the new building. The students trust that they have not acted rashly in deciding as they have done, and hope that in the end the college will not suffer because they have temporarily turned their efforts aside from the Library Fund.

The College Glee and Banjo Clubs will give a concert in Assembly Hall, on the evening of October 30, under the auspices of the alumnae, for the benefit of the Library Fund. The concert is intended to be informal, and the programme will consist largely of old, local songs, which will be of especial interest to the new students.

The alumnae wish to express their gratitude to Miss Jordan, who has lectured twice in Easthampton for the benefit of the library fund. The first lecture was given last May, on Maria Mitchell; the second since college opened this fall, on Child Literature. Miss Jordan's kindness and interest are heartily appreciated by the alumnae who are working in behalf of the fund.

- '81. S. Alice Brown and Amelia L. Owen re-opened their school at 66 Marlborough Street, Boston, on Oct. 3. This year they send nine members of the school to six different colleges. Miss Owen has been travelling in England, Scotland, and France this summer.
- '82. Mary B. Daniels expects to return from Japan in the spring of '96.
- '83. Mary S. Anthony returned to her position at Bradford Academy, September 10.
Charlotte C. Gulliver, who is teaching Latin in the Norwich Free Academy, Norwich, Ct., has been made a trustee of Smith College.
- '84. Clara M. Clark is substituting as a library assistant in the Forbes Library, Northampton.
- '85. Mary W. Calkins, who is a member of the Faculty of Wellesley College, has recently passed a very brilliant examination for the degree of Ph. D. at Harvard University.
- '87. Caroline L. Crew is head of the girls' department in the Friends' School, Wilmington, Delaware.
- '88. Caroline C. Jameson returned to her position at Bradford Academy, Sept. 10.

- '89. Harriet R. Cobb is assistant in mathematics at Smith College.
Florence W. Seaver was married in July to Dr. George Slocomb of Worcester.
Abigail Taylor Seelye was married Sept. 5, in College Chapel, to Dr. Charles Locke Scudder. President Seelye performed the ceremony.
- '90. Mary L. Bufkin is studying at the University of Chicago.
Winona B. Crew is teaching French at the Orthodox Friends' School, Philadelphia.
Ellen Holt and Louisa S. Cheever are abroad together.
Anna S. Jenkins is assistant in Latin at Smith College.
Rose C. Lyman is teaching in the High School in Northampton.
Pauline Wiggin is teaching at Taunton.
Three members of the class took second degree last June: Caroline L. Dodge at Columbia Law School, Pauline G. Wiggin for advanced work in English at Radcliffe, and Mary A. Frost for advanced work in German at Smith.
- '91. Carita A. Chapman is studying in Germany.
Ethel D. Puffer is studying in Germany this winter.
Elizabeth S. Williams is taking a course in Sociology at Barnard College.
- '92. Harriet A. Boyd is teaching in Miss Hebb's School, Wilmington, Del.
Anna L. Morse is studying at the Library School, Albany, N. Y.
Caroline L. Steele has left Boston to teach English at Miss Hill's School, Philadelphia. Her residence address is 1915 Mt. Vernon Street.
May Baldwin Stoddard was married Oct. 2, to Mr. George Dallas Yeomans, Yale '90, at Trinity Church, Boston, Mass,
- '93. Julia S. L. Dwight is studying art at Smith College.
Gertrude E. Flagg is teaching in Canton, Ohio.
Ruth B. Hall is teaching in Fairfield Seminary, Fairfield, Ct.
Charlotte Norris is teaching in the High School at Andover, Mass.
Margarita B. May is teaching English in the senior class of the High School at Santa Rosa, California.
Olive Rumsey is studying literature in the Graduate Department at Yale.
Bertha C. Smith is teaching in Concord, N. H.
Frances E. Thompson is teaching in the High School at East Saginaw, Mich.
Bessie H. Williams sailed early this month for Germany, where she will spend the winter.
- '94. Sarah T. Allen is teaching in the High School at Adams, Mass.
Frances Marsh Bancroft is teaching in Abbot Academy, Andover, Mass.
Susan E. Coyle is teaching in St. Mary's School, Dallas, Texas.
Elizabeth S. Dickerman is studying in the Graduate Department at Yale.
Olive H. Dunbar, who has been on the staff of the Worcester Spy, has gone to New York to do newspaper work.
Charlotte Fairbanks has returned to Yale to pursue a graduate course in Chemistry.
Katherine O. Graves is teaching in the Brierley School, New York.

Anna L. Harrington is teaching in the High School at Bellows Falls, Vt.
 Martha H. Kimball is teaching in Ware, Mass.
 Clara B. Platt is teaching in Nyack, N. Y.
 Mary E. Sayward is teaching in the High School at Worcester, Mass.
 Charlotte C. Wilkinson is a Fellow in Sociology at Smith College.
 Eliza M. Willard has been appointed Reference Librarian in the Carnegie Free Library, Pittsburgh, Pa.

- '95. Amey Owen Aldrich is teaching English in the High School at Providence, R. I., and taking post-graduate work in Pedagogy and English Literature at Brown University.
 Bertha Allen is studying at Radcliffe.
 Bertha Condé is Assistant in Biology at Elmira College, Elmira, N. Y.
 Mabel Homer Cummings is teaching in Miss Lewis's School at Brookline, Mass.
 Ethel F. Fifield and Laura G. Woodberry have a school in Salem, Mass.
 Caroline M. Fuller is travelling abroad.
 Caroline E. Hamilton is teaching in Shelburne Falls, Mass.
 Edith M. Hawkes is teaching in Auburn, N. Y.
 Rose Hinckley is taking a course in German at Smith College.
 Alice Derfla Howes is taking the collegiate course at the State Normal College, Albany, N. Y.
 Mabel Hurd is teaching in the Normal School, Courtland, N. Y.
 Elizabeth J. Hurlbut is teaching chemistry in Chicago.
 Constance H. Iles is studying at the State Library School in Albany, N. Y.
 Rebecca N. Kinsman is studying at Radcliffe.
 Anna S. Kitchel is teaching German in Athol, Mass.
 Helen D. LaMonte is teaching in Grand Rapids, Mich.
 Elizabeth D. Lewis is studying at the Sorbonne in Paris.
 Katharine Lewis is teaching Greek and Latin in a private school at North Wales, Pa.
 Margaret Long has been travelling in England, Scotland and Wales, and is now in Dresden for the winter.
 Sara B. Marsh is studying in Berlin, Germany.
 Alice L. Martin is teaching in Miss Low's School in Stamford, Ct.
 Theona C. Peck is studying art at Smith College.
 Elsie Seelye Pratt has a position in the Centennial School, Puebla, Col.
 Dorothy M. Reed is studying chemistry, zoölogy and physics at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology.
 Cora A. Smith is teaching Latin and Zoölogy in the High School, Springfield, Mass.
 Carolyn P. Swett is teaching in the High School, Medford, Mass.
 Ruth N. Tower is second assistant in the South Weymouth High School.
 Constance B. Williston is teaching in the High School, Townsend, Mass.
 Rose Adelaide Witham is teaching rhetoric and literature in the High School, Fitchburg, Mass.
 Grace C. Wolcott was married June 27, to Mr. Francis Wright Duryea.
 Martha Leola Wright is teaching Greek, Latin and Mathematics in the High School, Ware, Mass.

ABOUT COLLEGE

Face to face with this new college year, what are our impressions? Most vividly, at first, came the contrast which the summer months made. "Our Seniors" were no longer here. Many girls, all among the number we could least afford to lose, had not been able to come back to their classes. Several members of the faculty, whose work had been especially inspiring, had gone to other fields of labor. The absence of these many friends was a damper to our spirits.

But the reaction has been swift and strong. There seems to be present the firm determination to make our loss a means of inspiration, not a drawback. The strength and energy stored up during the summer months comes to aid this purpose. Never before in our experience has the atmosphere of reform and enthusiasm been so pervasive as at the beginning of this college term. Not recitations alone, but chapel and vespers, class-meetings and prayer-meetings have felt it. Its marked feature has been not so much the large numbers in attendance, as the spirit of genuine interest. It has stood the test of the most debilitating weather and has survived, proving itself no matter of sunshine or cloud. We hail it with joy, for it is surely an omen of good for the whole year.

The work offered in the courses of study has never been so attractive as it is now, and the faculty never better able to meet the demands of the students upon them. The large entering class, almost overwhelming us with its size, nearly driving us to despair in trying to seat it in chapel, has nevertheless filled our hearts with pride. We feel that the college is growing and prospering.

Success and enthusiasm go hand in hand. With this glorious beginning, what may we not expect from the year? With what measure of enthusiasm we mete, it shall be measured to us again in success, we firmly believe. If this year is stamped with unflagging devotion to work, deeper loyalty to all college institutions, and in and through all, with true college spirit, we shall feel that our impressions at the beginning of the year bore the seal of truth.

M. H. P.

The Mandolin Club was organized last fall with seven members, Miss Mabel Tucker, '97, being leader. They met once a week merely for the pleasure of playing together. There was no thought originally of being a college club. During the fall, several new instruments were added. The club made its début in February at a Southwick House play. During the year it played at six other affairs. Miss Tucker was unable to return to college after the spring vacation. She was an enthusiastic leader, and whatever success the club had had, was due to her. It reorganized, however, under the leadership of Miss

Kennedy, '96. This year, the club, with members increased to seven mandolins, five guitars, and a violin, became for the first time the Smith College Mandolin Club. Under the leadership of Miss Maude Carpenter, '96, it is making rapid progress. The club will play at the Glee Club Concert, Oct. 30. Smith has now for the first time a mandolin as well as a banjo club.

A. M. F.

At the beginning of this new year of work, the editor wishes to explain, as definitely as possible, for what "About College" stands. Our literary work finds place in other departments of the MONTHLY; "About College" is the fair field where those of us who confessedly "don't write" may stand up for the faith that is in us. There is at Smith much common sense and long-headedness that goes to waste, as far as any wide influence is concerned, merely because the possessors of these qualities are shy of print. Yet it often happens that there is no better reading than a straight-forward expression of opinion by some one who does not "write," but does know what she means. Questions are coming up every month that it would do us good to discuss frankly, with the thoughtfulness and responsibility that print compels. In a college as large as ours, where so many of us live off the campus, we need all the cohering force we can summon to our aid. The more general the interest in college and class questions, the easier it will be to keep that unity which makes our college indeed our Alma Mater. The editor wants "About College" to be something more than a grumble department. She would like it to reflect that happy, steadfast loyalty to class and college that we all so deeply feel, which, while it does not blind us to what we think mistaken, still leads us, in every-day life, to a contentment ten times greater than our dissatisfaction. Whatever interests us in our life here ought to find expression in "About College." Uncritical praise or blame alone should be excluded.

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ORIENTAL CLUB

Executive Committee :
 Caroline Louise Snow, '96
 Florence Stewart, '96

VOICE CLUB

President, Miss Peck

CALENDAR

- Sept. 13, College opened.
- “ 14, Freshman Frolic.
- “ 17, S. C. A. C. W. Meeting.
- “ 19, Biological Society Meeting.
- “ 21, Alpha Society Meeting.
Phi Kappa Psi Society Meeting.
- “ 24, Colloquim Meeting.
- “ 28, Washburn House Dance.
- “ 30, Biological Seminar Meeting.
- Oct. 2, Current Events Club Meeting.
Stoddard House Dance.
- “ 3, Gymnasium and Field Association Meeting.
Biological Society Meeting.
- “ 5, Phi Kappa Psi Society Meeting.
- “ 8, Colloquim Meeting.
Music Students' Reception.
Oriental Club Meeting.
- “ 9, Sophomore Reception.
- “ 10, Mountain Day.
Greek Club Meeting.
- “ 12, Alpha Society Meeting.
Delta Sigma House-warming.

THE
SMITH COLLEGE
MONTHLY

NOVEMBER · 1895



CONDUCTED BY THE SENIOR CLASS

CONTENTS

A STUDY OF TWO ROMANCES	<i>G. L. Collin</i>	1
NOVEMBER	<i>M. A. Goodman</i>	9
THE PRIMROSE PATH	<i>S. S. Titsworth</i>	9
VERSES	<i>J. D. Daskam</i>	19
LADY KEW	<i>L. D. Dustin</i>	19
A MIRACLE OF THE MADONNA	<i>F. Ward</i>	23

CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

THE FAIRIES' BANQUET	<i>Edith Kellogg Dunton</i>	27
MY FRESHMAN CRUSH	<i>May Rawson Fuller</i>	27
GYPSYING	<i>Alice Weld Tallant</i>	30
HOPE LONG DEFERRED,	<i>Frances Eaton Jones</i>	31
A PAGE OF HISTORY	<i>Margaret Rand</i>	34
VERSES	<i>Josephine Devereux Sewall</i>	35
EDITORIAL		36
EDITOR'S TABLE		39
BOOK REVIEWS		41
ALUMNÆ DEPARTMENT		43
ABOUT COLLEGE		45
CALENDAR		48

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THE
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NOVEMBER, 1895.

No. 2.

A STUDY OF TWO ROMANCES

The breadth of the term Romance is well illustrated by Hawthorne's "House of the Seven Gables," and J. Henry Short-house's "John Inglesant." For while the two books are sympathetic in aesthetic sensibility to beauty, and the use of a skilfully worked out story as the means of conveying a truth, yet in subject, treatment and purpose, the books are essentially diverse. In this diversity, however, there is a certain balance. The books are written on parallel rather than on diverging lines, thus making the variations in form especially significant, not only as a study of form for its own sake, but as showing the author in the form. It is the purpose of this paper to discover the characteristics of the two authors, as shown in their modes of working out the two romances in what would be the same literary form save for the variations made therein by their personalities.

At about the time that "The House of the Seven Gables" appeared (1851) Balzac, Victor Hugo, Dickens, Thackeray and George Eliot, were broadening and yet defining the field of the novel. It was a period of literary law-making. The idea was in the process of evolution that the center of interest in the novel might be shifted from the plot and action to the mental and spiritual activity symbolized by this external action. There

was the suggestion of change in the conception of prose fiction ; that it might be used, with minute fidelity to realism, as the tool of philosophy, psychology and the like, yet with literary form unimpaired, and with an added depth and significance.

Hawthorne wrote his Romance, as if these tendencies, developing in his day, were the accepted standards. He wrote so far in advance of his time that his work is yet modern. We have scarcely grown up to it. He supplied a new literary form, as individual and peculiar as the man himself,—the Philosophical Romance. When, thirty years later, “John Inglesant” was published, Mr. Shorthouse need only have said, “I am trying to do in my way what Hawthorne has done,” and the world would have understood him. The form had been established. To his audience it was no longer novel that a profound moral lesson should be artistically taught. Thus in comparing these two books it should be remembered that Hawthorne was working out a Romance and a literary form, while to Shorthouse the form was supplied. By this fact, Shorthouse was relieved from a certain amount of responsibility, and, having his chart marked out for him by a pioneer, might, if he would, make an easy pleasure trip instead of an arduous voyage of discovery. Whether he availed himself of this advantage is one of the questions to be considered later.

The most direct contact with the personality of the authors is found, of course, in the prefaces, where they address their readers unscreened even by the thin medium of the story. In the opening sentences, the parallelism of treatment that may be traced throughout the books is especially conspicuous and significant.

“When a writer calls his work a Romance,” begins Hawthorne, “it need hardly be observed that he wishes to claim a certain latitude, both as to its fashion and material, which he would not have felt himself entitled to assume, had he professed to be writing a novel.”

Mr. Shorthouse says : “The book is an attempt at a species of literature which I think has not hitherto had justice done to it, but which I believe to be capable of great things—I mean the Philosophical Romance.”

In the first place it will be noticed that the Hawthorne who writes the preface is the same Hawthorne who writes the Romance. There is the same graceful phrasing, the same deliber-

ate choice of words, the same attitude toward the readers, of the shy, shrewd observer of human nature. But in Mr. Shorthouse's opening sentence, the reader is somewhat startled. Can this be the writer of the rhythmic, colored, picturesque, sentences in the Romance? Here the sentences are cold, brief, didactic. Doubtless, when Hawthorne requests latitude, and Shorthouse demands justice, they both substantially mean the same thing. But the point is that they have different ways of saying what they mean. Even in these brief sentences, "The style is of the man."

Like Chaucer, Hawthorne was primitive in believing, or at least proceeding on the assumption that he believed, that his audience understood him; that his ideas were not unusual nor extraordinary, and doubtless were familiar to the reader. Shorthouse, on the other hand, is sure that he has something new to tell the world—something of vital importance that they could never have conceived, but that must be elaborately explained by himself. He is oppressed by the magnitude of his undertaking. His attitude is boyish, unsophisticated. He is not master of the situation. He is not the consummate actor, as is Hawthorne, who assumes the character that he is about to act when he appears before the curtain to make his bow. Shorthouse, before the curtain, drops his picturesque mysticism and is business-like and prosaic.

Compare, for instance, the form in which the moral purposes of the two books are expressed. Hawthorne's, with deliberate manipulation:—"Many writers lay very great stress upon some definite moral purpose, at which they profess to aim their works. Not to be deficient in this particular, the author has provided himself with a moral,—the truth, namely, that the wrong-doing of one generation lives into the successive ones *

* (but) * * when romances do really teach anything, it is usually through a far more subtle process than the ostensible one. * A high truth is * * never any truer and seldom any more evident, at the last page than at the first."

"'John Inglesant' is an attempt, and an honest one" (as it certainly is, most solemnly and conscientiously honest) "to trace out * * the conflict between culture and fanaticism—the analysis and character of sin—the subjective influence of the Christian Mythos."

In Hawthorne, we feel that the whole subject is within his

grasp ; that he comprehends it so fully that he can play with it, and treat the theme with that intangible cynicism so characteristic of his writing. But Shorthouse, with a true English spirit of respect, treats his subject in all seriousness.

This is shown again in the fact that it is Hawthorne who ventures on Humor, that perilous test of the real value of a production. His quaint humor glimmers throughout the book in such phrases as "cross-looking philanthropists," or "unctiously benevolent." The famous example is, of course, the chickens, that daring parody on the Pyncheon family, "who kept themselves alive not for any pleasure of their own, but that the world might not lose what had been so admirable a breed." In "John Inglesant" there is no humor introduced, lest, supposedly, it should jar upon the solemn purpose and aesthetic treatment of the theme. But this very fact is testimony that Shorthouse had not reached the point where he could play with dignity. He assumes that it devolves upon him to maintain the dignity of his theme ; hence there is in his style a tendency, if not to pomposity, to a certain stiffness and inflexibility. Hawthorne assumes that his theme has sufficient inherent dignity to maintain itself, and his style, whether from nature or art, has a child-like, unconscious simplicity and dignity.

Thus it is that the two authors assume attitudes, characteristic perhaps,—at least, we are proud to claim this, of an Englishman and an American. The Englishman naturally assumes a superior attitude, and treats any undefined class of people, such as the readers of his book, as his inferiors. He is aristocratic. Hawthorne, quite as instinctively, writes for an audience of equals ; that is, he is democratic. The influence of these two fundamentally diverse traits of character can be traced throughout the romances, in their matter, but most clearly, in their form.

By this convenient parallelism, the scenes and characters of the two books will stand close comparison. Hawthorne dares to choose for the scene of his romance—in the prosaic "very present that is flitting away from us"—a dilapidated old house in Salem, with the only dignity of an inherited curse, with realistic dust and dampness, and a plebeian shop door. He describes minutely and cheerfully the preparations for Clifford's first breakfast at home, for "Life within doors has few pleasanter prospects than a neatly arranged and well-provisioned breakfast

table." Nature itself is homely—"Alice's posies," and the squash-blossoms and bees, that were summer to Clifford. The incidents of special significance to the inmates of the House of Seven Gables are the common-places of every-day life. The opening of the shop is a crisis in the life of Hepzibah, and every tinkle of the bell marks the "final throes of what called itself old gentility." The passing of a procession, a knife-grinder, a hand-organ man, a baker's cart,—these are important events in the life of Clifford.

The scene of "John Inglesant" is laid in England, in the days of the martyr king; that distant time all of whose forms of life seem a pageant to us now. The noble castles, the king's chamber, the Italian villas, are congenial abodes for romance. In the use of incident, while Hawthorne assumes the contemporary, Shorthouse takes the historical "well-read" attitude, that refuge in philosophical and theological discussions, and historical summaries. The incidents making up the life of a courtier, presentation to the queen, interviews with the king, embassies, diplomacy with noblemen, and with women "who assumed the garb and the manners of angels," are romantic in themselves and full of color. The same holds good of the nature descriptions that are not dependent for beauty upon the interpretation of the author. "The bright winter's sun was shining on the walls and roofs of the town, on the dancing waves of the estuary, and on the green oak banks of Flintshire beyond." "In the brilliant moonlight, every leaf of the great forest shone with an unnatural distinctness, which, set in a perfect silence, became terrible to see."

From this comparison it will be seen that the two authors rely upon different factors to produce their results. The setting of "John Inglesant" is, *per se*, romantic. Hawthorne takes definite pleasure in choosing scenes homely and commonplace except for his rendering. He enjoys working upon barren and rocky soil. Shorthouse depends upon the theme rather than upon his own personal treatment, to form the romance.

In regard to the characters, the parallelism holds to a certain extent. Although the courtier and the daguerreotypist have little externally in common, Eustace Inglesant and Holgrave are both vigorous men of the world, and both stand in somewhat the same relation of healthy entertainers to the heroes of the books.

Hepzibah is unique. She has no prototype. And Phoebe, with the "practical gift for arrangement,—a part of whose essence it was to keep within the limits of the law," who was "a symbol and interpretation of light and beauty in life to Clifford," is a flesh and blood woman, and can hardly be compared with the faintly sketched, spirituelle recluse, Mary Collet.

Each of the books has a philosopher, who epitomizes the morals. The creed of Uncle Venner, "the man of patches," with the "cheerful mellow vein like a frost-bitten apple," is that "Infinity is big enough for us all, and eternity long enough." The diplomatic Jesuit, Father Hall, also preaches tolerance, but the difference in attitude is characteristic and significant. "This is the most important lesson that a man can learn," he says, "*that all men are alike*,—that all creeds and opinions are nothing but the mere result of chance and temperament, and it is only when you begin to see this that you feel pity for mankind." Thus the philosophers urge tolerance, but the aristocrat from the ground of the eternal sameness of mankind, the democrat from the eternal variety. Of the two, which has the deeper insight, the broader sympathy, the better point of view? Is it not possible that the aristocrat, from his tendency to look down upon mankind, loses a true perspective, and sees life in distorted proportions, while the democrat, looking around him, rather than up or down, sees the natural relations?

Concerning the heroes, Clifford Pyncheon and John Inglesant have much the same physiques, the same unnatural, mystical powers, the same love for the beautiful, and longing for love ever unsatisfied. But while there is close parallelism in representation, there is wide divergence in philosophical deduction. This is especially significant in the moving passion of the two men. With Clifford Pyncheon, and throughout "The House of the Seven Gables," it is love—healthy, pure love,—of brother and sister, or of Holgrave and Phoebe, perfectly normal, and characteristic of New England, but strong enough to bind lives together. In John Inglesant, love is passed over very lightly; Mary Collet is a nun, Laura but a shadow. The passion that moves John Inglesant is revenge for the murder of his brother. Herein lies one of the inconsistencies that makes the philosophy of the book unsound. No independent thinker, who worked at the root of things, and had so active a conscience as John Inglesant is supposed to possess, could be so long actuated by this

motive without any scruples. For this, even the startling surrender of his victim cannot atone, to a simple-minded democrat. It has a false theatrical glamor.

The fact that John Inglesant was not a law unto himself, but was dominated by the strong mind of Father Hall is an expression of an aristocratic mind. Passive obedience, such as John Inglesant showed, would be an impossibility in a democratic community. Shorthouse expresses elsewhere, as well, a bit of aristocratic philosophy, when he says that Father Hall was unsuccessful because he was too good for his work. Hawthorne demonstrates that the humblest tasks,—washing tea-cups or weeding an old garden,—are worthy, if well done.

Thus Shorthouse, and through him, John Inglesant, lacks directness in his philosophy. He never pierces through the forms and dogmas of the church, about which he is much concerned, to the essence of religion, which he considers not at all. Thus, the one strong act of John Inglesant's life was to act out a lie, a virtuous action, because in obedience to orders. The ethics of this is never questioned. Here, again, is an inherent weakness, a certain superficiality of thinking, and lack of sturdy simplicity such as is inherent in a man brought up in a democratic country.

Both Clifford Pyncheon and John Inglesant make a practical failure of life. Clifford, whatever may be his faults, is frank with himself, and waits for "that great remedy, Death." About John Inglesant's later life there is haziness of treatment and artistic fading away. Yet in the last chapter we gain the impression that John Inglesant does not regard his life as belittled, but as well rounded. He is satisfied to be a dilettante. Thus the treatment of the problem of fatalism, suggested by these two heroes, who were tools in the hands of stronger men, again illustrates the characteristics of aristocratic and democratic minds.

We have now considered the authors as shown in the form, first, in their attitude toward their readers; second, in their choice and handling of subject matter. It has thus far seemed evident that the difference of treatment was due to the diverse traits of mind of an aristocrat and a democrat. This theory is borne out by the methods of construction; the mechanism employed by the authors in the romances.

Hawthorne keeps within small territory to collect his charac-

ters, but moves up and down through the various planes of society. Shorthouse's territory is large in extent, but he moves in one straight line. He keeps upon one plane. "The House of the Seven Gables" is like a pebble; "John Inglesant," like a stratum of rock. His characters are all well dressed, well-bred, presentable members of society. His gentlemen and ladies are of the old school, but in a small class even of that old school.

These different modes of building result in Hawthorne's plot structure being compactly organized, with intimate relation of parts, and no slurring of detail. Uncle Venner is as carefully manipulated as Jeffry Pyncheon. It is a well-rounded whole, filled, but not crowded, and complete within itself.

The result of Shorthouse's scattered characters, and loosely constructed plot must be of necessity different. The wealth of incident, introduced perhaps, to atone for the lack of connection, gives a highly colored, but yet disorganized effect. Thus, if John Inglesant's journey to Naples had been more closely demanded by the plot, not quite so many corpses need have strewn the streets. There is an aristocratic conception of relative values; an undue weight is given the leading parts, while the minor characters are merely "supers." As Louis XIV. was the state, so, according to Shorthouse, the hero is the novel.

There is nowhere needed such complex and compact organization, such careful handling and attention to details as in a democratic form, be it governmental or literary. The aristocratic form, that does not aim at coördination but at subordination of parts, is comparatively simple. These were the two forms employed by Hawthorne and Shorthouse in their supposedly one literary form—the Philosophical Romance. And the distinctive traits of the two books lie in this form variation, although neither author intended to represent aristocracy or democracy. But in that "the style is of the man," they have unconsciously expressed themselves, and, through the subtle process of form, have conveyed to us their personalities.

GRACE LATHROP COLLIN.

NOVEMBER

The Fairy Queen stood listening to the leaves
Of autumn, dead leaves that one by one fell
Rustling to the ground. A narrow brook crept
Past her feet and almost kissed them. The sun's
Last rays shot sidelong over meadows that
Had lost their summer green a month gone by.
But she was thinking only of the leaves,
And how she had caressed their tiny buds
When waking from her winter's sleep. Were these
The same that she had welcomed once, and loved
As playmates, lying now by thousands, dry
And brown, upon the ground no longer gay
With flowers? She waved her wand. No elf
Would answer now that regal call. They slept
As sleep all things of summer when the wind
With frosty breath whispers of coming cold.
She drew her ermine cloak about her, soft
As the down that lines a chestnut burr. Then
She, too, sighing low, lay down and slept.

MARY ALMÉE GOODMAN.

THE PRIMROSE PATH

"I am exceedingly sorry for you, Dan," said Mrs. Mather, looking as if she quite enjoyed the spectacle of Mr. Dan Richardson, seated disconsolately on the railing of the hotel verandah. "It's too bad for you to come way out here and then find nobody but a few of us old ladies. I am afraid it will be a long day for you. You should have written, and they would have waited. They hadn't driven off more than ten minutes before your train came in.

"'Tis rather hard lines, isn't it?" said Mr. Richardson pushing back his hat, and glancing along the deserted verandah of the summer hotel.

"They have a glorious day, haven't they?" went on Mrs. Mather, "and Mr. Jackson quite outdid himself in the dinner he

put up for them. I almost wished I were young enough to go off on an all day picnic myself when I saw them start this morning. There were two busses and a village wagon full of them, and they seemed to be having a jolly time."

"That's right, Mrs. Mather, rub it in," said Richardson. Mrs. Mather laughed. She was a lively little old lady whose twinkling eyes flatly contradicted her white curls, and she was having a good deal of quiet fun out of poor Dan Richardson's discomfiture at finding most of the guests at the hotel, including the young people he had come out from the city to see, gone off for an all day's excursion.

"How soon must you go back?" she asked.

"Tomorrow morning," he answered, smiling in spite of himself at her evident enjoyment of his disgust. "Think they'll be back much before then?"

"I don't know, I'm sure," she said, shaking her head. And it's your last chance this summer, isn't it? When do you and your mother sail?"

"Next week Wednesday," said Richardson. "Yes, it's probably my last chance down here. Tough luck."

"Now I wonder," said Mrs. Mather looking at him reflectively "whether it's Kitty Gaylord or Nell Farrington?" He laughed as he looked at her.

"Can't you tell?" he asked.

"No," said Mrs. Mather. "They don't give it away in the least, and I haven't seen you with either of them lately enough to decide. And nobody ever found out anything from you.

"No?" said Richardson. "See here, shall I tell you something?"

"Something interesting?" asked Mrs. Mather.

"Very," he answered.

"No quizzing me, Dan," said Mrs. Mather, warningly. "Remember how I used to give you gingerbread when you were little, and respect my gray hairs."

"I remember that gingerbread gratefully; I wish I had a piece of it now," said Richardson. "And I have an enthusiastic respect and admiration for your gray hairs. They are immensely becoming, Mrs. Mather. Will that do?"

"Well, yes, I think it will," said Mrs. Mather, with a laugh. "And now the something interesting. You were going to tell me which it was, weren't you?"

"To tell you the truth, Mrs. Mather," and the young man bent forward impressively, "I can't tell which it is myself!"

Mrs. Mather leaned back in the big red rocker, and shook her gray curls at him.

"Its quite evident that you need a young person to keep up with you, Dan," she said. "I haven't anything left to say, and conversation flags when all the brilliancy is on one side. And there isn't a girl about the place!"

"Speaking of girls," said Richardson, "didn't I see a young lady in a white dress on the verandah when I came? Who might she have been?" Mrs. Mather looked at him in perplexity for a moment, and then she nodded.

"Oh yes," she said. "I know. She's the Hartwell children's governess."

"Oh!" said Richardson, suddenly losing interest.

"Dan," said Mrs. Mather, "you are a young snob!"

"I admit it," he answered calmly, "if by that you mean that I don't train in the same class with governesses."

"Not even when there are no other girls around?" asked his friend.

"Well, she'd have to be a pretty high class governess," he answered with a little laugh. "Besides, I'm having an awfully nice time with you. I had forgotten you were so entertaining, Mrs. Mather. I'd be content if those people never came back." He smiled audaciously at her.

"I cast my gingerbread upon the waters, and it has come back to me buttered," said Mrs. Mather. "You are a sad, bad boy, Dan."

"But you know you wouldn't like to hand me over to any governess," pursued Richardson. "Didn't the Hartwells go on the picnic? Why didn't they take her?"

"Yes, they all went. Mrs. Hartwell and the twins," answered Mrs. Mather. "I don't know why Miss Herrick didn't go. Perhaps she was glad of a day off. I shouldn't like a steady diet of Hartwell twins myself. But she doesn't seem to mind it. She's rather pretty, but quiet, and keeps herself very much apart. Why, what's the matter, Dan?" for Richardson had risen, and pulled off his hat, with a most unusual flush creeping up over his handsome face. Mrs. Mather followed the direction of his eyes, and turned to look around the high back of the big rocker. They were sitting near the end of the verandah, which

turned the corner of the house and then stopped abruptly. There were no steps, and the railing was high, so that the only way of leaving this secluded end of the verandah was to come around the corner and walk the length of the house, to the main steps. Mrs. Mather's big rocker blocked the way for any one attempting to do this now, and as Mrs. Mather looked around, she saw standing behind her, a tall, slender young girl in a white muslin gown, with an exceedingly haughty expression upon a very white face.

"I beg your pardon, Mrs. Mather," the young lady said very quietly, "but if I may trouble you to move your chair a little, I think I will go down to the other end of the verandah." There was an instant's awful pause, and then Mrs. Mather got up without moving her chair.

"Why, my dear Miss Rose," she said cheerfully. "How fortunate! I had no idea you were anywhere around, and here is my poor young friend Mr. Richardson, who came out from the city this morning to have a good time with the young folks, just ten minutes after they had all gone off, and has been saying all sorts of things to me because I wasn't young enough to be entertaining. You are just in the nick of time, and I know you will take him off my poor old hands and make him enjoy himself. Dan, let me present you to Miss Herrick. Mr. Richardson, Miss Rose. And now I can go and take my nap in peace," and before either of the young people had divined her intention, Mrs. Mather had disappeared through the long window behind her. For a moment they looked each at other in mutual dismay, and then the young lady flushed, and tried to push away the big rocker.

"Allow me!" said Richardson, springing forward, and moving it aside, but standing directly in her way himself. "Please don't desert me," he added. "Mrs. Mather has vouched for me, and really, my forlorn condition is pitiable. I am used to being entertained, and I miss it."

She hesitated for a moment, and bit her lip, then she looked up at him with a curiously defiant little look. "Very well," she said. "I will stay."

"Good!" said Richardson heartily, as she sat down in the big red rocker, and he resumed his place on the railing. "I was awfully bored for a moment lest you wouldn't. You looked so fierce, you know."

"Perhaps you would feel more comfortable if I told you right off that I am a high class governess," observed Miss Herrick, mercilessly aware of the awkwardness of the situation, which he was vainly trying to ignore. He looked uncomfortable.

"Perhaps I ought to explain," he said. "that my preconceived idea of governesses was gained from my own, long years ago, and they were—oh well! they weren't in the least like you," he ended conclusively.

"You evidently think that governess is a word that implies certain fixed quantities," said Miss Herrick, calmly. "You probably expect glasses and a tendency to use the longest words in the dictionary. I am sorry I don't come up to your ideals."

"Oh, but you do!" protested Richardson. "My ideals are nowhere beside you! Besides, I didn't have any ideals!"

"I hardly know whether to feel complimented or not," said Miss Herrick, meditatively.

"You are getting me all balled up!" said Richardson, ruefully. I suppose it is entertaining to you, but it's very humiliating for me!"

"It would be quite in character if I were to instruct you that 'balled up' is slang," said Miss Herrick. "I should never allow one of my pupils to use it."

"If you are going to mend my manners and morals, you have mapped out a good big piece of work for yourself," said Richardson. "You see I didn't have the right kind of governess when I was a kid. I wonder if it's too late now?" he added audaciously. Miss Herrick smiled demurely.

"What do you consider the right kind?"

"Good!" thought Richardson, but aloud he said gravely, "the kind that wears muslin gowns with real lace on them, and stays home from picnics to entertain blissful mortals who would otherwise be in the depths of despair."

"How did you know it was real lace," asked Miss Herrick, curiously.

"My mother's not a connoisseur for nothing," returned Richardson. "I know lots about laces and things. For instance, I dare say that gown is India muslin, the real thing."

"It is, and I suppose you wonder how a governess comes to wear such incongruous things," said Miss Herrick, her breath coming a little faster. "I'll tell you later."

"Don't, if it bothers you," said Richardson, perplexed. "I don't see why you shouldn't wear just what you please."

"Mr. Richardson," said the girl suddenly, "talk to me now as if I were just like other girls—as if I were any girl you might meet."

"I can't," said Richardson gently. She looked at him in silence with wide open eyes. "Because," he said, answering her unspoken question, "you aren't like other girls, you see." She flushed slowly, and dropped her eyes beneath his significant look. Richardson saw that she had understood it as he meant she should, and decided not to go too far.

"Let's go for a row," he said. "Or do you think it's too hot?"

"Oh no!" answered Miss Herrick, jumping up. "I love the water. Only let me go and get a parasol." When she came out again, Richardson was waiting at the steps, with a full-blown peony in his hand. He bowed with stately courtesy.

"Permit me to offer you this," he said. "This estate seems lacking in aesthetic resources. I should like to present you with something a little more romantic, but there isn't anything on the premises but peonies and corn. However, at a distance, it suggests an overgrown rose, and it's effective with your white gown. Anyway, I shall expect you to wear it for my sake," he added. She laughed and tucked it into her belt as they turned towards the lake.

"Dan," said Mrs. Mather, drawing him aside after dinner, while Miss Herrick ran up stairs to change her dress, preparatory to taking a drive in the neat little rig that Richardson, the day before, had ordered sent out from the nearest village—"Dan, I am not sure that you are treating that little girl just right!" "Oh, aren't you?" said Richardson, placidly. "Perhaps you think you did a nice thing this morning when you turned and ran, and left me to get out of my box all by myself. I think I climbed out rather gracefully, on the whole."

"Nonsense!" said Mrs. Mather. "I gave you a splendid 'boost.' But seriously, Dan, you are such a flirt, and she is so unsophisticated!"

"She's having a good time. You ask her if she isn't," suggested Richardson.

"That's just it," said Mrs. Mather. "It doesn't mean anything to you. You'll forget the whole thing in six months, but she won't. Don't make her too interested in you, Dan."

"Not everybody falls such a complete and grovelling victim to my charms as you do, Mrs. Mather," said Richardson impertinently. "I think you are jealous because I haven't asked you to go to ride in the place of either Kitty or Nell, I don't know which."

"You saucy boy!" said Mrs. Mather with a laugh. "Did you tell Rose Herrick that she was only a makeshift?"

"What do you take me for?" asked Richardson imperturbably.

"Then she's going off with you under the impression that you sent for that rig this morning for her especial benefit, instead of ordering it a day or two ago for quite another reason? Isn't it so? Oh Dan! I think it's really too bad!" and Mrs. Mather shook her head reprovingly.

"See here," said Richardson, "I am going to give that little girl a good time to-day. If you want to go and spoil it for her after I am gone by telling her all this, you may, but I don't see the use."

"Your motives sound highly philanthropic," said Mrs. Mather with scorn. "I watched you at dinner. How many pretty speeches do you consider it necessary to make to her in order to give her a good time?"

Richardson smiled broadly down at his Mentor.

"How many have I got to make to you, Mrs. Mather, before the pangs of jealousy are assuaged?" he asked.

"Dan Richardson!" began the old lady, and then she laughed. "You'd be altogether lovely," she said, "if you ever let anybody get the better of you. I wish I were young, and had a fair show, and I'd lead you a chase!"

"Mrs. Mather," said Richardson confidentially, "if you were young, I shouldn't be taking Miss Rose to drive. But you mustn't expect me to wish it. Think of the gingerbread I should have missed!"

"Go away!" said Mrs. Mather. "Is that the best you can do for an old lady like me?"

"All this bitterness of spirit because I gave Miss Rose a peony," said Richardson reflectively. "How jealousy rankles! Here she comes now. You might ask her now if she objects to treading the primrose path of dalliance with me any longer. Tell her that she isn't doing her whole duty, and that I wish she were Kitty or Nell. Go ahead, tell her," he urged in a whisper as Miss Herrick came toward them. Mrs. Mather turned towards the girl.

"I hope you will have a nice drive," she said. "Don't let Dan tip you over. He's a reckless boy. Have you a sunshade? I think you'll need it, it's so sunny." She followed them out on the porch, and watched them as he put Miss Herrick in.

"Wait a minute," said Richardson, after he had done this, and he turned and came quickly back to Mrs. Mather.

"Really," he said in a low tone, "really, Mrs. Mather, I wish I were going to stay home and talk with you instead." He looked innocently up at her as she stood on the steps above him, with serious regret in his voice and eyes.

"Oh, indeed!" she said scornfully. "And if I let you tell me so three or four more times, I should be just fool enough to believe you in spite of myself! Go on and take your drive, Dan Richardson, and the Lord be merciful to you a sinner!"

Richardson threw back his head with a hearty laugh as he turned away. "Mrs. Mather and I were always pretty good friends," he said, as he stepped into the buggy beside Miss Herrick, and lifted the lines.

"I have had a perfectly charming time," said Miss Herrick, as they stopped again beside the rustic hitching post in front of the hotel, late that afternoon.

"The pleasure was principally mine," said Richardson, without moving, "but I am glad to think that you shared it."

"I am glad that I didn't monopolize it," said Miss Herrick, accepting the situation with a smile and sitting still. "You have been very good to me to-day, Mr. Richardson."

"Not at all," returned Richardson. "Again the pleasure was mine, and I am wondering why I didn't prolong it by driving on, instead of stopping here."

"Oh we have been out quite long enough," she responded. "But it has been awfully nice. Governesses don't have so many pleasure drives that they get tired of them, you know."

"I thought that subject was tabooed," said Richardson.

"It was. I am simply letting myself down to every day and the Hartwell twins by easy stages," she answered. "It will take me some time to get as far down as I was this morning."

"Richardson looked at her curiously. "You amaze me," he said lightly, "by the severe attitude you take toward the possibilities for governess-ship. I thought that all governesses, especially young and—especially young ones, had various romantic

experiences, and ultimately always married and lived happily ever afterwards. But from your pessimistic views I should infer that such events were few and far between. How am I to think? Is my cherished idea a delusion, based on ignorance?"

"Ignorance and 'Jane Eyre,'" said Miss Herrick briefly.

"And why," said Richardson after a reflective pause,—“and why 'Jane Eyre?' She wasn't young and pretty. She was demure and retiring to a degree, and yet see what she accomplished in the line of romantic larks.”

"She wasn't pretty, but she made eyes," returned Miss Herrick sententiously. Richardson stared, and then he laughed.

"Well, why shouldn't she?" he asked, "though I must admit that as an interpretation of Jane's success, your idea is a new one to me. Not half bad, either."

"We are talking nonsense," said Miss Herrick, "and I must get out of this buggy and go in."

"A great waste of time, as you would say to your pupils," returned Richardson lazily. "I think that sometimes you don't clearly differentiate me in your mind from the Hartwell twins. And yet, do you know, I am inclined to envy those Hartwell twins."

"Don't do anything so foolish," said Miss Herrick with decision, and then she stood up. "Really, I am going to get out," she said. "Oh well, if you must," responded Richardson, springing out and coming around to take her hands. "Now jump!" She did so, and waited while he tied the horse. Then they walked slowly up to the house. On the steps of the verandah she turned and put out her hand, saying,

"Thank you again, Mr. Richardson." He took it and held it, as he said,

"You remember you were to tell me something about that dress you had on this morning, if it didn't bother you?—to explain the India muslin and the lace."

She flushed, and dropped her eyes.

"If you don't mind, Mr. Richardson," she said, looking very girlish all at once, "I'd rather not. I was going to tell you how I happened to have it, and why I put it on this morning when everybody was away, just to make myself feel somehow as if—oh, well! no matter, only you have treated me so nicely that you have made me forget the bitter part, and have made me feel that I am a girl like other girls, though I am a govern-

ess. You can't understand it, for I can't explain the feeling, but I thank you from the bottom of my heart." She looked up at him for the first time during the little speech. Richardson's eyes met hers with an odd expression, and then he flushed in his turn, a deep red that seemed to make him hot. He gave the hand he held a quick pressure, and lifted his hat again, as she ran up the steps into the house. Mrs. Mather came along the verandah toward Richardson.

"Do you know," said the young man with a meditative frown, "I think that in spite of your gloomy prognostications, I shall remember Miss Herrick for a longer period than six months—say a year." Mrs. Mather looked sharply at him, and he looked gravely back at her.

"There's hope for you yet, Dan," she said, simply.

"Thank you," said Richardson seriously, and then at the sound of approaching wheels and gay voices they both turned. The picnic party was returning, in uproarious good spirits, and as soon as Richardson's presence was discovered, he was hailed with shouts of delight and inquiry. He went down to meet the wagons, and was surrounded by a laughing crowd of young people, who greeted him with hearty pleasure, and bemoaned loudly his misfortune at having to spend the day alone.

"Alone? Not a bit of it, you conceited rabble," said Richardson. "I've had a good time. Ask Mrs. Mather."

From the hall window upstairs, which was as far as she had gone when she too heard the wheels, Rose Herrick watched the commotion below. She saw them crowd about him, and saw the easy, assured way in which he met their chaff and joined in the fun. She watched until the crowd scattered, and saw Richardson walk off with Miss Farrington, the prettiest girl of them all. She followed them with her eyes till they disappeared among the trees; then she turned and went up to her own room, two flights farther.

"I don't care," she said to herself. "I have had a good time, and I'm glad I did it. And perhaps Mr. Richardson won't ever quite forget me, because he was so awfully nice to me, and I think people remember better when they have done something for somebody else."

SUSAN SAYRE TITSWORTH.

VERSES

I.

Nay, search not for her foot-prints on the earth,
You shall not find them there !
She treads upon the hearts of men laid bare,
And leaves the ground to us of lesser birth.

Nor does she ever look behind to know
How deep a mark she leaves,
And yet my love who loves me always, grieves
Because her careless passing hurt him so !

II.

Live ! live to-day ! they cried impatiently ;
They did not see
How fair Tomorrow held one eager hand
Of the poor wretch who could but only stand
And follow with his eyes where she did lead,
The while he drooped a back-stretched palm to feed
The clamorous clutch of his dead Yesterday
Who shadowed all his way.
Poor soul, that might not go, yet dared not stay !

JOSEPHINE DODGE DASKAM.

LADY KEW

Someone has well said that one of the great secrets of Thackeray's power is the fact that in his style is found the rare combination of satire and sympathy. His keen satire turns a hard white light on the petty characters of men, but his quick, and equally far-seeing sympathy, softens the lines of the picture and brings out clearly its real and best meaning. It is to these two qualities of Thackeray's then, that we owe our whole impression of Lady Kew, whom we pity even while we recoil from some of her motives, and whom we like and admire at sudden points even in the midst of our dislike.

Lady Kew moves through the "Newcomes" as its ruling spirit, to whom the other characters bow submissively, with the consciousness that she is able to effect almost anything that she sets herself to accomplish. To be sure, she is not by any means the central figure, as Becky Sharp is, who leads in her train all her varied companions of Vanity Fair; and indeed on looking over the *Newcomes* we are surprised to find that she occupies a comparatively small number of pages. Yet when thinking of the story, we have a vivid sense of her personality, a feeling that we have seen a great deal of her, and a consciousness of her influence working even where she is not present.

The most marked characteristics of the Countess of Kew are her undoubted cleverness and her passion for managing, for which process she had a decided talent. Not the talent of Becky Sharp, whose ways were subtle and whose innocent little plans were carried out by means which were not aggressively direct; on the contrary Lady Kew, as Thackeray says, "was accustomed to triumph by attacking in masses like Napoleon."

Whether the reason of her success lay in her decision, her cleverness, her formidableness, or her self-confidence, this old woman, with the exception of only a few lamentable defeats, always had her own way. As Lord Kew himself remarked, his grandmother still pulled stroke-oar in the family boat, and as she had ruled her husband and her own children, so she ruled, or tried to rule, her children's children. Barnes Newcome, a coward himself, observes with astonishment that the old lady can manage even his haughty sister Ethel, though the girl is the only person who dares make any stand against her. To satisfy their exacting grandmother's dearest wish, Ethel and Lord Kew, although they are not in the least in love with one another, allow themselves to be led into an engagement of marriage from which they are extricated only by the most unexpected means of outside interference. Even Thackeray himself is afraid to thwart this formidable personage, and does not dare allow Clive and Ethel to come together until her Ladyship is safely dead.

The scenes in which we dislike Lady Kew most, as well as those in which we like her best, take place with members of her own family.

We turn with great distaste from her abuse of Lady Walham, her daughter-in-law, who had the effrontery to refuse to give up

her own son to his grandmother, and when the old Countess comes confidently after her favorite grandchild, defies her with a bravery much resembling that of a timid mother bird, while defending her young. In this interview her ladyship looks like her late brother too many times to win even a half-hearted sympathy.

This is a very skillful point of Thackeray's we may notice,—the mention of this resemblance when he wishes to make Lady Kew particularly diabolical. In a flash we see all the cunning, the cruelty, the worldliness, in the hard old face, as we are reminded of our clever but not very amiable friend of *Vanity Fair*, the late Marquis of Steyne.

We are told that Lady Kew's temper, "an animal of which all her Ladyship's family had a just apprehension," was vented with especial liberality upon Lady Julia, her unmarried daughter; a long-suffering person, who is referred to as the pin cushion into which her mother delighted to stick daily a hundred little points of sarcasm. "Old Lady Kew's tongue was a dreadful lash. * * She was not altogether cruel, but she knew the dexterity with which she wielded her weapon, and she liked to exercise it."

We must give due praise however to the cleverness which appears even in her very disagreeable temper. Most of Thackeray's women are not clever at all. Becky Sharp is always remarked upon as a brilliant exception, but she does not rejoice in many equally gifted companions, especially among the heroines. Thackeray is so much engaged in endowing his good women with the softer qualities of good nature, faithful love, a patient bearing of long suffering, and the like, that he quite leaves out the more intellectual ones.

Although we think of Lady Kew as an essentially hard woman, she was not altogether so. In her fixed determination to marry Ethel to Kew, she was really considering what she thought was the best thing for them, her best loved grandchildren. She is kind, sometimes even tender to these two, and bears with Ethel's opposition and wilfulness with a patience and unruffled temper very foreign to the generally accepted idea of the nature of Lord Steyne's sister. After the downfall of her hopes of Ethel's marriage with Lord Kew, she expresses to Ethel her love for these two cousins, and hints at a suspicion of the emptiness and uselessness of her own life, and the mistaken

direction of its forces, in a way that renders her situation very pathetic. "I am an old woman," she says; "the world has perhaps changed since my time. Perhaps I have been wrong all my life, and in trying to teach my children to do as I was made to do, God knows I have had very little comfort from them. * * You and Frank I had set my heart on. I loved you best out of all my grandchildren. Was it very unnatural that I should wish to see you together? Don't leave me, too, my child—let me have something I can like at my years. And I like your pride Ethel and your beauty, my dear, and I am not angry with your hard words."

In another place again we have a glimpse of the influences about the girl before she became Lady Kew, when she speaks wistfully of the time before she "too was sold." Perhaps she ought to have been strong enough to have lived a nobler life, to have overcome the tremendous forces of her environment, her young teaching, the spirit of the age, but we are bound to acknowledge how unswervingly all these pointed to just the life of social ambition which she had led most successfully in a worldly sense. For Lady Kew was an undoubted power in the London world. She was asked everywhere, and in some way her card, Thackeray says, always came up on top of the humble tables of those lesser social lights who were struggling to add brightness to their little blaze.

We are grateful that Lady Kew's rank is as great as it is, for thus in her case we are spared the details of that degrading and joyless struggle for social preëminence which Thackeray knows so well how to depict. Her pursuit of the noble Marquis of Farintosh is perhaps in that line, but this little phase of her life never seems quite in keeping with the rest. She is usually not the seeking, but the sought-after.

Another fault from which we find Lady Kew quite free, but which Thackeray makes almost every other woman guilty of, excepting again our favorite Becky and perhaps Ethel Newcome, is jealousy.

Helen Pendennis is jealous of all for whom her somewhat unstable son shows affection; poor Lady Castlewood is mortally jealous of any one who is so unfortunate as to win the favor of her husband, or later that of Henry Esmond—is jealous of even her own children. Amelia puts the strongest forces of her weak little nature into her too well founded jealousy of George, and

even poor little Rosey, whom we have believed before to be incapable of any feeling of her own, shows the same fatal passion when Ethel comes to their home and the truth as to Clive's real love is plainly betrayed.

But of this emotion, Lady Kew shows no sign. She can even forgive her great foe, Madame d'Ivry, when she is in the end triumphant. Her nature may have been warped into a wrong direction, but it was not small. It is to her to whom miserable Clara Newcome fled from her brutal husband. Poor, maddened Jack Belsize tells us—"the only friend Clara ever had was the old woman with the stick, old Kew," and calls upon Heaven for the only blessing on the old woman that we hear throughout her story.

The first we see of Lady Kew is in society, seeking the fashionable Brighton. The last that we see of her is in the same restless life—which is indeed her only element—preparing for her granddaughter's grand wedding and hurrying from dinner parties to balls. Then like a quick shock, coming as unexpectedly to us as it did to the people who read the real news in the morning papers, we hear that the old lady is dead.

The little sensation that her death causes in the world which has selfishly courted her, is perhaps more pitiful than anything in her life, even though we are told—"To be old, proud, lonely, and not to have a friend in the world, that was her lot in it."

After the burial ceremony is over, the crowd hurriedly and gladly disperses, the Marquis of Farintosh tears the crape from his hat, the dead woman's affectionate grandson hastens to his business, grudging the time already lost in his forced tribute of respect, and the whole machinery of Vanity Fair, with its varied performers, rolls on seemingly regardless of the loss of a member so important as Louisa Johanna Gaunt, the Countess Dowager of Kew.

LITZ DUSTIN.

A MIRACLE OF THE MADONNA

A large room, dark and red, with a cheery fire to comfort one for the loss of the dying sun. On her knees, black hair tumbled, and determined young elbows digging into the couch cushions, was Heloise. She was weary with excitement. So much had

happened this afternoon, and there were still thoughts that needed arranging and re-arranging—that would not be folded and tucked away but kept shaking themselves out, until the poor woman's brain was awlirl. It was a French woman's brain too, a thing proverbially accustomed to bewildering variety; but her head ached and she buried it in the big cushion, just to stop the sight of the carriages rolling up and down the avenue.

So Vincent found her. What had happened to his Heloise, his mocking, merry wife? She who never appeared to him until both he and the dinner had been kept waiting a quarter of an hour. He looked at her again, she was sobbing. Really it was not gentlemanly to stand there and she all unconscious of anyone; he walked toward her, purposely pushing a chair one side. "Why my—" enough, she was up like a flash, looked at him so earnestly, longingly, he would never forget it, and then she walked by him, her head bent low and not a word. The heavy curtains fell together; she had gone, and Vincent would no sooner have thought of following, if she had passed into the spirit world, instead of the hall. He had never questioned her, strange as she sometimes was. Neither respect nor timidity had restrained him, but a loathing of curiosity in a man. A curious, prying person and a cad, were synonymous to him.

So he stood in front of the fire, started when a log slipped from the andiron into the ashes, growled at his foolishness and then went up stairs to dress for dinner.

Such a dismal dinner as it was. Heloise gentle and lovely as a picture, in her quaint gown, but so very quiet. Vincent glum as the butler, and with not nearly as cheerful an expression. A trying hour, and it was with a sigh of relief Heloise pushed back her chair from the table. She reached over to the bowl of roses and pulled out a long-stemmed beauty, then went to Vincent's chair, and leaning on the back of it, flipped the cool damp flower against his forehead, his cheek, his lips. "Lazy big man, take me out somewhere." "Where?" indifferently, holding her teasing hand firmly away from his face. He was vexed. Really too bad to drag to some stupid entertainment. His den was so cozy and Heloise was never as fascinating as when curled up in his big Turkish chair. To watch her daintily smoke her cigarette, to hear her naughty little stories, to meet her dark adorable eyes; it was heaven to him and he hated to miss it.

When he had married a year ago, a club friend, an enemy

ever since, had jokingly warned him that Heloise de Messiney was gay, perhaps too gay to stay long with him. An insult, a duel, a mere drop of blood drawn, but honor was satisfied and hate firmly fixed.

Vincent had thought of those words since then, but they had troubled him little. There was nothing he found in Heloise but claimed his love. She was an endless variety of witcheries, and if she chose to drink when he drank, smoke when he smoked, dance for him like an houri, what harm? She loved attention, and it was hers by right of her beauty. There was that devilish Desroches, a poet, a mad fellow, interesting and handsome. Vincent detested handsome men—he was ugly himself—but women, bah! Even his Heloise was attracted by this Adonis Desroches. He had been a third at their little dinners, on numerous occasions, and always then was Heloise most sparkling, Vincent most muddy—

“Please let go of my wrist, and will you or won’t you go? Where? I told you once. To the Art Collection. The pictures I saw this afternoon, I want you to see them. Yes? Here is a rose for the good man,” and she put it slowly into his button-hole. He stooped to kiss her but she started back with the same earnest half frightened look that had bewildered him so when she left him before dinner.

To a small gallery, past palms, Oriental hangings, and strange jars and jugs, through room after room, Vincent went with Heloise. She stopped before an exquisite Madonna, whose face portrayed the highest purity, divinest love and pity. “One look at that face would keep a man from crime, from hell. I heard a man say so this afternoon when I was here. Do you believe it Vincent? Look! Could it?” and Heloise sank onto a divan opposite the picture. There she stayed for nearly an hour; Vincent wandering off to look at other paintings would come back only to find his wife looking with strained tired eyes at the face of the Virgin, but unwilling to move away.

At last his patience gave out and he swore a little; very softly, but Heloise heard him. “We will go” she said, “neither of us is worthy to be in her presence.” She made the sign of the cross, and they left the gallery.

* * * * *

The great clock on the landing struck twice. Two loud vibrating strokes. Heloise hugged herself in terror. Lord! how dark and still it was, and she pulled her cloak closer. No

she wouldn't go with him, but just this stair down and the next, to look through the curtains and see if the cab was there at the corner. Yes! Perhaps she ought to have sent him word. But if she did not go, he would not wait. Desroches was not slow of wit. He would curse her, surely—what of it if she could have the courage to stay, to watch him drive away?

Why didn't he go? It seemed as though hours had crept through their weary moments; then the quarter bell chimed. Fifteen minutes past two and still that black shadow at the corner. Perhaps she had better tell him that she could not, would not go, that it was all a mistake—

Heloise felt her way, passing her hands across the chairs, along the wall, her fingers touched the edge of a frame. It was Vincent's portrait she remembered. A shiver crept over her. If Vincent knew, if he were really looking at her! She was glad of the thick darkness now, how horrible it would be to see even his image gazing down. For the life of her, she could not help one look up.

Mother of Jesu! a face was there, the blessed Madonna looking with divinest love and pity.

"Save me, Holy Mary, I would not sin against thee!" So Heloise prayed, and stared and wept, and prayed again—The vision had faded and still sobbing and praying Heloise saw the dawn of the new day, a new life.

FLORENCE WARD.

CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

THE FAIRIES' BANQUET.

The fairies held on our lawn last night
A banquet grand and gay ;
The whole of the fairy folk were there,
And they danced and feasted till
Break of day.

How do I know? Why in the dark
I heard the cricket fiddlers playing,
And once, in the quiet, I even thought
I could hear what the fairies themselves
Were saying.

'Twas only my fancy, sister says ;
But I know she isn't right,
For this morning I saw their table cloths
That they'd left behind in their
Haste last night.

E. K. D.

It was the night of the Frolic. Every now and then a strain of music from the Gymnasium floated out to me as I lay comfortably in my hammock, but the daintily gowned figures hurrying in that direction
My Freshman awakened in me no desire for a nearer participation. I was revelling in the delightful feeling which can arise only from a duty systematically and deliberately left undone. It was very cool and pleasant out under the trees that hot September night, and, a fact which made my hammock doubly enjoyable, I knew that the martyrs to duty in the Gymnasium must be miserably warm and uncomfortable.

And what were Freshmen to me? My own Freshman experiences were so very recent that I could not quite forgive this new baby who had put our class nose out of joint. Why should

I simulate a welcome that I could not feel? So I lay lazily back in my hammock.

Just then a Junior-who-had-been-nice-to-me, came past. "My dear child," she exclaimed, "what are you doing here? Have I not made it clear to you in times past that on occasions like this, Smith College expects every girl to do her duty? Come with me." I murmured rebelliously that I had no Freshman friends and desired none, but "Come," said my mentor, "who knows but a Freshman crush may await you at the Gym." I was conquered. A Freshman crush would be a novel and possibly an interesting experience. With a sigh for my beloved hammock, I joined the procession of light dresses.

It was hard to be greeted at the very door by my most particular of pet aversions, accompanied by a most unattractive Freshman, but I resigned myself, and strove to smile sweetly each time that my partner mistook my cherished new slippers for the dancing floor. It was, however, with relief that I entrusted her to another Sophomore and began to wonder if I had not done my whole duty.

I was drifting gradually towards the door, when I chanced to see a little girl standing all alone and, as it seemed to me, watching the dancers rather sadly. I would at that moment have given all the new honor of being an "upper-class girl" in exchange for a few minutes of happy care-free freshness. But the cares and responsibilities of the whole college were on my shoulders that night. I went up to the forlorn little stranger and asked her to dance. She looked up with a glad air of relief that touched me.

Although I had nerved myself for a dance of torture like the last one, I was delighted to find that my protégée danced unusually well. It was almost with enthusiasm that I strove to coax a few drops of water from the empty cooler, after the dance, and then I pointed gleefully to the long line of thirsty ones, doomed like ourselves to disappointment. "That's a very marked characteristic of our college dances," I explained. "There is never half enough water or frappée." Then suddenly remembering all I had heard of the harm done by upper-class girls who point out to Freshmen all the faults of the college rather than its virtues, I went on, "But college really is a great place after all—I envy you the four years ahead of you." (How I enjoyed my first utterance of that time-honored remark.)

"I am sure you will enjoy college immensely. And you have become acclimated so quickly! You seem quite a typical Smith girl already, and you have caught the college walk in an amazingly short time!" This remark seemed to please her so much that I talked on in a most confidential manner about that vague and mysterious thing, so important to us all—the college spirit. She seemed impressed. Warming to my subject, I gave her much useful information about women's colleges in general, and Smith in particular. I gave her, moreover, much good advice, warning her against many trifling mistakes which Freshmen often make. She was really a very interesting girl. She did not say very much, but looked up at me with a modest and deferential manner that was very pleasing. "The poor little thing is so grateful," I thought, and such is the virtue of a good deed, I discovered that I was sharing in her enjoyment, and began to like my little protégée very much.

At last I asked her if she had been up in the running track to look down on the dancers. She had not, so we made our way up-stairs.

Then, mindful of the remarks that each successive girl had made to me the year before, I asked her if she had ever seen anything so pretty as the hundreds of light dresses gliding over the polished floor below, and speaking from the heights of my own experience, assured her that only a college course can make one realize how much black coats spoil the symmetry and effect of a ball room. My little friend turned away once or twice while I was talking, and it seemed to me that her dimples appeared somewhat oftener than my conversation warranted. "She is really getting embarrassed, poor little thing," said my better judgment excusingly, and the conviction swept over me that here were unmistakable symptoms of a crush. Filled with this delightful thought, I scarcely considered it a mark of freshness when she asked me to call, but sprang to her aid with great tact, as I thought, assuring her that I had been on the point of asking for that privilege. She was naturally ignorant of college etiquette, poor child!" I was sorry when she said she must go home and learn her Latin lesson, and told her that she must not study too hard. Freshmen very often make that mistake!

I went down stairs with her to help her find her wraps, and on the way we passed my Junior friend, who looked at us with

a very peculiar expression, but attributing it to her well-known disapproval of crushes, I was not greatly troubled by it. However, when I had said good-night to my Freshman, and had arranged to show her another side of college life at Vespers the next day, I sauntered up-stairs for the lecture which I knew was awaiting me.

The Junior-who-had-been-nice-to-me, met me at the head of the stairs with the question—"Well, you infant, have you any idea who that was with you a few minutes ago?" "No," I said, somewhat taken aback. "I forgot to ask her name. But wasn't she a pretty little thing? And I think I have made quite a conquest. Perhaps the Freshman crush you so mockingly prophesied, may come to pass after all!"

"Freshman crush!"

"I am sure I don't see anything amusing in the idea. I know you dislike crushes, but——"

"You dear precious little idiot, your Freshman is one of the most prominent girls in the Senior class—was class president last year, is an Alpha girl, a member of the—— You seem in a hurry!"

But I had gone back to my hammock.

M. R. F.

GYPSYING.

With a laugh and a song we proceed on our way,
For our spirits are light and our hearts ever gay,
We enjoy the soft breezes, from cares we are free—
Say, were ever poor mortals as happy as we?

Though the storm may beat fiercely we never complain,
And we tent in the woods through the pattering rain.
In the cold of the winter our camp-fires glow,
While around us the meadows are sparkling with snow.

And when once the spring comes, with its life-giving breeze,
We are glad in the scent of the blossom-clad trees;
On the velvety turf we lie, face to the sky,
Just to watch the white clouds floating lazily by.

We can hear the brook's murmur far down in the dell,
And the chattering squirrel, he knows us right well;
'Tis for us that the birds ring their merriest song,
And the flowers are brightest, where we pass along.

So we sing with the birds, as we wander away
 Under skies that are shining and skies that are gray.
 For the world lies before us so wide and so free
 That it welcomes us always, on land or on sea.

A. W. T.

It was Ladies' Day at the Athletic Club. A stream of women poured into the great building, dressed in the latest spring styles and in every possible shade of the latest spring colors. Once inside they were lost in the great crowd which squeezed itself through the dining and reception rooms, pushed its way down into the bowling alleys and bicycle rooms, and wriggled its way up-stairs to the swimming tank and the gymnasium.

Hope

Long Deferred

"Elegant, isn't it?" said Mary Towne to Sadie Bailey.

"Yes—I imagine so, but I haven't seen anything but people, so far," replied Sadie over the shoulder of a portly woman in écu who was squeezed in between them.

"Where have you been?" asked the other.

"I don't know. I heard some ten-pins crash in one place and in another I heard some one say something about the latest style wheel—it weighs only a few ounces as far as I can make out—but that is as much as I know."

"Poor child, if you were a little taller you might see something," said Mary condolingly.

"Why, what have you seen? Tell me, for I can't go home and not know any more about the house than when I came in."

"There are some beautiful pictures in the parlors," began Mary, "and very handsome frescoes in the bowling alleys and—and—I don't believe I've seen anything else. Where are you going now?"

"I don't know," Sadie replied with a sigh. "I am in hopes that I shall get carried to the dining-room after a while. I think perhaps an ice would revive me."

Just then the crowd bore her away. When she came to a standstill she could see through a space between two people's necks an empty chair in a corner. After much wriggling and several dives under people's elbows, she managed to reach it and sank down exhausted.

"I don't believe I shall ever get out," she said to herself as

she looked helplessly at the swaying throng around her. "I haven't any idea where Auntie is. I wonder where I am myself." A faint rattling of dishes reached her ears. "I do believe it's the dining-room," she exclaimed to herself joyfully. "Yes, leather-covered chairs," as she examined the one in which she was sitting, "and there's a game piece on the wall there."

But the sound of dishes sounded very far off. If I could only get to the carriage now, I would go without the ice and make up about the club-house, for I don't believe Auntie can have seen any more than I have," she thought disconsolately.

"By Jove, you look caged, Miss Bailey," said a jovial voice. "Infernal crowd, isn't there? Women always do turn things upside down—I—I mean a lot of them together," he said correcting himself hastily.

"That is a spiteful remark, Mr. Atkins, just because you are kept from your billiards and your smoke one day out of the year. You have got to pay for that by plunging into that crowd and not coming back until you bring me an ice," said Sadie.

"Do you mean it?" he asked.

She nodded inexorably and he started off.

She had hardly lost sight of him when there was an extra impetus given to the polite pushing and shoving by the arrival of those who had been watching the exhibition of swimming which was just over and who now came seeking refreshments. Her chair was twisted around and nearly upset and Sadie herself was borne along like a feather before a portly man of uncompromising bulk who expostulated with her for pushing so.

At last she managed to wedge herself into a corner and let the crowd go by her. She gave a sigh of relief as she saw that game piece over in a remote part of the room. She was still in the dining-room and perhaps he would find her after all with that ice. Oh, wouldn't it taste good! She was so hot and she was sure that her hair was all out of curl. Yes, there was Mr. Atkins, looking blankly around, and holding an ice above the heads of the crowd. She made frantic signs, she waved her handkerchief; at last he saw her, he would get to her soon, she could taste the ice already. Suddenly some one clutched her arm.

"Sarah Bailey, where did you go to?" said her auntie's voice tragically.

"I didn't go,—I was taken," she said wearily as she leaned back in her corner.

"Well, you come right along with me, I am going to be out of this in five minutes if it is a human possibility," said her aunt, making little dabs at her hot forehead with her handkerchief.

"Oh, Aunty, Mr. Atkins is just coming with an ice—he'll be here in a minute—and I'm so thirsty," cried Sadie.

"Coming with an ice," repeated her aunt scornfully, "he'll pour it down somebody's back before he ever gets it to you in this crowd," and she bore the girl relentlessly away.

When Sadie found herself outside where she could look around her once more, her aunt was nowhere to be seen.

"If that isn't too provoking," she exclaimed, "to lose aunt and the ice both. The most sensible thing to do now, I suppose, is to sit in the carriage until she comes." The carriage was waiting around the corner out of the general hurry and bustle and Sadie sat there and peered anxiously out after her aunt.

She had been there perhaps three or four minutes, when a man appeared on the corner, looking frantically around with his hat in one hand, and a plate of something in the other. It was Mr. Atkins. His eyes fell upon her carriage and he rushed towards it.

"You are here, are you?" he exclaimed breathlessly, "where did you go to? I couldn't find you anywhere."

"I had no idea you'd be here already, but I meant to wait for you."

The ice was very much melted. "But luckily I had to bring a spoon because I couldn't find a fork," he said.

"It is delicious," she answered with a little sigh of pleasure, "just when I had given up all hope of it, too," and she settled back in her seat to enjoy it.

"Sarah Bailey! I wish I had known you were here. I've worried myself into a fever. Good afternoon, Mr. Atkins," and the girl's aunt appeared at the carriage-door heated and wrathful.

"What have you got there?" she demanded, as Mr. Atkins helped her into the carriage.

"An ice," replied Sadie, "won't you have some? I haven't tasted it yet and I am sure it is delicious if it is a little melted."

"A little melted!" exclaimed her aunt, "there's nothing but

water there. Get Mr. Atkins to take it away, child. If we're not out of here in a minute we're going to get blocked."

"Oh, I must have it, aunty," cried Sadie in alarm. "I'm so thirsty and I've been waiting for it so long."

"Nonsense, we've got to hurry. There, thank you, Mr. Atkins. Please tell James, home; good afternoon."

And as the carriage rolled off, Sadie saw Mr. Atkins standing on the sidewalk with his hat in one hand and her untouched plate of ice in the other.

F. E. J.

It is not a thrilling story or the half forgotten adventure of some long dead ancestor, left for some proud and admiring descendant to unearth, but an actual page, pecu-

A Page of liar in shape and wooden instead of paper.

History I found it attached to a certain chair in the old Gym and amused myself with the thoughts it brought, for nearly an hour.

There it is still, a writing board, guiltless of what varnish it may have had in the past, but now covered with the names and fancies of many college maids, some who have long since given up the title, and others who claim it for the first time.

Here a crowd of famous '94 initials almost overshadowed by a huge flag bearing the inscription '99. Well, little Freshmen, you will be the people some day, A notorious group of '95 stands boldly out in full name. Evidently they fear oblivion. Tried friends of '96 are bravely and firmly joined by elaborate brackets. '97 and '98 are everywhere, while even '99 shows something more than flags, although as yet most of their initials are as meaningless as those of '90 and '91 which are steadily growing dimmer.

But signs of the outside world are not lacking. Flags bravely bearing the magic word, Harvard or Yale, call up pictures of the Great Day, alas, when shall we see another, the Day of the Game with all its eager excitement and gay adornment of the dear old blue and red.

In one corner, hearts, pierced in every part with all kinds of arrows, are tumbling over one another. Somebody practised here for her Valentine's decoration, all the while busily planning various devices and conceits for proving her undying devotion.

Faces and figures, beautiful, grotesque, ridiculous peep out here and there showing every degree of skill. German verbs, class "yells," and queer remarks which have point only for the initiated few, make a scarcely intelligible mass. But personal history is always harder to read.

Here and there some single name is cut deeply into the wood in huge letters, most beautiful to look upon, but perfect pit falls for the unwary pen in examination time.

Over the whole is a maze of waving wandering lines, either of dreamy inattention or nervous anticipation, and the whole story of the page is

For girls may come, and girls may go,
But I stay here forever.

M. R.

Will the winter never be over?
Why, the winter has just begun,
With the snow and the cold wind blowing,
And the far-away, northern sun.
There's many a dreary day, dear,
Before the long winter's done.

The winter? why, that is all over
And the beautiful spring's begun,
With the buds and the soft wind blowing
And the vital, returning sun.
The loveliest days are at hand,
And the long winter's almost done.

J. D. S.

EDITORIAL

One of the most valuable things we can learn at college, or indeed in life, is to distinguish between excess and a mean that is both healthy and desirable. If we are to be women of well poised minds we must not only wish for moderation, but we must understand what moderation is. We must know where to stop. There is an opportunity now before us for practising discretion. The social element here is becoming unduly emphasized. It ought to be checked, and we are the ones to check it, for the best reforms come from within. The faculty can limit the number of our entertainments, but it is for us to see to it that the college spirit is dignified and earnest. \

This does not mean that we are to have no social life. There are many girls here to whom college gaiety means more than it is easy for some of their companions to realize. They come from small towns perhaps where they have had little chance to see the world, and while they may not be social leaders here they either take some active part, or sit shrewdly watching, and learn many things. Then there are girls who were not born with the student temperament, and who cannot be expected to lead a life of steady grinding and must be supplied with recreation in some congenial form. These girls are certainly to be considered, for our little world would grow narrow were not many types of humanity well represented in it. Indeed there are few of us, however fond of study, who would not be sincerely sorry to see all our innocent and characteristic forms of pleasure done away with, but on the other hand there are few who do not sometimes at least wake up to the fact that we are carrying amusement to excess. What with plays, dances, teas, and spreads, our recreation hours are often a mere whirl, and we may consider ourselves fortunate if our study hours are not encroached upon.

It has already been necessary to reduce the number of plays given in the gymnasium. We all see how unreasonable it was

for each house to be allowed a play every year, no matter how many new houses might be built on the campus, but we regret the probability that their number will be reduced still further. The dramatics are by far the most enjoyable entertainments we have, and are surely by no means unprofitable to the actors. If we would only take the initiative and abandon some of our less popular although well patronized amusements, our wishes with regard to the plays would certainly not lose in weight.

Why should we have so many dances here? Half the girls seem to consider them bores, and at least a majority of those who are forced to "lead," look forward to them with little pleasure. Moreover they are essentially exotic. They ape the spirit of society with ridiculously hollow pretense. We know well enough that they are not really gay, however gay they may seem to the visitors watching from the gallery. There is light, and music, and motion, but a certain zest is lacking. We cannot help wondering at times if there is not something ludicrous about such sober parodies. We go to them from a sense of duty, for we dislike to hurt the feelings of our friends, who in turn are careful of ours when later in the year we return their invitations. The system is not altogether one of give and take, but it closely resembles it. Why not recognize that it is being carried too far, and voluntarily cross off a few dances from the calendar? Better still, is there not some new plan that we can adopt which will do away with the evils of the present arrangement? It is substantially the same set of girls who are to be seen, week after week, having or pretending to have, a good time in gala dress, and the burden of providing the entertainments falls always on the college houses.

It would be a change for the better, if the girls who are not on the campus were allowed the use of the gymnasium occasionally. Then too the dramatics might be improved if the plays were made college affairs, if choice of talent were not limited so narrowly, and many girls were not prevented from acting merely because they live in one place rather than in another. We merely suggest a general Dramatic Association as a possible means of simplifying one phase of what has become a complex system, namely the management of all amusements by the campus houses, which are for that purpose virtually turned into clubs.

We do not wish anyone to imagine from what has been said that we think Smith likely to degenerate into a place of fashion-

able recreation. Far from it. There is much honest studying done here, and much earnestness is shown in the girls' work. All we mean to say is that our attitude as a whole is not thoroughly scholarly. If the students would but keep before them an ideal of a college whose atmosphere should be soberly intellectual, they might give present help to some of their number who are now battling against the tide, and might also do much toward raising the standard of excellence here. At heart we are most of us serious in our aims. The present wish of many students that the number of lecture courses might be increased, shows that what we want is an opportunity to use our evenings better, not to waste them, or idle them away. We need a spirit of *noblesse oblige* among those who deprecate the over development of social life. Clamorous protest against it is not desirable. If we are too hot in our haste we will run to the other extreme. Let everyone, however, consider the matter earnestly and give sympathy to a quiet reform.

EDITOR'S TABLE

In a recent number of the *Cosmopolitan*, the late Prof. Boyesen attacks with vigor the tale of adventure and romance now so popular, and slings the darts of his sarcasm at the genial critic, Andrew Lang, who dares to avow his enjoyment of stories pure and simple, without character-study or analysis, in which he seeks and finds "forgetfulness of trouble and the anodyne of dreams." Perhaps this criticism strikes us with a little less force than it otherwise might have, after reading in the same magazine Boyesen's own story, "The Nixy's Chord," which is as romantic and un-realistic a tale, as the most abandoned story-lover could ask. There is the hero, born of poor but honest parents, the lovely heroine of rank above his but won by his devotion, the villain—mildly drawn, but a villain still—who withdraws discomfited after apparent triumph, and woven into the story is a thread of fanciful superstition, the vision of the Nixy and the ineffable music which he teaches to men—six chords they may learn and live, but for the priceless gift of the seventh, the learner forfeits his soul. This is told with Boyesen's peculiarly poetic and impassioned flow of words, and is a very pleasing bit of fiction, but hardly realism. And after all there is something very attractive to most readers in the tales of Anthony Hope and Stanley Weyman. To the Editor, these are full of suggestion and reminders of the time, now some years ago, when with one chubby arm thrust through the straps of a wooden shield and the other brandishing a wooden sword, she pranced about the garden on an imaginary "roan steed," while the valiant hopes and chivalrous courage of Roland or Ogier the Dane, beat in the warlike heart beneath her gingham pinafore. She followed breathlessly in the train of Charlemagne and his knights as they scaled the heights of the rocky fortress behind the house, and rescued the lovely princess who had been carried off by the robber chief. This chieftain,

now brought to bay, fought with the valor of despair with his back against the rocky wall of the donjon-keep, and yielded only when his trusty sword was shattered and his life-blood stained the earth where he fell. On other days the fair ladies and gallant courtiers assembled, sometimes to the number of three or four, on the bank by the tennis court, to watch the jousts, in which it was the Editor's delight to fill the role of Bradamant, the Saxon maiden, who, clad in shining armor, joined battle with knights and worsted them. Sometimes she consented to be the passive "fair lady" and bestowed upon the Rinaldo, or Count Guy, of the day, a small mitten, which he pinned proudly to his helmet as he rode into the tourney.

With a hundred such memories as these, there is an added charm in the tales of Rudolf, and Stephen the Smith, and my Lady Rotha. Every scene calls up the picture of adventures so momentous, and frays so violent, that one can hardly realize that "Roland the peerless" did not deal death to his foes on the tennis court, encased in a glittering coat of mail, with a jewelled sword in his hand.

We find this note of "battle, murder and sudden death," as Prof. Boyesen calls it, struck in the *Amherst Literary Monthly* for October, in a story of mediaeval life, which tells how "In Days of Old" love triumphed over cruelty, and revenge took strangely different forms at different times. The story is very well told, with vividness and what one is almost tempted to call local color. The whole number of the *Lit.* is very good. A paper on "Elizabethan Lyrics" shows good analysis and classification, and is written in a style of unusual richness of diction. The *Nassau Lit.* deplores in an article on "College Men and Literature," the attitude of many college graduates who enter upon a literary career merely as a profession, with no higher aim than to make as much money as possible and no loftier ideals than to cater to the demands of the lower class of readers. The writer holds up as a model, Tennyson, with his inspiring cry, "Follow the Gleam!" The Maclean Oration, "Morality in Fiction," upholds the thesis that realism, when it shows life only on its grosser and darker side, is as untrue to life as is pure idealism—the moral is as large a factor in life as the immoral, therefore why not emphasize the better side and leave the other alone? The poetry is good in most of the monthlies, but we have no room to quote.

BOOK REVIEWS

* "ESSAYS IN MINIATURE," by Agnes Repplier. The title of this work gives the plan of the whole,—a collection of short essays principally about books. "Our Friends, the Books," is the suggestive name of the first paper. Here, as in other parts of the little volume, Miss Repplier makes a plea for the tale of adventure, as opposed to the "unorthodox novel" of our own time. Another prominent theme is the longing for the old time spirit, not only in books, but in ghosts, menus, and domestic pets. Miss Repplier is as clever as ever. Man's folly is her theme, and she portrays it with the rapidity of touch habitual to her. She laughs at mankind in her brilliant manner, but she laughs too soon. Her victims do not always mean exactly what she would represent. She is not kindly in her criticisms, but there is a freshness and vigor about her work which demand admiration. Her keen wit, her good literary appreciation, and her contempt of would-be standards are exhibited in the "Essays on Miniature."

† "MONEY AND BANKING," by Horace White, is an excellent example of the improvement that has in late years been made in the form of text books. This one is attractively made, with frequent divisions, and numerous indented headings. The material is not of a statistical nature; but while it is adapted to minute work, Mr. White by means of his pleasing style, broad treatment and use of history, makes the book attractive to those also whose knowledge of the subject is very limited. The definitions are pungent and ideas clearly expressed. The first part covers several centuries in several countries, but the latter part deals almost entirely with the United States and is particularly interesting. The book is well indexed and has as appendices, tables of statistics, and short papers on connected themes.

† "LE NABAB," by Alphonse Daudet, edited by Benj. W. Wells, Ph. D., of Harvard. In this neatly bound little book we have one of Daudet's interesting stories; a picture, as the author says, of cosmopolitan life in Paris in 1864. The work is somewhat condensed, but only in such parts as do not detract from its value; and such transpositions of the text have been made as will render it better adapted to study. In order to make a suitable introduction to the study of the book, the editor has prefixed a short but comprehensive sketch in English, of Daudet's life, and has added twenty-one pages of careful notes on the public characters which come into the story, and explanation of the idioms used.

* Houghton, Mifflin & Co. † Ginn & Co.

* "JACQUES DAMOUR." A volume of short stories by Emile Zola. Englished by William Foster Apthorp; has just been published by Copeland & Day of Boston. The book is called "Jacques Damour," which is the title of the first of the six stories. The binding is neat and quite unique. It is yellow cloth, but made to look like the regulation yellow paper cover. Most of the stories depict Paris life among the lower classes, with its lightness and its depth, its corruptions and its goodnesses. "Jacques Damour" is placed at the time of the French Revolution, and the last story in the book, "The Attack on the Mill," which is in some ways the best, relates an incident in the Franco-Prussian war. The tales are thoroughly French in conception and treatment. Mr. Apthorp's translation differs from that of many modern translators from the French, in that he has truly "Englished" the whole work. He has not left the exclamations, ejaculations and slang expressions in the original language as so many writers do, but has substituted equivalent English exclamations and slang in all cases. His only exception is in expressions for which no English equivalent exists, as in the verb "tutoyer," which he has kept wherever it occurs. The translation is clear and smooth, though we feel often that we have lost the force of the French phrases in their sometimes clumsy English substitutes.

* Copeland & Day.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

THE LETTER OF JAMES THE JUST. Edited by M. W. Stryker. Ginn & Co.

THE NEW GRADATIM. Edited by Wm. C. Collar. Ginn & Co.

THE SKETCH BOOK. By Washington Irving. Students' Edition. G. P. Putnam's Sons.

ALUMNÆ DEPARTMENT

As a result of the Glee Club concert recently given at the college the Library Fund is increased by \$160. Through the columns of the Smith College Monthly the Library Committee wishes to express its pleasure at this gratifying result, and to thank the local committee in charge, and especially the members of the Glee, Banjo and Mandolin Clubs for their generous contribution of time and energy and for their untiring effort in behalf of the good cause.

LUCIA CLAPP NOYES, Chairman.

It gives us pleasure to print Mrs. Noyes's letter, and we know that the alumnæ and students will be glad to hear that the concert was a financial success. It was certainly much enjoyed by those who attended. The Glee Club missed its old members a little, but the songs were not difficult, and the girls showed no diffidence or anxiety in rendering them. On the contrary they were sung with zest and vigor.

The Mandolin Club, consisting of one violin, seven mandolins, and five guitars, played for the first time, and proved a charming addition to the concert. The club is not a separate organization from the Banjo Club, but although they do not play together is coördinated with it, this being the condition on which its formation was allowed.

We are pleased that the undergraduates have joined with the alumnæ in this instance to help the Library Fund, and we hope that other ways may be found in which the students will be able to give their aid without detriment to the Students' Building.

On Saturday, October 12, the Chicago Alumnæ Association held its first meeting of the season, to discuss various plans for the year. It hopes particularly to assist the Library Fund.

Miss Jordan addressed the Worcester Smith College Club on October 19, at the home of Mrs. Florence Seaver Slocomb. Her subject was Woman and Wages.

'82. Eleanor R. Larrison is teaching at the Lake View High School, Chicago.

'87. Hannah B. Clark is studying at the Chicago University.

'88. Anna L. Carter was married August 15, to Dr. Walter Adams, and is to live in Beyrout, Syria.

Mary F. Devoll was married July 1, to Mr. William Craig Wilcox.

Isabel Eaton is at the Social Settlement, Hartford, Connecticut.

'89. Anna Gale is studying at the Chicago University.

'90. Mary L. Bufkin and Regina K. Crandall are studying at the Chicago University.

'91. Alice F. Osgood and Grace Rand are teaching at the Lake View High School, Chicago.

Jane Stetson was married on July 2. to Mr. Everett A. Bowen.

Cornelia R. Trowbridge is teaching Latin and Greek at the Kirkland School, Chicago.

'92. Pauline M. Charles is teaching science at the Kirkland School, Chicago.

'93. Caroline B. Bourland is studying at the Chicago University.

Mary E. Burgess is teaching in Fitchburg, Massachusetts.

Florence H. Corliss was married at Englewood, New Jersey, October 31, to Mr. Thomas La Monte of Harvard, '92.

Margaret Lewis is studying zoölogy, botany, and geology at Radcliffe.

Helen Hobart Whitman was married at Worcester, Massachusetts, October 17, to Lieutenant Kenzie Wallace Walker, of the Ninth United States Cavalry.

'94. Katherine Andrews is teaching in Mrs. Babcock's school, Kenilworth, Illinois.

Clara M. Greenough is studying in the Woman's Medical School, Chicago.

Una McMahan is studying Greek at the Chicago University.

Lillian B. Rice is teaching in the Arizona State Normal School.

Alice A. Smith is teaching at Miss Mittleberger's School in Cleveland, Ohio.

Grace Smith is teaching literature in the Walton-Wellesley School, Philadelphia.

Grace A. Smith is teaching science in St. Mary's Institute, Dallas, Texas.

Alice D. Wood is teaching in the High School at Oxford, New York.

'95. Jean C. Crowell is teaching Latin in Mrs. Stearns's School, Amherst Massachusetts.

Jessie A. Fowler is teaching in the High School at Oxford, Massachusetts.

Maria B. Goodwin is teaching at Gilmanton Iron Works, New Hampshire.

Martha K. Humphrey is teaching at Rowland Hall, Salt Lake City, Utah.

Margaret E. Hyde is teaching in the Rockville High School, Rockville, Connecticut.

Maud Kinsley is teaching mathematics and Latin in the Wilford Classical School at Baltimore.

Elizabeth Lathrop is teaching in the High School at Sherburne, New York.

Mabel A. Paine is teaching French and Greek in the High School in West Springfield, Massachusetts.

Edna C. Smith is teaching mathematics in the Walton-Wellesley School in Philadelphia.

Mary C. Stone is teaching in Tazewell, Virginia.

Charlotte Webber is teaching in Miss Stowes's School, Greenwich, Connecticut.

Lora E. Guild, '88, died at Boston. June 23.

Susie H. Twitchell, '88, died in Keene, New Hampshire. September 21.

ABOUT COLLEGE

The abuse of the Reading Room has become so general that it is time the notice of the students should be called to it. An immediate reform is necessary. According to the present state of affairs, magazines are taken out without a report being given to the custodian and are kept out indefinitely; newspapers are removed from the racks, and papers in general torn and carelessly handled.

Then again, the students seem to forget that the Reading Room is meant for study and quiet, where those living off the campus especially, may find a place to work without being disturbed, instead of which it apparently is considered as a place for general assemblage, a convenient place for committee meetings and appointments where loud talking and laughing is the order.

This seems a matter of sufficient interest to each student for all to feel it their duty to aid in bringing about a decided reform. If each individual realized her responsibility and set about immediately to exert her influence in that direction, we should soon have an orderly and respectable Reading Room, which no one would need to complain of and which we might enjoy, instead of the disorder and noise which is so annoying and mortifying to most of us.

Member of Conference Committee.

G. W. P.

The Current Events Club had a meeting Saturday, Oct. 27. Four members, chosen from the different classes, carried on an interesting debate on Woman's Suffrage. After this there was an open discussion, in which both faculty and students took part. No vote of the general opinion was taken, as the debate was intended only to stimulate future consideration and thought.

The Glee Club Concert, held Oct. 30, was well appreciated, as was shown by the large audience, but this will be more fully mentioned in the Alumnæ Department.

Prof. John Van Dyke, of Rutgers College, has commenced a series of four lectures on the "Growth of Italian Art." The first two of these lectures have been extremely interesting to their large audiences. As the only college lectures on art given here for several years, they were enthusiastically welcomed. The stereopticon views shown, added much to their interest.

A mass meeting of the students was held Saturday afternoon, to discuss the Students' Building. The needs of such a building were explained to the new students and a report given of what has already been accomplished. President Seelye has promised to furnish the ground for the building as soon as the sum of thirty thousand dollars is collected. A plan has been roughly sketched by an architect and the building will contain rooms for all the so-

ciety and class meetings, a reading room and a large hall for social gatherings. The reports of the summer's work showed that an active interest had been taken in the work by the students, and already fourteen hundred and fifty dollars has been raised. The societies and musical organizations have offered their services for the benefit of the fund, and all the students have planned dramatics, concerts, fairs and entertainments of various kinds to help on the cause.

The address by Prof. Pratt, on Nov. 6, illustrated as it was by the choir of the Second Congregational Church of Holyoke, was thoroughly enjoyed by a large proportion of the college. The excellent lecture, and even more excellent music, found a very appreciative audience. D. W.

We groan now over the monotonous routine of daily work, but I imagine that in after years we shall not recall this drudgery so much as the gay times we have had. There is Hallowe'en for instance. Who thinks of lessons in connection with that day? When I was an under-classman, I used to put a busy sign on my door, and in the utmost secrecy, sew on my costume for several days beforehand. Now I come in breathlessly an hour before the evening entertainment and pin myself into a series of garments collected from my friends, and appear in the very nick of time as a Kate Greenaway baby, taking care, however, to announce myself as such. Later I join a flock of Chinamen, ghosts and fairies in a flight across the campus to see what all the other houses are doing.

Then surely it was but the other day that we had the great event of the Fall, our Sophomore Reception, the début of our Freshmen. How our hearts warmed to '99 as we saw her dancing under the dear old green that we missed so much at the beginning of the year. We cannot realize yet that '95 is gone.

Yet the very same evening '96 was reminded that she had but one more year. Just as last year and the year before, the Wallace House gave a Senior dance, so she did this year. Everyone had a good time or said she did, but every one knew in her heart of hearts that it was the beginning of the end. But let us not think of such things.

Mountain Day was enough to brighten any memory however sad, for as usual it was one of those glorious autumn days "that simply couldn't be more perfect," and every one came home from her drive tired but perfectly contented with life and mankind, herself included.

These are the things I shall remember in connection with college. Shall not you? M. S. C.

On returning to college this autumn those of us who had had that pleasure before, looked about for changes. For one thing, the college post-office was gone; in its place we found light and standing-room. This seemed a good omen. We walked up-stairs to find an over-crowded chapel and a larger faculty. Thus by a physical and spiritual paradox, the omen held.

Owing to lack of space last month, and also to a somewhat hazy idea of what the Alumnae wanted, the notices of these changes did not appear in *About College*. The editor hopes to be pardoned for inserting them at this late date.

The Faculty has seven new members.

Mr. Crowell takes the place left vacant by Mr. Powers' sudden resignation. Mr. Crowell is a graduate of Yale, and former president and professor of economics at Trinity College, North Carolina, a position that he resigned for the further study of economics at Columbia. Until he accepted the post at Smith, he was also lecturer at Columbia.

Mr. Smith, Mr. Gardiner's associate, is a graduate of Edinburgh University. Previous to his appointment at Smith, he was Prof. Mühlenberg's assistant at Harvard. He has also studied in Germany and taught at Oxford.

Mademoiselle Pellissier has taught at Wellesley for eight years.

Miss Cobb, who takes Miss Puffer's place, was graduated from Smith in 1889; later, she took an A. M. here in Astronomy.

Miss Wood, assistant in Rhetoric, is a graduate of Vassar.

Miss Jenkins, assistant in Latin, is a graduate of Smith.

Miss Sabin, assistant in Zoology, was graduated in 1893 from Smith.

The principal changes in the curriculum are as follows: Senior Bible not required; Junior Argumentative not required; term essays not required; Fortnightly Themes required of the two lower classes; Old Testament Criticism as Sophomore elective; new elective in advanced Hebrew; New Testament Greek transferred to the Greek department; Ethics transferred to the Philosophy department; elective in Elementary Greek; French History; Prussian History, and History of the Growth of Political Institutions in Germany, France, England, and America added to the History courses; French courses consolidated; several new courses added to the German department, its courses in general *sehr umgewälzt*; Rent substituted for Money in Economics department; Icelandic dropped.

Beside these changes may be mentioned the addition of the Tenney House to the college houses. It is to be used for experiments, a practice unadvisable in the other college houses. At the present time it differs from other college houses only in the fact that no meals are served in it, the students being at liberty either to take their meals out or to prepare them in their own rooms.

It may be of interest to the Alumnæ to learn that chapel now begins at twenty minutes of nine.

Two bequests, of \$5000 each, were announced at the end of last year. Of these, one went to the botanical gardens, where a fine conservatory is now being built; the other, given to '95, was to be used by them for some college object.

The formal opening of the Forbes Library has been of great benefit to the college, but does not at all fill the place of a college library, on account of its lack of technical books and of duplicate copies.

CALENDAR

- | | | |
|------|-----|---|
| Oct. | 16, | Current Events Club Meeting. |
| " | 17, | Biological Society Meeting. |
| " | 18, | Wallace House : My Uncle's Will. |
| " | 22, | Musicale.
Colloquium Meeting. |
| " | 23, | Hubbard House Dance. |
| " | 24, | Greek Club Meeting. |
| " | 26, | Phi Kappa Psi Society Meeting : "Some Contemporary Poets : Thompson, Watson, Davidson."
Mass Meeting to discuss Students' Building.
Southwick House : "Who's to Win Him?" |
| " | 29, | Oriental Club Meeting. |
| " | 30, | Glee Club Concert.
Chicago Club Meeting. |
| Nov. | 1, | First Lecture on Italian Art, by Prof. John C. Van Dyke, of Rutgers College : "Early Italian Art ; Florence." |
| " | 2 | Alpha Society Meeting : "The Madonna in Late Renaissance Art."
Current Events Club meeting : Debate on Woman Suffrage.
Lawrence House : "The Bicyclers." |
| " | 4, | Formation of the Philosophical Club. |
| " | 5, | Washburn House : Faculty Party. |
| " | 6, | Concert. Address by Prof. Waldo S. Pratt, of Hartford Theological Seminary : "Lessons from the Career of a Great Church Musician—Sir John Stainer." |
| " | 7, | Greek Club Meeting.
Biological Society : Open Meeting. |
| " | 8, | Second Lecture on Italian Art, by Mr. Van Dyke :
"Early Italian Art : Schools of Umbria, Padua, and Bologna." |
| " | 9, | Lawrence House : Greatest Show on Earth."
Dickinson House : "My Uncle's Will."
Washburn House : "The Bicyclers." |

THE
SMITH COLLEGE
MONTHLY

DECEMBER · 1895



CONDUCTED BY THE SENIOR CLASS

CONTENTS

THE CHRIST CHILD IN ART	<i>Lucia Gilbert</i>	1
THE BOTANIC GARDEN OF SMITH COLLEGE	<i>W. F. Ganong</i>	9
VERSES	<i>J. D. Daskam</i>	14
SOCIAL LIFE AT SMITH	<i>E. F. Read</i>	15
THE REST OF IT	<i>S. S. Titsworth</i>	21

CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

YULE-TIDE	<i>Amelia Dominique Smith</i>	29
TOM SENT FLOWERS	<i>Margaret Griswold Cox</i>	29
SUCCESS	<i>Edith Kellogg Dunton</i>	33
WHAT IS TASTE	<i>Edith Frances Walker</i>	33
EDITORIAL		36
EDITOR'S TABLE		38
FROM THE INSIDE		40
BOOK REVIEWS		41
ALUMNÆ DEPARTMENT		43
ABOUT COLLEGE		45
CALENDAR		48

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No. 3.

THE CHRIST CHILD IN ART

It is significant that the story of Christ's infancy, briefly told in the Bible, should have been so much dwelt upon in legend and art. For centuries the imagination of men has been turning to it. All sorts of men, good and bad, wise and ignorant, spiritual and earthly, have thought about it and have tried to picture it to themselves and others. And no wonder, for it appeals to two of the most universal feelings of humanity, reverence for God, and love for little children.

Yet, strange to say, it was not till about the fourth century that the Christian Church came to an appreciation of this story. In the fearful centuries of persecution, Christians thought of their Lord not as one sharing their humanity, and showing that He shared it by taking the form of an infant, but as the strong Son of God, who could uphold and sustain them. When peace came, however, the memory of Christ's infancy came with it, and rapidly took hold on men's minds. They wanted to find out the day of His birth, that they might celebrate it, and after a great deal of curious, but poetic calculation, settled upon the twenty-fifth of December; the time when the world is turning from darkness toward the light. "Behold, my brethren," adds St. Augustine, "another wondrous fulfillment of Scripture, for St. John the Baptist was born on the twenty-fifth of June, when

the sun begins to decline, but the Lord Jesus on the twenty-fifth of December, when the sun begins to ascend, and so is fulfilled the saying, 'He must increase, but I must decrease.'" By the latter part of the fourth century, Christmas was celebrated throughout Christendom. And, very naturally, it is about this time that the Nativity first appears in Art. On a sarcophagus, in the Church of St. Celsus at Milan, is a rude carving of the Christ Child lying in the manger, the ox and ass beside Him, an angel above. The mother is not there. When she first is introduced in art, it is as the mere human mother, lowly and loving. As Jeremy Taylor says, "She blesses Him, she worships Him, she thanks Him that He would be born of her." Soon after, she herself came to be regarded as an object of worship. By the thirteenth century, the Madonna and Child had been given the central place in Art.

Pictures of the Christ Child naturally fall into two groups. In the first, either He is represented as enthroned with His Mother in the heavens, or else she sits upon an ideal, but material throne and holds on her knee the Divine Child, who blesses the worshippers *supposed* to be kneeling below. In the second, we trace the incidents, real and legendary, of His childhood on earth. In this group, the first subject, the prelude, is the Annunciation. Then follows the Nativity. Here the Virgin is usually the most conspicuous figure. The manger is represented either as a cave hollowed out of the rock, and used for a stable, or as a small thatched pent-house. Joseph is there, a plain figure, but usually dignified and reverent, the shepherds, the ox and ass, and above the manger, or sometimes close around it, the welcoming angels. Correggio's famous Holy Night gives the ideal conception of the scene. All the accustomed personages are there, and all are brilliantly illumined by the radiance, which, according to the old belief, streams from the form of the Holy Child. A modern picture by Lerolle, *The Arrival of the Shepherds*, shows the realistic conception of the scene without losing anything in beauty. We see a real stable, the roof supported by rough hewn posts. At the further end, sits the young Mary on the hay, her Child in her arms, her husband beside her. Nothing could be more lowly than this little group, nothing more lovely. The rough, honest shepherds who have slipped into the stable do not yet venture to draw near, but look from a little distance in wondering awe.

Around the third subject, the Adoration of the Magi, legends have gathered in great abundance. The "wise men of the East" came to be regarded as Kings, three in number, named Balthasar, Melchior and Caspar. The legends concerning them are beautifully set forth in our modern "Ben-Hur." In Art they have been represented over and over again. Rubens has filled a great brilliant picture with them and their camels, their attendants, their trappings, and the splendid gifts they offer. Very different is Portaels' plain, chaste, spiritual picture, where, out on the lonely Judean plain, in the night, guided only by a star, the three walk onward solemnly toward Bethlehem. One of the best pictures of the Epiphany is in the Church of the Incarnation, in New York city.

The fourth often pictured event, is the Flight into Egypt, including both the Flight itself, and also the Repose, either by the road, or in the temporary home in Egypt. The thought of the infant Saviour, the new Life of the world, in the midst of the mighty paganism of Egypt, seems to have stirred men's imaginations, and we have striking pictures of Him on the huge paws of the Sphynx and before idols. One of the legends of the pseudo gospels declares that all idols fell down at His approach. The Repose is a favorite subject with artists, and we have innumerable sweet peaceful scenes marked by various legendary features, of which the two most sure to appear are a fountain, and a group of angels dancing around the Child. Albrecht Dürer has given the subject a domestic turn, mingling the divine and human elements of that home-life, in his own quaint, German way. The Mother is rocking the cradle and spinning, with some angels for company, and Joseph is planing boards while cherubs run about, picking up the chips. The fountain is represented by a real Nuremberg pump.

The fifth division is Christ's later infancy and early childhood after the return from Egypt. These pictures have usually some suggestion of the home-life at Nazareth, and are often marked by the presence of the little St. John the Baptist, St. Elizabeth, or St. Anna.

That group of paintings called the Santa Conversazione must be classed by themselves. In them, the Virgin and the child are represented as seated in a garden, surrounded by the saints of the Church. The opportunity is thus given for artistic variety, and much fine character-drawing. The conception is digni-

fied. Artists have gone a step further, however, and in their *ex voto* Madonnas—pictures painted for some special donor—they paint this donor and his family kneeling around the Virgin and Child. This seems a rather bold appropriation, yet, after all, why should not the Christ Child be shown as blessing a Christian family? The very frankness of the idea disarms criticism. We are less pleased when we see, as we often do, some Court lady, or friend of the artist hovering about on angel wings, and caroling the Christmas anthems in the sky, or some well-known city gentleman of the day, politely standing by the manger, holding a sheep.

Though in the record of Christ's mature life, we hear so constantly that He was among men and women, and only twice that "angels came and ministered to Him," yet in the pictures of Him as a child it is extremely rare for an artist to put Him in the companionship of human children. Instead, He is often pictured surrounded by baby-angels. Sometimes they worship Him, sometimes sing to Him, rock Him to sleep, bring Him offerings of cherries, a favorite gift, or dance around Him in an exuberance of delight. When he is a little older, they often help Him in the work of the household. In saying that the Infant Christ is not accompanied by human children, one important exception must of course be made. Aside from His Mother, there is no one so often pictured with Him as His cousin, the little St. John the Baptist, and often the three are together, as in Raphael's exquisite *Belle Jardinière*. The two children are sometimes represented in a purely natural way, but usually there is something symbolic. Often St. John leads a lamb, or carries a scroll bearing the words *Ecce Agnus Dei*, or holds a dish of water, typifying the Baptism, or brings a bird to Jesus, meaning a soul. Often he carries a small reed cross. In one picture he tries to take the cross from the hand of the Child Jesus.

"Give me the cross, I pray you, dearest Jesus!
O if you knew how much I wished to have it,
You would not hold it in your hand so tightly.
Something has told me, something in my breast here,
Which I am sure is true, that if you keep it,
If you will let no other take it from you,
Terrible things I cannot bear to think of,
Must fall upon you."

But Christ keeps it Himself.

As the celebration of Christmas varies, and is kept by some as a holy day, and by some as a day of feasting, so the conception of the Christ Child in Art varies from the divine Sistine Madonna, to those pretty pictures of pretty children whose title alone shows what characters they represent. And even those who seek to picture Him most reverently differ greatly, and only a few succeed at all. It is not strange, for of all the mysteries a painter ever tried to interpret, this is perhaps the most difficult. A purely human baby is a mystery. How much does it know of its own life? How does the outer world seem to it? How much does it take in of its mother's love? What does it feel toward her, and what toward other people? No one knows. Yet every one has looked into a baby's face, so innocent, and so impenetrable, and tried to guess. And if we are thus unable to understand our little fellow-mortals, how much less can we understand a Babe in whom the divine nature was blended with the human! Yet there are few great painters of the Christ Child who have not held this belief in His divinity, and accepted it as the mystery with which they had to deal.

In the early pictures of the Christ Child, it was thought irreverent ever to represent Him as asleep, because He was the Lord of all the world. Yet in trying to show this, they often fell into the mistake of making Him a babe only in form, while the expression was that of a young sage—grave, with a solemnity neither child-like nor divine, but rather that of an experienced man. Murillo has given us some wonderful pictures of the young Christ as the ideal flower of childhood—and something more. Some vague divine consciousness is dawning in the great dark eyes. In one, He is putting out His little hand with a gesture of instinctive blessing; in another He is folding His hands together and looking up as if already in some dim way He were devoting Himself to do His Father's will.

Tenderness toward His mother is one of the most natural characteristics to ascribe to Him, and it is shown in some way, in almost every picture. One of the loveliest and most spiritual is by Botticelli. Dr. Henry Van Dyke thus describes it, in his "Christ Child in Art:"—"The Virgin's face is sad and drooping. She has been reading, perhaps, in the book which now lies closed before her, the prophecies that foretell suffering to the Messiah, and she feels the burden of her mysterious relation to Him. But the Child is her Comforter. He lifts

His face to hers and puts His hand softly in her neck, with a touch that seems like the infantile beginning of His great ministry of consolation to the weary and heavy-laden." Turning from this touching picture to Titian's "Virgin with the Rabbit," the change is great. For pure baby-likeness, however, no one has done better than Titian. The little rabbit crouches tamely under her hand while the child watches it with the greatest delight. One might contrast with this picture those by Roger van der Weyden, a Flemish artist. His figures are stiff and thin. His babies are such only in being very tiny. They lie on the tip of the Madonna's knee, or in front of her on the ground. The figures are ascetic rather than beautiful. Yet the tone of his pictures is so pure and devout and spiritual, that the more we look at them the more we like them. Fra Angelico, in his "Madonna della Stella," is like Weyden in the extreme delicacy and slenderness of shape, in the somewhat unnatural proportions of the Child, and in the air of piety and transparent purity; but his figures are far more graceful and beautiful. The colors are all brilliant and glorious. The background is gold. We can imagine how the sainted monk thought and dreamed, prayed and painted, till there was nothing of the earth earthy left in his soul, or on his canvas.

All the earlier pictures of the Christ Child are full of symbols. A bunch of grapes is laid in the foreground—"I am the Vine"—or a few ears of wheat—"I am the Bread of Life." Often He raises the first two fingers of His right hand in token of benediction, or lays His finger on His lip, meaning "I am the Word." These symbols, though they have a certain interest, often seem forced and obscure and detract from the impressiveness of a picture rather than add to it. So do the rich accessories, the symbolically carved thrones and embroidered robes, the pearl crowns, and—shall we add—the large substantial-looking halos. They are not worthy of a Divine Being, and are not suitable to the earthly estate of One who chose to be born in a manger.

A recent German artist, Von Uhde, has given us a picture which is most pathetic in its realism. It is often hard for us to feel that the grottos and thatched stalls in most of the pictures of the Nativity, were really hard and bare and poor. There is nearly always a lurking suspicion of comfort if in no more than the folds of the mother's robe. But it is different in this picture

by Von Uhde. The scene is in a barn such as we know. A poor sort of bed has been arranged for the mother, which her husband has tried to make comfortable by spreading his coat over it. The stable lantern burns dimly. We know how cold and forlorn the place must be. But it is not of that the Mother is thinking as she sits up in bed looking down at the Child in her lap, her hands tightly clasped together, her plain face made beautiful by its great joy. The little Babe is in no symbolic attitude, but is curled up on her knees, apparently asleep, and looks so little and helpless, and truly baby-like, that the doctrine of the Incarnation, with its stately Latin name, comes very near and seems very real. In contrast with this picture are those which show the Christ Child not as helpless but as divinely powerful. The striking Russian Madonna by Vasnetzoff pictures the Virgin standing in the immediate foreground, with only the night sky behind her, and a glimpse of the dim earth at her feet. She is tall, noble, beautiful. The face is strong, yet passive. She holds the Child slightly uplifted in her arms, and seems to feel that her only mission is to hold Him. He, with arms raised and eyes of intense life, is gazing forth into the great dark universe He has come to save. Another phase of His power is shown in that remarkable picture by Holman Hunt, "The Triumph of the Innocents." In it the artist seems to suggest, in a flight of artistic fancy, what the Gospel means for the suffering little children of this world. The Child Jesus is welcoming the spirits of the babes slaughtered at Bethlehem. Joy shines in His face. He reaches out his hand to them, and they are content. One of the little martyrs looks at the place where the scar of the sword had been, and wonders to find it gone.

The attempt to foreshadow Christ's own death, even in His infancy, is one that has been often made. In one picture, a cross lies upon the ground and the Babe rests upon it, asleep. A powerful picture on this subject is one by a modern French artist, Charles Landelle. The little John has dropped on his knees beside Mary, and is eagerly holding up a plaything he has made for the Child Jesus, two reeds tied one across the other. With a look of vague dread in her beautiful eyes, the Mother tries to draw her Child back into her arms, but He reaches out for it with a look of calm sweet readiness, which is not wholly ignorance. Behind stands an angel reverently uplifting the cup

of the Sacrament, while on the other side, in the shadow, another angel offers the crown of thorns.

In the pictures of Christ later, growing up as a boy in the home at Nazareth, we have several times a suggestion of His coming death. In one, he is sprinkling the lintel of the door with the blood of the Paschal lamb; in another, He has wounded his hand on one of the nails in the carpenter's shop. But, on the whole, the pictures of Christ's boyhood are not sorrowful but joyous. "And Jesus increased in wisdom and stature, and in favour with God and man." That, with one incident, is the whole record of His childhood. In it there is room for everyone to think, and grow happier in thinking. The true-hearted Christian painter Murillo, has given us as his last work, a really precious picture of the Holy Family. Jesus is four or five years old. He stands between His father and mother, His hands in theirs, His face upturned to the light above Him. He has a child's nearness to both Heaven and earth. In various pictures He has been shown as helping in the work of His father's shop, learning to read at His mother's knee, musing alone in the fields, or asking a blessing at the frugal family table. Why does not some artist show Him doing some quiet act of kindness? That has been done only, so far as I know, in the word-picture in "Ben-Hur," where He gives a drink of water to Judah, as he halts, exhausted, on his way to the galleys. Of course the most familiar scene in the boyhood of Christ is his questioning with the doctors in the Temple, and the best known pictures of the boy Christ are Holman Hunt's and Hofman's. They are both noble conceptions, full of spirituality, childlike yet strong, and free from that effeminateness which is the most common fault in sacred art.

As one thinks of the Christ Child in Art, one wonders what it has all meant—the work and effort of many artists for many years. Apart from the consideration that artistically beautiful forms have been created, are we glad that men have tried to show Him to us as Babe and Child? Once it was thought irreverent to paint Him at all in human form, and signs and symbols were used instead. But since then men have said with St. John of Damascus, "He Himself willed to be shown forth openly, therefore paint Him in pictures." Is there one of all the thousands of these picture, looking at which we can say,

"This, this is *Thou*! No idle painter's dream,
But Jesus"?

Perhaps not. Yet surely we are glad that men have made the attempt, glad for their small measure of success, glad, too, for their great measure of failure. We rejoice that so much has been thought about the holy mystery begun on Christmas day, and we rejoice that it is beyond all thought.

LUCIA GILBERT.

THE BOTANIC GARDEN OF SMITH COLLEGE

Botanic Gardens as adjuncts of botanical instruction in Colleges and as agents for aesthetic culture are in Europe a matter of course, but in this country are so unusual that among us little apprehension of their true functions exists. To most people they are associated with vivisections of the landscape and rows of naked labels; their philosophical value is not obvious and they are mostly too new to have ripened to full beauty. Yet their value for good, moral and intellectual, is immensely great, and this value the new Garden of Smith College promises fully to utilize. I wish to tell all interested in Smith the true story of her new possession.

It is indeed so new that its history is very brief. Smith College has had a Spartan growth,—bare necessities and no luxuries. Economy and not Art designed her buildings and neither money, energy nor time have been free for adorning their surroundings. Smith graduates may love her ever so well, but can any one of them say that in material things she is beautiful, or deny that her memories would be yet dearer, had they a more charming setting? This phase of the College's life had not escaped the vigilance of her guardians, and a few years ago President Seelye began to investigate ways and means for improving the grounds. It was like him to consider whether at the same time this might not be so done that it would have some practical use in the work of the College. The result was the outlining of his plan for combining the beautifying of the Campus with the formation of a scientifically arranged Botanic Garden which should greatly strengthen the Department of Botany of the College. Such a plan though successful in many of the great Botanic Gardens of the world, notably Kew in England, has never been attempted, so far as I am aware, by any College in this

country or elsewhere. For its success it requires peculiar and uncommon conditions, but these Smith is happy in possessing.

In furtherance of this idea, Messrs. Olmsted, Olmsted & Elliot, the eminent landscape architects who have designed most of the great gardens and parks in this country, after examining the grounds, drew up the plans which were exhibited in the Gymnasium two years ago. Under their direction planting was begun, the herbaceous garden commenced and a small greenhouse erected, but it soon became evident that the work could be carried on economically only under a resident Director, who should be a trained Botanist. This, together with the growing needs of the Department of Botany, led the Trustees to establish last year, a Professorship in Botany, the occupant of which should be Director of the Garden, under whom they expect its development to go on continuously and homogeneously.

A Botanic Garden differs from Public Gardens and Parks in that its primary aim is the advancement of botanical knowledge. To this end it must be scientifically classified, and have its plants so arranged that they exhibit both their natural relationships to one another, and so far as possible, their adaptations to the conditions under which they grow. Practically, it is necessary to separate the trees and shrubs from the herbs; hence, most Gardens are divided into an Arboretum for the former, susceptible of most artistic arrangement, and an Herbaceous Garden for the latter. Then for these herbs, in addition to the systematically-arranged beds, others are needed for those plants which illustrate important laws of color, form, etc., to which are usually added certain groups remarkable simply for their beauty, and often others for those plants which are of marked economic use to man. Some plants require for their growth, very special conditions which must be imitated in the Garden, as ponds for water-plants, a rockery for rock-plants, and a grove for shade-plants. Finally, since all native vegetation is deep in its winter sleep when our colleges are most active, and since many of the most interesting plants of the globe are tropical and will not stand our climate at all, every educational Garden must possess a range of greenhouses of different sizes and with different temperatures, in which needful native plants may be grown in winter, and tropical plants the year round. Of course no Garden aims to gather and grow all plants, but simply representative forms, and the fulness of representation will depend upon the size and means of the Garden.

So far I have sketched the complete Botanic Garden. Let us see what Smith plans to have.

There is first the Arboretum, or what we should rather call the School of Trees and Shrubs. This is to include nearly the entire campus, almost thirty acres. It is upon the plans so divided into areas that the families will be grouped according to their natural affinities, but within these areas the plants will be arranged purely for artistic effect. Some planting, particularly of shrubs has already been done, especially on the back campus and along the fences, and it will go steadily forward upon the principle of gradually replacing old and unsightly forms by valuable ones properly arranged. In time, therefore, the campus will contain a collection of trees and shrubs, not only of inestimable value to all students of the science of Botany, but of great interest to those who love plants, and a pleasure to all who find delight in vistas of stately trees and groups of graceful shrubbery.

For the Herbaceous Garden, some three acres of the back campus have been set aside, which ultimately will be marked off from the remainder of the grounds by groups of shrubbery. The beds for the systematic and principal part of the Garden have already all been laid out upon a strictly scientific system, and are partially filled with representative plants. In extension this part of the Garden is now considered complete, and ample for all needs, present and future. The two large ponds already well stocked, give abundant room for the larger water plants. The beds for plants which illustrate principles of form, color, biological adaptation, etc., as well as those grown for beauty alone, or for their economic interest, will ultimately be laid out on the lawn between the present beds and the terrace, while the slopes and terraces around and behind the Palm House, give perfect opportunity for the tiny grove needed by the ferns and shade-plants, and for the rockery. The terrace, by the way, is a most fortunate feature of our garden, giving us several advantages, not the least of which is an opportunity for a bird's-eye view of the entire Garden, not to mention the pond and woods beyond, one of the choicest bits of unspoiled Nature in New England.

Lastly, there are our Greenhouses, just completed, the pride of our Garden, thoroughly built, sightly, adaptive to their uses, ample for our needs. We have them by grace of the gift of the

generous, and still unknown donor, the announcement of which last Commencement gave us all so much pleasure. The range includes first of all the experimental house connected with which is the former potting-house, now to be used as a students' work-shop in preparing for experiments. In this house the practical work in plant-physiology will be done by the Seniors, and the students in the other courses will have opportunity to grow their own plants, and make experimental studies upon them while alive. Next to this, comes the Cool Temperate House, where certain plants of our own and similar climates will be kept alive for study all winter, both to the advantage of the student of Botany, as well as to the pleasure of the lover of flowers. The Acacia and Succulent House follows, where plants of the deserts and dry climates generally, are grouped together. To this follows the Palm House, a splendid structure, where Palms, Tree Ferns, Climbers, and all the variety of tropical vegetation will be typified in carefully selected representatives, a piece of tropical jungle which illustrates better than anything of colder climates, the principles of competition and adaptation which underlie evolution. Adjoining this, is the Stove or Tropical House, for plants, such as Orchids which require the hottest and dampest atmosphere. Next is the Warm Temperate House, also for sub-tropical plants, one of the largest houses, for it must hold many important forms. It contains also a large tank in which typical water-plants will be kept constantly growing. A propagating house, and brick potting and boiler-house, complete a range of which we have good cause to be proud, since it seems well-nigh faultless.

As the Garden develops, its advantages will be made accessible to students, and as well to others, by maps and printed guides. A full system of labelling will make easy the recognition of every specimen, and bulletins posted in the halls will call attention to plants or phenomena of interest at the time.

The aesthetic value of it all must be remembered. The value, moral and even physical, as well as intellectual, of the cultivation of the taste for things true and beautiful, is now everywhere recognized, and admitted to be a proper function of the College. In our own Garden it is not likely to be forgotten. Plants for beauty, as well as plants for Botany, will be found in both Garden and Greenhouses, and all will be welcome to their enjoyment. Who knows, but away in the future, there may

gather about the Campus at Smith, something of that charm which makes the gardens of Oxford almost sacred ground, where all that is dearest to vigorous and scholarly youth is associated with all that is most beautiful in man's friendship with Nature.

I have spoken of the favorable natural conditions at Smith for a Botanic Garden. Aside from its varied surface, the grand views from some points, and several natural vistas, there is the all-important fact that it is not a public thoroughfare, and hence can be treated almost like private grounds. Moreover, it is well situated for economical administration, the compact form of the Herbaceous Garden, and the extremely sheltered position of the Greenhouses being most favorable. The cost of the management of such a garden is much less than would be supposed; the grounds must be kept in order no matter how used, and the cost of developing them as a Garden, is relatively reduced and of slight importance in proportion to its advantages. Plants are largely obtainable by exchange, or gifts of duplicates from the older Gardens. All this implies, of course, much slower development than would be possible with larger means, and the ripening of the Garden must come proportionally slowly.

Comparing now what I have said about the complete Botanic Garden, with what Smith already possesses and has planned for, it will be seen that we have the essentials for a real Botanic Garden, all upon a small scale, it is true, but complete in principle. When the College shall possess a proper laboratory for botanical teaching, and for the development of the Botanical Museum which is being begun in Lilly Hall, she will possess a Department of Botany, which in so far as material equipment is concerned, will be both absolutely and relatively strong, and which will afford the possibility of that thorough and original work which all daughters and friends of Smith desire to see done here.

W. F. GANONG, Director of the Botanic Garden.

VERSES

I.

I ask of God one only grace:
Dying, to look upon her face
That living, I have loved.
I send to heaven one single prayer :
That she whose form I kept so fair
May know her honor proved.

I need no bell nor chanted hymn ;
Her silk-soft hand, so white, so slim,
Shall bless for me my way.
Her kiss upon my lips shall be
An absolution full and free,
That hell can not dismay.

I crave no wine, no bread, no mass :
Leaned on her love, my soul shall pass
Beyond this battle field.
And heaven itself shall seem but cold,
Till there, as here, then, as of old
Her soul to mine doth yield.

II.

O all-too-well beloved, at last I know
That for us two the parting of the ways
Has come, and brought the ending of sweet days :
Bid me good-bye, and loose my hand, and go.
To-day's fair peak we ran to climb, and low
Before us glowing in our last sun's rays
The path slopes down, nor undivided stays :
The path slopes down, but separate and slow.
Henceforward you and I alone must fare.
Nay, look not all so sad ! Was ever done
A deed to merit all that we have won
Of joy ? I tell you, there are those whose prayer
Is nightly on their knees that they might bear
Our shadow, could they but have known our sun !

JOSEPHINE DODGE DASKAM.

SOCIAL LIFE AT SMITH

We are becoming unpleasantly familiar with a certain sort of newspaper criticism, the burden of which is, that at Smith work is secondary to play. The customary idea seems to be that our afternoons are occupied with teas, and our evenings with a mad succession of dances and dramatics. When not too exhausted by the carnival of the evening before, we do not object to spending the morning at our lessons. Rainy days, too, are probably given to work. The general impression conveyed by such a criticism is, that our main interest is play.

These articles may be written in good faith—one cannot tell. It is of course conceivable that a reporter, seeing in the *Monthly Calendar* that on such a date college opened, and that on such another date the *Colloquium* held a meeting, should in all sincerity imagine that the second function concerned as many people as the first. Either, however, his discriminative sensibility is sadly untrained, or else his ignorance of the size of the college societies is such as to preclude his writing intelligently on the subject. While neither of these misfortunes has ever been sufficient to prevent the one suffering from them from uttering his opinions, it nevertheless robs those opinions of the weight of authority. Every such unfair criticism, based on insufficient data, and actuated by a desire to create a sensation, calls forth in every loyal student indignation and resentment. We consider that persons knowing little, if anything, of the numbers, aims, and privileges of our societies, are incompetent to pronounce upon their usefulness. We consider that persons who cannot know what the real spirit of the college is, cannot be competent to judge which particular occurrences are manifestations of that spirit, and which are in direct opposition to it. With these newspaper criticisms, then, we need not concern ourselves. Their influence on the public is to be deplored; the surest way, however, to nullify their effect is to turn out work that will speak for itself, relying meanwhile on the free symbolism of the universe to over-rule everything for good.

The question, then, what do others think of us, need not trouble us. However, since the discussion has been begun, it

may be worth while to look closely into the matter, in order to ascertain for our own satisfaction and future guidance, whether or not our social life is flourishing at the expense of our intellectual growth. The question for us is, what do we think of ourselves?

That life at Smith has a well developed social side, is certainly true. This is due to two causes—one of which concerns the position of the college buildings. They are situated so close together that communication between them is easy, even at night, and in the most disagreeable weather. This nearness, by facilitating intercourse, makes possible a more elaborate social life than could exist under different conditions. The second cause lies in the policy of the college, which has always been one of non-interference. The students have to a great degree been allowed to manage their own affairs. The fact then stands, that at Smith, social affairs receive considerable attention. It has been possible for us to be sociable, and we have naturally improved our opportunity. The question now is, is this social life so well developed as to be out of proportion to the other sides of college life?

The answer to this question inheres in the answer to a larger one—what do we come to college for? The general answer would be, we come to study. The question further is, to study what? It is on this point that the difference of opinion comes in.

Formerly the aim of collegiate institutions was the study of books alone. Intellectual training was the one thing sought and obtained. This system turned out men with well equipped brains, but so lacking in knowledge of life as to be proverbially unfit for business until their laboriously acquired attitude toward the world had been as laboriously unlearned.

Realizing the narrowness of this theory, the more recent collegiate policy is, to provide not only means of intellectual stimulus and discipline, but also the recreations and amusements necessary for the cultivation of the student's social and physical nature. By this means the student at graduation possesses not only a certain amount of book-learning, but also that knowledge of the social and physical laws of life which will put him in touch with the outside world and will enable him to make intelligent application of his mental culture to the problems and duties of life. The narrow aim of mental culture has been so

widened as to include social and physical culture. The aim of a modern collegiate institution is well stated in the Smith Catalogue: "It is a Woman's College, aiming not only to give the broadest and highest intellectual culture, but also to preserve and perfect every characteristic of a complete womanhood."

Nor does this change imply any lack of depth and scholarliness. By providing means of social and physical enjoyment, Smith College has not degenerated into either an athletic academy or a dancing school. The endeavor is so to supplement mental application by social and physical recreation, as to elevate the standard of intellectual accomplishment. All work and no play makes Mary a dull girl.

A college is then a place where opportunities for high mental culture are offered, together with such means of recreation and enjoyment as will rest the mind after its labors, and invigorate it for further efforts in the same direction. Intellectual culture has therefore not been lost sight of, as some of our anxious friends seem to think. The quality of our work has not deteriorated; it has merely been so supplemented by other activities as to be of higher grade than before.

Intellectual culture then is our primary object. Physical and social culture are admitted only so far as they can be subordinate to the principal aim. If, therefore, at any point in the history of an institution it becomes evident that instead of supplementing the student's powers of application, his amusements are really supplanting them; if so much time and energy are spent in pleasure as to unfit him for serious application; if, in short his play interferes with his work, then the social side of life has clearly overstepped its bounds and is usurping the principal place, to which it was originally subordinate.

The first point in which such disproportion of parts would show itself is in the lack of repose; the second is in the lack of interest in work.

In obtaining mental culture, nothing is more essential than leisure—time in which our minds are not occupied with details, either of play or of work. One must have a certain amount of time which is free from absolute demands of any sort. If whatever time is not given to work is filled up with one form of amusement after another, that which had been intended as recreation becomes merely another, and no less wearisome round

of duties. Instead of becoming rested and soothed, one feels nervous and driven. Nothing is more fatal to scholarly work than getting into such a condition. One cannot obtain mental leisure in the midst of a whirl.

From the situation of the college buildings and from the college policy, it has been possible for social life at Smith to become unusually prominent. Moreover, certain changes have taken place in the college life, which are incident to the growth of the college, and which result naturally from its change from a small to a large institution. Where we had once a hundred, we have now nine hundred—a fact which is likely to be overlooked by our newspaper critics, who, citing the fact that where there was formerly one entertainment, there are now three, or even four, forget that whereas one entertainment formerly took in the entire college, it is now quite possible that even with four shows in progress, a large number of girls may still be studying in their rooms.

At the present time, however, owing to the injudicious frequency of attempts to raise money for the Students' Building, and to an outcrop of small parlor dramatics, affairs at Smith are certainly characterized by lack of repose. That the students are working unusually hard, makes leisure even more than usually imperative. But mental leisure is all important. Therefore it behooves us to be on our guard against any encroachments on that most essential feature of intellectual activity. There are two ways in which such precautions can be made; either the number of social events can be reduced, or the spirit in which they are undertaken. Each method has its supporters.

The first is advocated by those who consider the little plays given in the house parlors on Wednesday and Saturday evenings as a form of amusement in which the frittering away of time and exhaustion of energy is not sufficiently compensated for by the practice in dramatic acting and the pleasure of the audience.

The second method is supported by those who think the trouble lies, not in the amount of time actually given to recreation, but in the fact that the proper distinction between application and recreation is not observed. We have carried the spirit of one over into the other, so that we not only work in our play, but play in our work. It is urged that if we would work hard and vigorously when we did work, and play as energetically

when we played, the proportion of time at present given to each need not be changed. This last claim seems just. Our social events—class receptions, dances, dramatics—entail a certain amount of responsibility and care which, however instructive and valuable on account of its discipline, is certainly too exhaustive and wearisome to give that recreation, in the etymological sense of the word, which is supposed to be its true object. The mind, not having been properly soothed and recuperated by its supposed period of rest, cannot resume its work with desirable zeal and vigor.

The one remedy for this state of affairs is, to give less elaborate entertainments. A greater amount of recreation could be obtained, at less cost, from more simple forms of amusement. Whether the number of affairs need be reduced, would depend on the change made in their quality.

Every spring term the seniors tell us how many things they had meant to do—things which must now remain undone forever. During college life many opportunities present themselves which in later life will never occur again. It seems probable that when we leave college, we shall be better satisfied if we can look back to time spent in the quieter, more leisurely ways, which result in mental growth and spiritual advancement—than if we look back to an exhaustive round of dances and teas. We are always wishing we had more time for walks. The country around Northampton, one of the most beautiful in the United States, contains many a bit of scenery, many a view, that will amply repay a ride or tramp. One is always trying to find time to call on a sick friend, or to read the new novels. There are always people one would like to know, if one only had time. Some may object to such ways of spending time, and may characterize them as slow. They are offered, however, merely as suggestions of less exhaustive and more profitable forms of amusement. In adopting a simpler social life, it is not necessary to become either a pedestrian fiend or a city missionary. There would still be dances and teas and little plays; but after we leave college we shall have chances to go to teas and dances, but walks around Northampton, and talks with that girl we always meant to know, will be things of the past.

Changes in college matters can come from two sources—from the Faculty, and from the students. The primary duty of the Faculty is that of providing and directing the mental training

of the students, with such oversight of the social life as is, in their judgment, necessary in order to secure the best result in work. If then in order to secure good work, it is necessary for the Faculty to legislate concerning the number and quality of entertainments, it becomes their duty to enact such legislation. Until however such a crisis be reached, the governing power will no doubt be left in the hands of the students, in accordance with the policy of non-interference. Each method has its advantages.

The advantage of the policy of absolute control by the Faculty, lies in the fact that by their situation outside the student body, they are in a position to observe and check, before public attention is attracted, any tendency to an extreme. If on the other hand, the governing power is left to the students, the characteristic defect of popular government becomes apparent. Under the self-government policy, an abuse has to work itself out so completely, before the necessity of reform is felt, as to become evident also to outsiders.

Inasmuch, however, as any reform imposed arbitrarily is likely to excite resentment, and as until one sees clearly the necessity for its imposition, one is unwilling to observe it,—it usually happens that the shortest way of curing an abuse is to let it work itself out. No one obeys willingly a law whose *raison d'être* is not evident—and unwilling obedience is not the most desirable form of government. Furthermore, the habit and ability of working out one's own problems is one of the most valuable lessons of college life.

It seems then, that from the frequency and elaborateness of social events, intellectual culture at Smith is on the point of being endangered. We are becoming too busy to obtain those final benefits of our work which result from slow, leisurely pondering over it, while our attention is not actively engaged elsewhere. The remedy for this state of affairs is, the return to simpler and less artificial forms of amusement. Nor does the admission of the necessity of change imply disloyalty to the college. Smith College is not a piece of mechanism, working according to fixed laws—it is a living organism, guided by the general tone of its component parts. Inasmuch as an institution is of finite conception, it is imperfect. Inasmuch as it is dependent for its general spirit upon a changing succession of individuals, it is likely to make mistakes. Until human nature has so changed

that its actions are no longer short-sighted, thoughtless and ill-advised, it is inevitable that an institution, in any degree dependent upon the human nature of its members, should at times show a tendency to err. The sensible man does not refuse to admit that he may become ill ; when he feels the need of medicine his endeavor is, not to conceal the fact from others or from himself, but to seek out and apply the proper remedy. The power to apply this remedy lies in the hands of the students ; it is for them to examine the state of affairs, to decide whether or not the above statements are true and the deductions therefrom just ; if satisfied that there is need for reform, it is their duty to bring about such changes in the general spirit of the college as will bring it safely through its period of development from a small to a large institution, and will keep it always, as it now is, and has been from its foundation, a place in which a woman can gratify her most serious and scholarly desires, and can develop the different sides of her nature into a well-rounded womanhood.

ELIZABETH FISHER READ.

THE REST OF IT

"I tell you what, Eleanor," said Mr. Danforth Richardson, getting into the brougham and slamming the door, "it is on occasions like this that I begin to realize my age."

"Why on such occasions more than others ?" asked his wife, pulling the voluminous folds of her cloak about her, to give him more room at her side.

"Because," he said, "I used to like dinners. I didn't mind going out even on a nasty night like this. I really enjoyed myself, you know, but now I very much prefer my own library fire, my slippers, and the newspaper, and you of course, you understand, and perhaps a cigar or two."

"That was well thought of," said Mrs. Richardson, with a laugh. "A little better than your weed, but evidently no dearer than your slippers. Thank you, Dan."

"Don't mention it," said Richardson, affably. "Well, as I was saying, such are popularly supposed to be the pleasures of senility, and I am compelled to infer that I am growing old."

"A lean and slippered pantaloon," said Mrs. Richardson, with a little grimace at him. "Yes, I've noticed it, Dan. You have grown very perceptibly older since we were married."

Richardson took off his hat, and bent his head toward her.

"Do you see that bald spot, Eleanor?" he asked. "When I married you, madam, I had no bald spot."

"No," said Mrs. Richardson, with levity. "If you had, things might have been different."

Richardson put on his hat again.

"Ah yes!" he said, reflectively. "Very likely. By the way, dear, who is the lady we are invited to meet?"

"I am not sure," said Mrs. Richardson, "but I think her name is Van Wyck."

"Didn't Mrs. Gray say that she was an ambassadress, or some other kind of a lion-ess?" asked Richardson, lazily.

"I believe her husband has just had some foreign appointment," answered his wife. "Anyway, she is on her way to Washington to join him. I don't know why she stopped over to visit Mrs. Gray. I rather think their husbands must have had some connection. This Mr. Van Wyck has been a senator, and I judge from what Mrs. Gray said that he's one of those rabid, wild and woolly western politicians to whom you object so violently."

"And does Mrs. Gray see fit to countenance the misconduct of such men by giving dinners for their wives?" asked Richardson severely.

"You know Mrs. Gray always gives a dinner on the slightest provocation," returned Mrs. Richardson. "Besides, I gathered that she isn't exactly fond of Mr. Van Wyck, and she probably is glad of the chance to entertain for his wife when he is safely out of the way."

"I see," said Richardson, "and here we are. Hold your wrap close about your throat, Nell. It's an awfully raw night."

"You are to take my friend out to dinner, Mr. Richardson," said Mrs. Gray. "Come and be presented. And, do you know, she says she thinks she has met you before."

"Has she?" said Richardson, in surprise, as they crossed the room. "Awfully good of her to remember." Mrs. Van Wyck rose as they stopped before her chair. She was a tall, rather pretty woman, with a charming manner, and she held out a cordial hand to Richardson, as Mrs. Gray murmured their names.

"I am very glad to meet Mr. Richardson again," she said, "though I see he does not remember me."

"You have the advantage of me in memory, though not in pleasure," Richardson answered. "I am sorry, but honesty is my besetting sin. When did I meet you before, Mrs. Van Wyck? There is certainly something very familiar about your face."

"I hardly expected you to remember," she said. "I have changed my name in the meantime. That makes it unfair, does it not? Besides, it was only one day that we met, years ago—it must be at least ten, at a summer hotel near here. Spring Bank—isn't there a resort called Spring Bank? Well, it was there, one summer day. I was governess for Mrs. Hartwell's twins then, and my name was Herrick. Ah! does that remind you?" for Richardson started.

"Yes, indeed!" he said. "Miss Herrick, Miss Rose Herrick, and you were kind enough to entertain me one whole day when I was disappointed at not finding my friends. Of course I remember. How jolly it is to see you again. I had given up all hope of ever having this pleasure."

"I hoped you hadn't quite forgotten," she answered, with a little nod of satisfaction. "But you don't remember perfectly. The kindness was on your side."

"Don't be too sure of that," said Richardson seriously.

"I am quite convinced," she answered. "Mrs. Gray says you are to take me out to dinner, and I am very glad, because I want to tell you how much good you did me in that one day. Are you a modest man, Mr. Richardson? If you are, you will probably be uncomfortable, for I am going to say some very nice things to you."

"Well," said Richardson, offering his arm. "Take me into custody, and sing my praises, for the time has come for my martyrdom. I am modest, of course; all men are, but on the whole, I am still more lazy, and while it will be hard to sustain myself under such flattering circumstances, I shall be consoled by the reflection that I am infinitely better off than if I had taken any one else out, and had to sustain the conversation."

Mrs. Van Wyck looked up at him with a frank smile as they went out into the dining-room.

"Do you know, you haven't changed; you are very like what you were that day," she said.

"Pardon me; I have a bald spot on the top of my head," said Richardson lugubriously. "You don't know what a difference it makes. But you," he added, "you have changed. Not for the worse, either, let me say. How have you managed to keep yourself so —"

"So what?" asked Mrs. Van Wyck, as they seated themselves and Richardson hesitated.

"Well," he answered, "I wonder if you will understand if I say so unspotted from the world. You are not a bit blasé, like the rest of us. Yet my wife tells me that your husband is a statesman. How have you managed to avoid growing worldly and cynical? I thought public life always had that effect on people."

"Really, Mr. Richardson," she answered with a smile, "you have paid me what I consider a compliment of very high order, and I shall pay you back in your own coin by telling you that it is in a great measure due to you."

"To me!" said Richardson, in genuine amazement. "My dear Mrs. Van Wyck, how in the world am I responsible?"

She nodded sagely.

"People never know what great good they may do by some slight action, made out of pure kindness of heart," she answered. "It wasn't very much that you did, Mr. Richardson, and still, it meant everything to me just at that time."

"Let me see," said Richardson with a reflective frown. "I believe I took you to ride that day. There was an overwhelming amount of kindness of heart in that, I am sure. No wonder it had lasting effects upon you. I really think, Mrs. Van Wyck, that you have betrayed an unseemly lack of gratitude in waiting ten years to thank me."

Mrs. Van Wyck laughed.

"Mr. Richardson," she said, "I refuse to permit this disparagement of both yourself and me. It wasn't the ride, or any other one particular attention you paid me that day. The thing that did me so much good was the spirit underlying them all."

"The spirit!" repeated Richardson, with a sudden contraction of the brow. "I am afraid I do not understand you, Mrs. Van Wyck."

"No, that is evident," she answered, "but I am going to try and make you. You see, Mr. Richardson, my family was a wealthy one when I was a child. Even after my father's death

there was enough so that my mother and I could live quietly but comfortably, until that summer when I met you. Then it had become necessary for me to earn money in some way, and so I taught the Hartwell twins. I was young and very inexperienced, and things were very hard at the hotel. You can see, perhaps, how it might be. All the young people knew each other well, and I, of course, had nothing in common with them. I was even more keenly sensitive to the gulf between us than they were. They seldom stopped to think of it at all, I imagine. They simply forgot me. I was just at that age when one begins to get one's perspective, and one's proportions, and this was an unfortunate experience. I was in danger of having my judgment warped for life, and my whole nature made bitter. That summer was really the critical period of my life, I think. On it depended all my future happiness, in so far as one's happiness lies within one's scope,—in the attitude one takes toward the world at large, and the day I met you, Mr. Richardson, was the turning-point. I hope I am not boring you dreadfully," she added, with a little laugh, "but I think I ought to tell you. I believe firmly that a person is helped by the knowledge that he has, consciously or unconsciously, been of benefit to some one else."

"And I am not sure that I do not need such help," said Richardson, seriously. "Go on, Mrs. Van Wyck."

"Well," she went on, "they had all gone off that day, on a picnic, wasn't it?—and I was practically alone. I remember what a funny, defiant feeling I had, and I went upstairs and put on a lovely old gown that had been my mother's—do you remember noticing the lace on it? I knew it was totally unsuited for my position, but that made it all the better for my purpose, which was to persuade myself for a day, that after all, shy little governess as I was, I had within me all that was needed to make me as much of a society girl as the other young ladies. Do you understand?" she asked. "I am afraid I am not making my motive clear. It wasn't clear to me at the time. It was simply irresistible. If you had ever been a girl and a governess, you would understand."

"I understand well enough for your purposes," Richardson answered. He was looking down at his plate, and his face had grown stern. "Then you appeared," Mrs. Van Wyck went on. "I had heard them speak of you, and I knew you were a typi-

cal society man. I don't mean anything at all derogatory, Mr. Richardson, you understand. I mean that you stood for a man who was wealthy and cultured and interesting, and represented society in its acknowledged perfection. So when I met you and you were so courteous and nice, it occurred to me that perhaps with your help, I could carry out my purpose all the better, and for one day at least be 'in the swim,' you know."

"I remember," said Richardson, "that you asked me to forget that you were a governess, and treat you accordingly."

"Yes," answered Mrs. Van Wyck, "and you did it. Your kindness to me that day, Mr. Richardson, was—was perfect. You treated me in such a way that it has made me feel differently toward people from that day to this. It has made me feel that I can trust people, that after all, there is in almost everybody, way down deep, a certain sense of human fellowship that somehow, makes one forgive their surfaces—the sides they choose to show."

"It seems to me you are building on a very slight foundation, Mrs. Van Wyck," said Richardson. "I wonder your whole structure, lovely as it is, hasn't tumbled about your ears long before this."

"Ah no!" said Mrs. Van Wyck. "It's very firm. You simply started me in the right way, Mr. Richardson. I was hesitating at the meeting of the roads, and you turned my face to the right. All I needed was the start, but if you hadn't given it me just then, I should probably have taken the other road. As it was, the very next day, I began to feel differently toward the young people there in the hotel, and to watch them in a totally different spirit. And I have gone on in the same way. It was very soon after that I met Mr. Van Wyck. My husband is an enthusiastic politician. He enjoys being before the public. He likes to pull wires. The year after we were married, he was governor of his state. My first experience in politics was awful. Mr. Richardson. I knew nothing whatever about it, and I was simply set down in the middle of it all. At first it seemed wicked, and heartless, and petty—oh! everything bad! but finally I recovered my balance, and then I began to see that even politics has its bright side. I saw the most ambitious, apparently unscrupulous men do brave, unselfish things, I saw—but no matter. The gist of it is this, Mr. Richardson, that the reason I have kept myself from being blasé and cynical, as you

say, is because I have learned to look at people differently, and to expect the noble things they do, and you are in a measure directly responsible, for you were the means of starting me in this direction. If you had not shown yourself so truly and honorably a gentleman in circumstances where, as I saw soon afterwards, though not at the time, you might easily have amused yourself at my expense, I should not be able to thank you to-night for helping me so."

Richardson said nothing. His lips were pressed closely together, and he was playing with his coffee spoon. Mrs. Van Wyck's other neighbor spoke to her, and she turned quickly away from Richardson toward him. Richardson looked up suddenly with a perplexed frown. He met his wife's eyes, fixed on him from the other side of the table with a wondering, yet confident expression. As their eyes met, she smiled slightly, an inquiring little smile full of trust and sympathy, and turned immediately away to her neighbor. Richardson looked down at his coffee spoon again, with a different expression, as if the instant's look had given him strength. Just then Mrs. Van Wyck turned back to him.

"I have been guilty of an unpardonable sin, I am afraid," she said, "in introducing at a dinner table a topic of conversation at once so personal and so moral. Do forgive me, Mr. Richardson. You will not mind it so much next week, and I felt that I must tell you of my debt to you."

Richardson raised his head quickly.

"Confessions seem to be the order of the evening, Mrs. Van Wyck," he said, "and I have one to make now. Only, I am not so firmly convinced as you were that it is the wisest thing to make it."

"Don't make it, then," said Mrs. Van Wyck promptly.

"Ah, but I must!" returned Richardson. "Wise or not, acceptable to you or not, I feel that is due to both of us that I should tell you. I think I shall have just time before Mrs. Gray leaves the table."

"Go on," said Mrs. Van Wyck.

"I wonder," began Richardson, slowly, "I wonder that as you look back on that little episode of our former meeting, the true state of things does not appear to you. I think you have wilfully blinded yourself as regards this episode by the light in which you chose to look at it and to use it as a foundation for

your theory. I am not denying the beauty of your theory of life, nor its possible truth ; I am simply saying that you began it upon a misapprehension. Mrs. Van Wyck, I did not pay you those attentions that day in the spirit you attribute to me. Quite the contrary. I took distinct advantage of your situation and mine in order to amuse myself. I knew at the time that you did not appreciate it, and at the end, when, if you remember, you thanked me very sweetly and confidingly for my kindness, I had the grace to be ashamed of myself. When I have thought of it since, I have thought that probably, as you looked back on it, you would see it in its true light, as you grew older and more experienced, you know, and that probably your feeling for me was contemptuous enough to relieve me of some of the odium—that you had evened things up, as it were, by hating the memory of me. But upon my word of honor, Mrs. Van Wyck, I do not deserve one jot or tittle of the honor you have been doing me these years,—in fact, I deserve only your scorn, for I did a contemptible thing in deliberately playing upon your inexperience as I did. I hope I haven't destroyed your beautiful ideals, but if I have, I deserve to know it. I am sorry to have to tell you this, but I couldn't let you misunderstand me any longer."

They had risen as he spoke. Mrs. Van Wyck had listened with frank, surprised eyes, and as he finished, she flushed, and looked as if she were about to protest, but instead, inclined her head a little stiffly toward him, and left the room with the other ladies.

Later in the evening, Richardson and his wife stood taking their leave of Mrs. Gray. He had not spoken to Mrs. Van Wyck since dinner, except to bow his adieus as he crossed the room toward Mrs. Gray, but now, as Mrs. Richardson talked to her hostess, Mrs. Van Wyck separated herself from a group of people standing near, and came over to him.

"Good-bye, Mr. Richardson," she said, holding out her hand with frank cordiality, yet with something new in her voice and manner. "Good-bye, Mr. Richardson. On thinking it over, I have come to the conclusion that in this case at least, the end has become the justification of the means, and I want to thank you once more for your great kindness to me."

Richardson bowed over her hand without speaking.

SUSAN SAYRE TITSWORTH.

CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

YULE-TIDE

Heigh-ho ! for the song of the holly
And the starlight on the snow,—
For the merry ring of the sleigh-bells,
And the cheery yule-log's glow !

Heigh-ho ! for the song of the Christmas,
With the frosty winds that blow,
For the joyous ring of laughter
And the green of the mistletoe !

A. D. S.

Mary Haven sat at her writing desk, her pen moving rapidly down the last page of the sheet of lavender-tinted note paper before her.

Tom Sent "Do you honestly think he'll come, Alice,"
Flowers she said, pausing a moment after signing her name. "Why, yes, Mary," answered Alice from her seat by the other window. "I shouldn't wonder if he did. I think he'd like to come up and see the college."

"You flatter me, as usual, Alice. But seriously, you know he hates to dance, and he hates worse to spend his money." Both girls laughed.

"Poor Tom, he does hate to part with his cash," said Alice. "Let's see, he'll have to pay his hotel bill and send you flowers and a carriage."

"Flowers and a carriage !" exclaimed Mary. "Imagine Tom Whately sending me or any other girl flowers and a carriage. Why, my dear, he looks mortally unhappy if he has to pay a girl's fare on the street car. What do you suppose makes him so stingy, when he's so nice about everything else ? He's got plenty of money. I congratulate myself that I knocked some of his stinginess out of him last summer. I teased him so much

that he was almost lavish with his money whenever I was anywhere about. Well, he's the only man I dare ask less than a week before the concert. So here goes !"

"Do you know, Alice, my book bill this term is appalling. I guess I'll take the money down with me now and get that off my mind. Oh dear ! A ten dollar bill out of one's purse does make such a big hole. It's as hard for me to keep my money as it is for Tom to part with his. And now, my dear," she continued, picking up her sailor hat and fastening it on with long silver pins, "I'm going to leave you and your German lesson to fight it out, while I mail this letter and take a little tramp. So good-bye."

"Good-bye," returned Alice. "Shut the door, please, and would you just as soon put up my busy sign ?"

Mary pinned up the sign and went gaily down stairs and across the campus.

Half-way down town, she met a fellow student.

"Mary Haven, you are the very girl I want to see," she said, "How would you like a drive with me this afternoon ?"

"I think it would agree with my health," answered Mary.

"Well, come to the stables now, you haven't got to go down town."

"Oh, yes I have. I've invited a man to the Glee Club Concert. Come on down town with me while I mail the invitation, quick," she said, pulling her friend by the sleeve of her shirt waist.

"To the concert !" Why, my dear, it's only next Wednesday, and it's Saturday, now."

"I know it," said Mary, "isn't it shabby ? But you see I know him ever so well, and I didn't decide to go until the very last minute. He'll understand."

"Who's the man ?"

"Tom Whately ; he's a Harvard man. Come on, and mail this."

They hurried on down town talking over college and the concert. Mary ran into the post office absently, sealed and mailed her letter, then ran out to join her friend and hurry off to the livery stable.

"Whately, you've got a letter from Smith, or at least from Northampton," said Will Davis to his room-mate.

"Ah, ha !" said Tom, "let's have it," and he eagerly tore open

Mary's lavender envelope. Something green dropped to the floor as he pulled the letter out.

"What in thunder!" he said, stooping to pick up what proved to be a ten dollar bill. "What in the dickens is the girl after, any how?" and he began to read his note, while Davis politely refrained from looking over his shoulder, but waited, evidently intending to have his curiosity satisfied.

"Well," said Tom, finally, looking up with an odd expression on his face. "Mary Haven has invited me to the concert up there on Wednesday. It's mighty nice of her, but—but what's that ten dollar bill for?"

Davis burst into a loud "Ha, ha! that's a grind on you, Whately. Ha, ha! an invitation to the concert and ten dollars towards expenses. I guess she knows you, old fellow. She knew how to get you there. Let's see, that'll pay for flowers and a carriage and a part of your car fare. Oh, what a grind, an invitation to the concert, and ten dollars towards expenses!"

"It's insulting," said Tom, growing angrier with each of Davis' "Ha, Ha's." "She always did guy me into spending my money, but this goes too far. It's just exactly like her. I suppose this is what she calls a joke. I won't go a step," and Tom raged while his room-mate laughed, "and I'll send her back her money, and I'll let her know what I think of jokes like this. Wouldn't you, Davis? Come old fellow, I'm in an awful hole. Stop your racket and help me out. What'll I say to her?"

Tom never could write a note to a girl without Davis' advice. "Well," said Davis, sobering, "you are in a hole. Don't write it at all until we think a moment what's best to do. If she means it for a joke and you go and get mad about it, she'll have all the better joke on you. No, I wouldn't do that," and both men thought a moment.

"I'll tell you what," said Davis, "the most dignified thing that you could do—"

"What?" asked Tom, eagerly catching at the word dignified.

"I'd write her a nice little note, thanking her and accepting her invitation. I'll tell you what to say in it. Don't say a word about the ten dollars. Then write to-day to that Thompson that you know there, and tell him to order for you a lot of flowers and a carriage. Do the thing up handsomely; you see if you wait until you get there, they may all be taken; Northampton's a small place."

"Use her ten dollars?" asked Tom. "Not much!"

"No, use your own money, of course."

"Oh," said Tom. "Are—are flowers expensive up there?" he continued. "You think that'll be more dignified than to refuse?"

"Wait till I'm done," said Davis. "Then go up there; you'll have a great time at that concert. Show her that you can do things up handsomely. I'd take her a box of Huyler's besides, if I were you."

"But the ten dollars," said Tom.

"Take that with you, too, put it in an envelope and hand it to her. Tell her in a dignified way that there is something that by some accident got into her letter."

"I guess that will be about the best thing I can do," said Tom. "It'll cost an awful lot, but then it'll show her that I know how to do things in shape, and anyhow, I'd like to go to that concert. I'd—I'd like to see the college."

So Tom wrote and mailed his two letters, one to Mary and one to Thompson.

That afternoon another letter was brought to him.

"Another letter from Mary! well, I wonder what's up now," and he looked at Davis as if half afraid to open it.

"Why the dickens don't you open it?" asked Davis. Tom opened and read aloud:

SMITH COLLEGE, NORTHAMPTON, MASS.,

My dear Tom:—Did you find a ten dollar bill in the note I sent you this morning? If so, don't raise your hopes. It is not to help pay your expenses to the concert. I did the craziest thing this morning. I was going down to mail your letter and wanted to pay my book bill at the same time. I didn't want to take my purse, as I had no pocket and was going to walk afterwards, so I slipped it into your envelope, never dreaming that I might forget it. But that is just what I did do, as you probably know by this time. I met a girl and we got to talking, and I walked into the post office, sealed and mailed your letter, bill and all. I don't know which of us has the best joke on the other. I am very sorry to disappoint you Tom, but really, you will have to send back that money.

I do hope that you can come to the concert, as I would like so much to have you. So don't disappoint me.

Sincerely yours,

MARY HAVEN.

October —, —.

The two men looked blankly at each other for a moment, then Davis burst out laughing.

"It's well she don't know which one of you the joke's on, Tom. You'll treat a girl handsomely for once. It's all done, now. There's no backing out; you've ordered your flowers and the carriage."

"And I've sent my acceptance," said Tom. "Well, this is a grind on me. I might as well make the best of it. I wonder what Mary will say when she gets all those flowers," and Tom laughed heartily. "But," he said, suddenly, "don't you tell the fellows, and don't you ever tell Mary."

"Never," said Davis, solemnly.

Wednesday noon found Tom hurrying for his train, holding by one hand his dress suit case, and under the other arm something that looked very much like a box of candy.

M. G. C.

SUCCESS.

What is success? A sad awakening,
A something that we wanted long ago—
Which, won, but serves to show us
How poor our aims have been and low.

What is success? A mocking bitterness
Depending on the power to use men for one's will;
A moment when, defeat behind and years of want passed over,
A man may say, "At last I have my fill."

Yet while the charlatan most often is successful,
And the fool loves best what he has striven for,
The hypocrite alone—strange paradox—
Can say: "Enough; I ask—I want no more."

E. K. D.

Little Alice was going shopping alone for the first time. She had often been with her mother, but then her part had only been to look on, or to watch the other little girls, wishing she knew them, but too shy to meet their friendly advances half-way, while her mother sat before the counter consulting with the salesman.

What was that her grandmother had said as she kissed her just before she started? "Now my dear, we shall see what

kind of taste you have." Little Alice didn't have much of an idea of what "taste" meant, but she felt this to be so important a moment in her life that she didn't skip once on her way to the depot.

She was a very sober little girl as she took her seat in the train, trying hard to appear at ease. If only people wouldn't stare at her so! How did they know that her mother had sent her to buy a new dress, all by herself? Perhaps they wouldn't if she leaned back in the seat, with her hand on the arm, like that little girl with her mother over there. But they saw that she was copying the other little girl's position, and they smiled at one another; then some one laughed out loud. Little Alice's cheeks were very hot as she sat bolt upright; she returned the conductor's kindly smile with a frown. Why didn't he make people stop laughing at her? They would never dare to do it if her mother were there, and she looked across the aisle at the other little girl with her mother, but she couldn't see, and there was a queer horrid lump in her throat. Her lip was quivering in spite of all her efforts to control it, and something dreadful would probably have happened if just then the brakeman hadn't called out "Jamaica Plain! Ja-mai-ca Plain!"

The little girl rushed to the door, the conductor swung her down to the platform, asking pleasantly if she had enjoyed her ride. The lump in her throat vanished, and a very bright little face smiled up at him, for he hadn't laughed at her after all, and perhaps she was mistaken about the other people.

Thinking of her grandmother's words, she soon forgot her troubles, and ran quickly across the street into the store.

"What can I do for you, to-day, my little lady?" asked a salesman, as she stood before the counter, not daring to move for fear she should do something awkward, and afraid to stand still lest everybody should stop what they were doing to look at her.

"I'd like to look at gingham, please sir," she answered, as calmly as she could, but her cheeks were very red, and the little hands holding her pocket-book trembled.

She hoped the salesman didn't know how her knees were shaking, or how strangely her heart was beating, as she looked slowly from one piece to another, trying in vain to see the pattern.

She took one piece between her thumb and finger, as she had so often seen her mother do, and with the motion she gained

some control of herself. How pretty it was with that tiny white figure on the blue ground ; her imagination pictured a dress with dainty ruffles, like the little girl's across the street, and she was trying to ask how much it was, when her eye fell upon another piece, a large white triangle on a black ground.

One of her aunts had a dress like that. It was most all black, and wouldn't show the dirt ; the little girl's clothes did have a dreadful way of showing the dirt. Her grandmother's words rang in her ears. What did they mean ? What should she do ?

She looked longingly at the blue piece, and critically at the black piece, decided she would take the blue, then said hastily, "I want five yards of this black piece. The clerk, who looked very much amused, said that black wasn't pretty for a little girl, her mother would like blue better. That settled it; little Alice held her head up haughtily. "I'll take the black piece," she said.

As she walked out of the store, the bundle grasped tight under her arm, she felt hot and cold by turns. She knew that she ought to have bought the pretty blue piece, she hated that horrid black, and she didn't know whether she had "taste" or not.

When she got home her grandmother said, "You've been very prudent, little Alice, and bought something that will wash as long as there's any of it left." "Yes," added her mother, "and it's a nice, fine piece, too."

Nobody laughed at her, every one found something to praise in the ugly gingham, which was never made up; but little Alice went up in the garret, and there, crouched down behind her favorite trunk, had a good cry. She was so miserable. What should she do ?

In half an hour, she had forgotten all her trials in a game of tag with the boys.

E. F. W.

EDITORIAL

The recent entertainments given by several of the campus houses on behalf of the Students' Building fund, have been decidedly successful, and there is, in this article, no thought of criticising these house-entertainments as a practical and pleasant means of raising money.

But the basis on which, apparently, we rest our interest not only in the Students' Building but in many of our college activities, is open to severe criticism. This basis is, almost exclusively, enthusiasm.

The emphasis that many of our jokes and novels lay upon the attitude of exhausted sophistication, has led to a reactionary insistence upon the helpful and sustaining influence of energetic optimism; and we have translated this optimism into enthusiasm. As one student said, "Oh don't express your opinion, it is 'the thing' here to be enthusiastic about everything." But there is a surer basis for interest than enthusiasm, and that basis is principle.

There seems to be always a certain number of girls who have a strong interest in some college question, and who, by the sincerity of their own convictions, can arouse responsive efforts from the students as a whole—efforts spasmodically awakened by an appeal to enthusiasm.

There has been an openly-expressed anxiety to hurry through the house-entertainments, before the general interest necessary to their success should have died out, and with this anxiety a naïvely unconscious implication of the transient nature of the general enthusiasm, the suggestion, not of a fear to appeal to sober reason, but of a skepticism concerning the possibility of obtaining any definite result by relying upon principles, and even a doubt concerning the existence of any settled principles at all in this matter among most of the students.

But there is more to be said against relying upon enthusiasm

than that its life is inevitably short, and a trust in it an evidence of disbelief in the reality, the vitality of our interests.

It is a psychological fact that enthusiasm once aroused for a given cause, is harder to arouse with each succeeding appeal. Every one is familiar with the general "let-down" effect that results from arousing an enthusiasm, unless this enthusiasm can express itself in some practical course of action, in some permanent attitude; that is, unless it can work itself into a principle.

We seem to be making the mistake of depending for our college spirit and its natural expression in the support of college interests, almost wholly upon enthusiasm. We trust too much to the infectious enthusiasm of mass-meetings, too little to established principles. The question is in one aspect only another phase of the value of moderation, that we constantly overlook when we substitute harangue for discussion, and try to decide whether we shall have nothing but social life, or nothing but study, no Student's Building or no Library.

In any activity conducted for the benefit of the college as a whole, we constantly emphasize the fact that our efforts work both ways—to advance college interests and to strengthen our loyalty. But efforts based on enthusiasm, with which our reason has little to do, are practically useless to us as individuals. We are likely to congratulate ourselves on enthusiasm for a worthy cause, as if enthusiasm in itself were an accomplished benefit to the cause, instead of being, as it is, only a sort of emotional self-indulgence.

House entertainments are pleasant, and so far financially profitable, but in such a busy community as this, their number must of necessity be limited. And surely, on the assumption that man is a moderately reasonable being, it is possible to govern our interests by principles. It ought to be possible, in case these entertainments, involving a good deal of time and effort, could not be given, to collect the same amount of money by the more economical means of direct subscription.

Let us use every practical means to advance our college interests, whatever they may be, but let us remember that enthusiasm is only legitimate as an accompaniment of the process of reason by which we pass from a cause that asks our support, to the principle of action that is to determine our relation to the cause. In the place of spasmodic enthusiasm, we need established principles.

EDITOR'S TABLE

Carlyle sounds the key-note of his life in the words in which Teufelsdröckh recalls the years of his quiet childhood. He says he felt even then, "that he had other work cut out for him than whimpering." And in truth there was a crying need for "other work," for self-sacrificing, dogged, persistent effort on the part of an inspired man, one hundred years ago when Thomas Carlyle came into the world. The little Scotch boy in his quaint sturdiness, seated on the garden-wall with his supper of bread-and-milk, saw in all the glory of the western sky a small cloud of "Care, ever waxing broader and broader; till it . . . threatened to engulf me in final night." So on through his uneventful boyhood and his strenuous manhood these conflicting elements persisted, growing ever stronger; the intense purpose to accomplish some good and useful work in a world which seemed to him so far awry, checked and thwarted by a constant shadow of care—often the needs and immediate demands of a sordid and stinging poverty—which would have deadened in any other soul all strivings after anything higher than comparative physical comfort. But not this soul. Carlyle felt the impulse to work and to reform stronger than any pressure from outside could finally destroy. He became a prophet of light in a dark land, crying aloud in the wilderness, hurling his tremendous invectives against a world so given over to mechanism in body and soul that it seemed to have lost all vitality, sparing neither king nor slave nor any man whom he even suspected of having wrong aims and low ideals; but even while suffering under the constant rebuffs of the world he so mercilessly attacked, Carlyle preserved his dogged hopefulness, his trust in the fundamental infiniteness of man, however deeply hidden under folly and sin.

And to this man the nineteenth century owes much of its most stimulating thought, the initial impulse to many of its great re-

forms, social and political. For the youth of all generations since he began to publish his burning messages of truth, Carlyle has done much to clear away misapprehensions, and to show not only the thorny care besetting all paths of life, but the lofty faith which can sustain and encourage the warrior pilgrims to the end.

The college magazines for November are, on the whole, more interesting than those of the preceding month. The *Mt. Holyoke* is devoted to Founders' Day, and gives entire the addresses by a member of the board of trustees and by an alumna. The *Amherst Lit.* opens with a paper on the college of to-day contrasted with that of a generation ago. The writer attributes much of the over-prominence of athletic interests to the ill-judged efforts of the press. He claims that while athletics are more important and farther advanced than in our fathers' days, yet they are not given too great attention in most colleges. The best writing in the lighter work of this number is in "My Banderilla." The leading article in the *Harvard Monthly* deals with the difficulties of "Preparing for Journalism" among college men. The writer gives practical and judicious advice to men who intend to make journalism their profession, and shows frankly the advantages and the drawbacks which go with the college-bred man. The article is candidly and earnestly written. There is more fiction than usual in this number of the *Harvard Monthly*, of which the best is "The Village Philosopher."

The junior oration on "American Ideals" in the *Nassau Lit.* defends the nation against the charge of materialism with a belief in lofty ideals and pure ambition very refreshing to the reader.

The *Wesleyan Lit.* has a very careful study of "Molière," and among the articles in lighter vein "Over a Chafing Dish," is very well done.

FROM THE INSIDE

Thanksgiving was the beginning of the end of fall term. It came so late that we have only a hop, skip and a jump to Christmas. The snow is on the ground and as the Editor sits Inside, she hears the sound of sleigh-bells. She wants to write about Christmas, but she can think only of a time-table and a railroad ticket. We are all of us thinking of the nineteenth of December more than of the twenty-fifth, and most of us are thinking of the things we must do before the nineteenth comes.

"Before I go home," is the tempting phrase that urges us to do in these last few days everything we have left undone all the long fall term. We are very busy and rushed and hurried, but we say that if we can only "pull through" until Christmas it will be all right. Then we feel like martyrs. When examination came before Christmas, there may have been some reason for this complication of work; nowadays we have no such excuse. Yet there seems to be a growing tendency to a rush of work before every vacation. We accept the fact as if it were quite inevitable. We don't stop to think out what has caused such a culmination of lessons and engagements; we wait until our worries and work have reached a climax—and then we run away. Well—

"He who fights and runs away
May live to fight another day."

It is so much easier to come back fresh next term than to decide what is the matter with this term.

Too many of us look forward to vacation as an asylum of refuge, where we may get fresh dress braid on our skirts and sleep late in the morning. So we go home tired, and return freshened in mind and clothes and resolved never to be worn or tattered again.

How far is this use of vacation justifiable? Have we a right to count upon a holiday rest to make up a deficit in term time? Surely we owe something to our family and friends at home. Of course the college world looks very important to us because we are living in it, but we must not forget our duty to the greater world outside. We have been repeatedly told that college is a training school for life, and yet we use our vacations—all of which are tests of what the training has done for us—in a way that shows we have missed the first great lesson of proportion. The best Christmas present we can carry home is a fresh face and an untired brain; and without these it will be hard to sustain that delightful glow of Christmas feeling which we get the last morning in chapel when we all join in

"Hark, the herald angels sing."

The Editor knows she has been preaching, but she doesn't ask you to remember anything but the text—"A Merry Christmas."

BOOK REVIEWS

*“*RULING IDEAS OF THE PRESENT AGE*,” by Washington Gladden, does not attempt to be a great book ; but it deals seriously with great subjects. It gathers up much of the best thought on the present condition of Christian society, and is a contribution toward the understanding and acceptance of such thought by the public. The book consists of eleven short essays. The following are a few of the ideas set forth ; true brotherhood must mean the sharing not only of goods, but of self ; private property is raw material for the development of character ; our relations to our fellow men are vital, not made at will by contract ; every person has a solemn duty to perform in the making of public opinion—he must not be indifferent or non-committal ; all life is sacred, not certain functions of it merely ; the spirit of Christ pervades the entire universe, and is coming more and more to rule it. The tone of the book is reverent, honest, vigorous, hopeful. The style is clear and simple. Many thoughts are put in portable form. There is not much brilliancy of rhetoric. The book does not fascinate one, but it is well worth reading.

*“*A VICTORIAN ANTHOLOGY*,” by Edmund Clarence Stedman. Mr. Stedman’s well-known book on the “*Victorian Poets*” needed, to make it completely satisfactory to the reader, a library of modern English poets for ready reference. This lack is now most successfully supplied by Mr. Stedman’s latest publication. This “*Anthology*” is a handsomely bound book, printed on the good paper and in the clear type which we have learned to expect from the Riverside Press, with an excellent likeness of Queen Victoria as frontispiece, and on the title-page a good photogravure of the “*Poet’s Corner*” in Westminster Abbey. In his preface, Mr. Stedman states the purpose of the volume, which is, as we have said, complementary to the essays on “*Victorian Poets*.” All the poets whom he criticises and discusses in those essays are represented by whole poems or by extracts ; as the compiler says, “*an author when most characteristic is not always at his best*,” so he has chosen sometimes the best poem rather than that showing most markedly the author’s peculiarities of thought or form. But when possible he has selected those which present at once the best and most characteristic qualities.

Mr. Stedman divides what he hopes may be hereafter known as the Victorian “*Age*,” into three parts ; first, the early years of the reign, which he characterizes as the “*transition period*” from the old Georgian literary standards ; second, the Victorian epoch proper, in which the three predominating forces are Tennyson, Swinburne and Browning ; and third, the close of the era, up to the present time. The poets Mr. Stedman has classed as “*Meditative*,” “*Distinctive*,” “*Dramatic*,” “*Song Writers*,” etc., and has included not only writers of English birth, but colonial poets, in Australia, Canada

* Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

and India. His choice of poems, it need scarcely be said, is made with characteristic good taste and good judgment, and the book will make a very valuable addition to any library, especially to one so fortunate as to hold already a copy of the "Victorian Poets."

* "MOODY'S LODGING-HOUSE," by Alvin Francis Sanborn. Mr. Sanborn in these sketches, some of which have already appeared in the *Forum* and the *New York Independent*, gives us, as he says in his brief preface, "mere transcripts from life." He has lived among the "bums" and riff-raff of Boston slums, and has learned their ways and been welcomed as their comrade. He says, "The chapters that follow are not essays in sociology. * * Still less are they literary fancies. * * I have written true things, simply, about poor people. That is all." Mr. Sanborn disguised himself in worn and dingy clothes, with a strip of grimy red flannel pinned about his throat and a ten days' growth of beard on his chin, and after a few moments of mental shivering took the fatal plunge into a cheap lodging-house where he began the experiences which he records in his book. He describes with unpleasantly suggestive details various typical lodging-houses, from the elegant twenty-five cent house which furnishes lights, a bath and clean sheets, to the hose house where a man can get a bed for seven cents or a place on the floor for nothing.

Mr. Sanborn tells his story very simply; he neither exaggerates nor understates the moral and physical conditions of the men with whom he has come in such close contact. He seems to have been very successful in his disguise, for he was on the best of terms with "the gang" at "Moody's," whom he describes, one after the other, very graphically and withal sympathetically. Mr. Sanborn is too much of an artist to draw moral lessons; he merely states the facts and leaves the inference to the reader. Fortunately for his own comfort, Mr. Sanborn seems to have the happy faculty of finding something humorous or aesthetic in even the most disagreeable experiences.

These short sketches of lodging-houses and their supporters are followed by longer chapters on "A Tenement Street," "A Tough Alley," and "Among the Sandwich Men." The work in the main is well written and opens up a hitherto slightly investigated field in a way which cannot fail to impress the reader as sincere and truthful.

* Copeland & Day.

BOOKS TO BE REVIEWED.

APPLES OF ISTAKHAR, by William Lindsey.

THE LIFE OF NANCY, by Sarah Orne Jewett.

GARRISON TALES FROM TONQUIN, by James O'Neill.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

VIRI ROMAE, edited by B. L. D'Ooge. Ginn & Co.

DEFOE'S HISTORY OF THE GREAT PLAGUE IN LONDON, edited by B. S. Hurlbut. Ginn & Co.

LES PRÉCIEUSES RIDICULES, edited by M. W. Davis. Ginn & Co.

BROWNING'S COMPLETE WORKS—Cambridge Edition. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

ALUMNÆ DEPARTMENT

SMITH COLLEGE LIBRARY FUND.

It is a pleasure to the MONTHLY to print the following statement and appeal from the Library Committee, reporting the progress of their work, and stating the Committee's aims and their hope to secure the coöperation of all who are interested in the fund :

The Committee of the Smith College Library Fund call the attention of all alumnæ and friends of the College to the results of last year's work and the necessity of untiring future activity. The annual report of June last shows a total of \$2787.00 raised last year. Of this sum, entertainments yielded \$771.00 ; two gifts \$1500.00 ; and pledges but \$516.00. It is hard to believe that out of 850 alumnæ, only 78 intended to subscribe to this fund. The Committee earnestly desire, therefore, that all interested in the work should promptly fill out and return the enclosed form of pledge. It will be noted that payment need not be made before April 1, 1896, and that subscriptions are payable in four equal annual instalments. It is hoped that by June 1, 1899, twenty thousand dollars, the total amount proposed, will be raised. This date is suggested in the confident assurance that all will coöperate in every available way ; that each alumna, by large or small subscriptions and by faithful money-raising effort, will do her utmost for this work, which is agreed to be of great importance to the growth and prosperity of the College.

In this undertaking we have the cordial support of the Faculty, who, more than a year ago passed the resolution : "That the movement of the alumnæ to secure a library fund for the College meets with the hearty approval and coöperation of the Faculty and that it will satisfy one of the most important needs of the College." Lest there be a lingering feeling in any mind that the Northampton Libraries should suffice for the students of Smith College. we quote from a letter to the Chairman of the Committee from Mr. C. A. Cutter, Librarian of the Forbes Library : "There is much that such a fund could do. It could provide several copies of works which all the members of a class would be likely to want at once and which they would want year after year. It could provide special scientific works which it is out of our province to buy, and which, with our funds we cannot buy now and perhaps not for a long time. There will be a call on the part of the professors for works on subjects somewhat removed from popular interest, which we shall not be able to satisfy. For that reason, any amount of money which Smith College can raise, would not be too much."

Looking beyond this immediate object, it is clear that a custom once established among the alumnæ of giving regularly and unitedly to the College will

prove of incalculable value to its welfare. An Alumnæ Library Fund, following the Alumnæ Gymnasium, should mark the beginning of a movement which will give Smith a place unique among colleges.

Pledges and contributions may be sent to any member of the committee.

Mrs. LUCIA CLAPP NOYES, Foxborough, Mass.

Mrs. ALICE MILLER WHITMAN, 35 Pearson St., Chicago, Ill.

Miss LEILA M. KENNEDY, 715 Forman Park, Syracuse, N. Y.

The chairman of the Library Fund Committee, Mrs. Noyes, was able to make a payment of \$1500 on Dec. 1, to Mr. Clark, the College Treasurer, thus making \$3000 now in his hand. The interest on this fund is to be spent for books at the discretion of President Seelye and the Alumnæ Trustees.

The Chicago Alumnæ Association has just given a concert for the benefit of the Library Fund.

The Annual Business Meeting of the Boston Association of Smith College Alumnæ was held at 66 Marlborough Street, Boston, and the following officers were elected: President, Miss M. Louise Foster, '91; Vice-Presidents, Miss Alice C. Atwood, '94, Miss Helen F. Greene, '91; Secretary, Miss Nina E. Browne, '82; Treasurer, Miss Frances C. Goodwin, '86. The Association had an informal luncheon at Hotel Bellevue on Saturday, Nov. 23, from twelve to two o'clock. Almost a hundred members were present. An appeal for the Library Fund was made by Mrs. Noyes. The best method of nominating Trustees by the Alumnæ was also discussed. In the afternoon the Association attended a meeting of the College Club, at which meeting Miss Martha Mason, '94, was elected Recording Secretary. Since the organization of the Club the office of Secretary has been held by alumnæ of Smith College.

An error made in the November Monthly should be corrected. The Mandolin Club is separate in organization from the Banjo Club, not co-ordinated with it as stated, and as at first planned.

'79. Julia H. Gulliver is studying philosophy at Radcliffe.

'80. Mary S. Locke is taking the Seminary Course in American Catalogue at Radcliffe.

'83. Cora M. Williams is spending the winter in Boston.

'86. Jennie F. Conant is studying Zoölogy at Radcliffe.

'89. Grace A. Blodgett was married on Nov. 14 to Dr. Ralph Holland Seelye, at the Elliot Church, Newton, Mass.

Martha A. Hopkins is spending the winter in Southern California.

Mary E. Trow was married to Dr. Frank E. Spaulding, Oct. 17.

'90. Ellen Holt and Louise Cheever returned from Europe Nov. 29.

'91. Helen F. Greene is studying History, Economics and English at Radcliffe.

'92. Winifred Ayres and Marion T. Burritt have started an English and Classical School at Lawrence Park, Bronxville, New York.

Mary L. Crehore is spending the winter in Leipzig, Germany.

ABOUT COLLEGE

It was misstated last month that the Department of English had discontinued Icelandic. No change has been made.

In the early days of Smith, the social life was of Spartan-like simplicity. To-day it is complicated by its various branches of dances, house dramatics, teas, spreads, etc. Everyone acknowledges the value of our social life as the source and means of promoting that honest fellowship, which is our chief characteristic. But that this system has received a too great emphasis is shown by the attitude of the girl who said she could manage quite comfortably, if it were not for her lessons. Proof of this is found in the fact that the program of social engagements is already made out for every Wednesday and Saturday evening from now until June.

A glance over the last page of the Monthly shows only a part of our social program ; we must not overlook the unrecorded activity. It is not that the number of entertainments is too large for the whole body of students, but that a certain per cent. go to everything, while the rest go less often. Even house dances are not entirely democratic. If the most widely known girls would use some discrimination in accepting invitations, a better balance could be obtained. But whoever refuses an invitation?

Of late short plays have been given on Friday evenings. To be sure, these plays in themselves occupy but little time, except for the actors ; but after the play it is the most natural thing in the world to "drop in" to a spread.

This leads us to speak of the excessive development of the eating system. It may be social and enjoyable. But it is becoming impossible to meet without eating. After all, the question of whether or no there is too much social life is answered in a measure by the quality of our recitations. This fall they have not been up to the usual standard. In certain classes they have been undeniably poor. Our primary object is study. Our secondary is pleasure. And it is only when the two terms are interchanged, that confusion follows.

H. M.

Have we too many social affairs?

The first weeks of college always seem crowded full of house dances, spreads, big plays, and little plays, but after every particularly busy week, this question arises, is talked over, and any tendency to overdo in this line is checked.

Our entertainments consist of house dramatics, dances, teas and spreads. The two former are never given on any evenings but Wednesday and Satur-

day: teas, the abomination of everyone, are luckily passing out of favor; spreads are, in most cases, small and unpretentious, and are only indulged in by the students in their moments of leisure. The question then resolves itself into this: "Is it too much to have entertainments twice a week, on evenings preceded by half holidays? Assuredly, no! The saying that "All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy" is trite, but it is certainly true. By these diversions we are all of us better prepared to pursue our studies. It must be remembered that our gaities, so often remarked upon, by outsiders especially, are merely methods of diversion, not wildly exciting things, fatiguing in themselves, for they rarely last more than two hours. I am sure that any girl by planning her work can afford to give up this time for recreation without any neglect of her duties. I also think that any girl who does not habitually procrastinate will prepare her next day's lessons on the afternoon preceding such an evening.

The statement has been made that the number of our social affairs is not too great, but that the same set of girls is seen everywhere, and hence only a limited number of the students participate. By the present arrangement I do not see how this can be true. To begin with, our entertainments are given by the respective dormitories to which girls have been assigned in a way most non-conducive to cliques; every element of the college is represented in them; therefore when a house gives a dance or play and each inmate is privileged to ask a certain number of her friends, every factor must be represented. If you think you always see the same people, it is because you are looking for them and, finding a few out of the fifteen or twenty you expect to see, disregard all others.

It seems to me, then, that unless the number of entertainments be increased, we are now living under a system conducive to health and happiness, and not to the neglect of those duties for the performance of which we are primarily here.

A. W. F.

However we may differ in opinion as to the adjustment of our social life to our needs, few of us will deny that the campus houses bear the responsibility of the greater part of our gaities, and that in inverse proportion to the distance from the campus is likely to be the share in the fun. This ratio has its disadvantages, particularly in the case of house dances. Some of the houses have parlors sufficiently large to accommodate both their guests and themselves; five of the houses have not. To these houses are given the privilege of three dances a year in the Alumnæ Gymnasium. A number of girls in each house would at times gladly escape the burden laid upon them by this custom. They cannot do so, because only by the coöperation of all can the dance be given. Their refusal must mean the control of the majority by the minority. On the other hand, the minority, which is constant only in its impulse, not in its constituents, is compelled to rule its desires by the will of the majority. The significant fact is, that this minority is in constant increase. And, moreover, the dances in the gymnasium are to many of the guests scarcely more enjoyable than to these unwilling hostesses.

There is but one class of girls to whom these dances are invariably pleasurable—those who do not often go. These are, in general, the girls off the campus. It is nonsense to deny that these girls, necessarily less well-

known in the college houses than the campus dwellers, are given comparatively few invitations to dances and plays. In view of these facts, does it not seem a pity that precisely these girls should be denied the privilege of giving dances? This privilege they are not formally, but practically, denied, because though with scattered residences and small parlors they cannot use the gymnasium for this purpose.

Why not change this relation a little? Instead of the present system, by which the privilege cannot but be irksome to some, let dances be only for her who wills. The following plan is not proposed as an adequate solution of the problem of large dances. It is offered only in the hope that it may be suggestive of some better method. Even should it be accepted in its general outline, the details could undoubtedly be altered.

Let certain dates be set apart at the beginning of each semester. A week, or two, before such an open date, a numbered paper might be posted, on which the names of all those who wish to go to the dance should be written before a certain date. Each name should be written opposite its number. When the last number on the sheet, marking the capacity of the gymnasium, is reached, the list should be closed. Tickets might then be sold to the girls whose names were on the list; the price of the tickets would defray the expenses of the dance. The posted list of names would enable friends to make their engagements before the dance, if they so chose. Previous engagements, however, should be by no means necessary; absence of programs might even add to the enjoyment of the evening. The advantages of this method are that only those who enjoy them would go to dances, that opportunity would be equal, that the money tax on individuals would be much less, and that the hateful process of making out half a dozen dance cards would be done away with; it would not prevent friends from dancing together, and might even facilitate this; but it would give campus girls and those off the campus a better opportunity of becoming acquainted.

The responsibility of posting the announcements, selling tickets, and engaging musicians should rest with a regularly elected committee, chosen for that purpose at definite intervals. To prevent the overburdening of this committee, it might even be made a rotating body; that is, after each dance, one member would retire, another be chosen in her place, and so on in regular sequence. This rotation could be left in the hands of the committee.

CALENDAR

- Nov. 12, Mr. Joseph Jefferson's address to the college.
 " 13, Concert by the Beethoven Club.
 Current Events Club Meeting.
 " 15, Third Lecture on Italian Art: "Raphael, Michael
 Angelo, Fra Bartolommeo."
 " 16, Phi Kappa Psi Meeting. Lecture by Mrs. L. Or-
 miston Chant.
 Dewey House: "The Rose and the Ring."
 " 19, Colloquium Meeting.
 Oriental Club Meeting.
 " 20, Hubbard House Play: "Love's Chase."
 Wallace House: Musical Tea.
 " 21, Open Meeting of the Biological Society.
 " 23, Open Meeting of the Alpha Society. Lecture by
 Mr. Geo. P. Baker: "The Ethical Drama."
 Stoddard House: "Ici On Parle Français."
 " 24, Lawrence House: Yale-Harvard Dance.
 " 26, Greek Club Meeting.
 Colloquium Meeting.
 " 27—Dec. 2, Thanksgiving recess.
 Dec. 3, Mr. Richard Burton: "Technique of Literature."
 " 7, Open Meeting of the Phi Kappa Psi Society. Lec-
 ture by Mr. Hamilton Maybie: "Literature as
 a Personal Resource."
 Open Meeting of the Current Events Club. Miss
 Dudley of Dennison House, Boston, speaks on
 Labor Unions.
 Washburn House: "An Anonymous Letter."
 Lawrence House: "The Reveries of a Bachelor."
 " 10, Students' Recital.
 Colloquium Meeting.
 " 11, Glee, Banjo and Mandolin Club Concert.
 " 13, Open Meeting of the Philosophical Society. Lec-
 ture by Prof. Wm. James: Psychology and Re-
 laxation.
 " 14, Morris House Fair.
 Christmas Meeting of the Alpha Society.
 Second Lecture by Mr. Burton: "Ideal in Litera-
 ture."
 Dickinson House: "An Educational Experiment."

THE
SMITH COLLEGE
MONTHLY

JANUARY · 1896



CONDUCTED BY THE SENIOR CLASS

CONTENTS

THE PHILOSOPHICAL SOCIETY	<i>H. N. Gardiner</i>	1
THE NEW YEAR	<i>E. R. Cutter</i>	5
TWO STORIES OF ADVENTURE	<i>F. A. Paine</i>	5
WHITTIER'S OLD HOME	<i>M. P. Read</i>	11
A SYBARITE	<i>E. T. Ames</i>	14
A THREEFOLD CORD	<i>J. D. Daskam</i>	15

CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

VERSES	<i>Edith Kellogg Dunton</i>	27
ART INTEREST AT SMITH	<i>Harriet Louise Peloubet</i>	27

THE SERIOUS ELEMENT IN THE WORK AT SMITH COLLEGE

	<i>Cornelia Sherman Harter</i>	29
I CANNOT QUITE FORGET	<i>Anna Hempstead Branch</i>	31
A FIRST IMPRESSION	<i>Clarace Goldner Eaton</i>	31
ILLUSTRATION	<i>Ruth Shepard Phelps</i>	33
EDITORIAL		35
EDITOR'S TABLE		38
BOOK REVIEWS		41
ALUMNÆ DEPARTMENT		43
ABOUT COLLEGE		46
CALENDAR		48

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THE PHILOSOPHICAL SOCIETY

The Philosophical Society is the latest of the voluntary associations among the students at Smith for the promotion of special scientific interests. Outside the class-room the literary interests are organized in the two Greek letter societies and in the college MONTHLY, Chemistry has its Colloquium, Botany and Zoology are represented by the Biological Society, and various clubs, such as the Greek Club, the Voice Club, the Oriental Club, express the effort on the part of teachers and students to develop knowledge and efficiency in the departments to which they severally belong. The Philosophical Society shares the general aim of these older associations, from which, indeed, as from similar associations elsewhere, it derives its idea and encouragement. Like them it seeks to supplement the work of the class-room by giving to the students opportunity for a freer expression of their interest in the work of a particular department in an organization of their own. The Society is therefore not a new class. In a class, the work is dominated by the course of instruction; in the Society, we do not propose to pursue a new 'course' of study. For the present at least the plan is to take up in discussion various questions suggested by the regular philosophical courses. There are many matters of great interest and importance which cannot be treated in the class-

room at all ; others can only be treated roughly and briefly which nevertheless deserve far more careful consideration ; and even those that are entered into with some detail are very far from being exhausted. This is particularly true of all the more elaborate investigations in Psychology and of all the great questions in Philosophy and Ethics. The Philosophical Society will serve, in a measure, to supply this deficiency. Moreover, it is hoped and expected that there will be an entire absence of that sense of official restraint which the best understanding between teacher and students fails to quite dispel from the atmosphere of the class-room. Our main business will be with papers prepared by the students, the discussions will be discussions by the students ; the principal functions of the instructors will be to suggest topics and to make such provision for the meetings and such other recommendations as may seem most profitable. Nor is the Society in the strict sense a 'seminary.' Like the seminary, however, it has as its chief object the development of independence of thought and enquiry among its members.

But while thus agreeing in its general purpose with the other college associations of a similar character, the Philosophical Society may be expected to develop a character of its own in accordance with its special purpose and the nature of the subjects which it deals with. To it belong matters of the most abstruse order and of the most far-reaching theoretical consequences. Many of the problems which will come up for consideration are presumably, like many of the problems of natural science,—and in Psychology we include a natural science—not capable at the present time of any definitive solution ; but they can nevertheless be reflected on, and must be reflected on, if man is not arbitrarily to cut short his interest in the things of the spirit because, forsooth, their consideration is attended with insurmountable difficulties and the conclusions are tentative and open to dispute. One of the surest marks of an educated man is his ability to appreciate the points of difficulty in intellectual problems ; another is his ability to meet them ; still another is his interest in such problems in spite of their difficulty. The Philosophical Society, in undertaking to discuss some of the most difficult of problems, is aware that its results are not likely to be of any great objective importance. Subjectively, however, its work will be of the very greatest importance if it enhance the individual's powers of reflection, sustain interest in

philosophical questions and cultivate the philosophical temper. In aiming to do this, it merely carries out the primary purpose of all the college work in this department, a purpose, it must be confessed, which is often concealed by the immediate object of instruction, but which is nevertheless its animating principle. But the Philosophical Society can fulfil this aim in some respects much better than the class-room. If the class-room gives material and suggestion, the Society gives a freer range for their application. Here the responsibility is thrown upon the students themselves, who themselves make direct experiment, come into intimate and personal encounter, with difficult and abstract problems and whose success or failure is open to continual criticism from their fellows. And if power of reflection and the philosophical temper and interest in philosophical problems cannot be acquired from instruction but only from exercise, then, indeed, the Philosophical Society is calculated to exert no mean influence on the intellectual life of its members.

One of the principal methods for carrying out the purpose of the Society will be by regularly organized debates. The first question selected for debate was the James-Lange theory of Emotion, two defending and two attacking the theory in papers prepared beforehand. The appointment of two students on either side of a question assures co-operation and previous discussions in the preparation of the debates. Another method is by reports on discussions in recent literature. The first report is to be made next month by three members, among whom the work has been distributed, on recent theories of pleasure and pain. Occasionally a meeting may be devoted to the reading of longer papers, a selection, it may be, if they should appear to be of sufficient general interest and value, from those prepared in connection with the work of the classes. In all cases, the reading of the papers will be followed by a general discussion. But while the Society must look for its chief support to contributions from its own members and has indeed its chief aim in furthering self-activity in philosophical enquiry, it is hoped that from time to time it may receive the benefit of addresses from instructors from other institutions and thinkers of eminence whose words carry weight and influence. With characteristic courtesy, Professor James, of Harvard, added to an already existing over-pressure of work, by preparing a special address inaugurating the Society on the 13th of December ; and

the Society cannot do less than record its appreciation as well of his kindness as of the address itself, valuable for its practical suggestions and delivered with rare charm. Professor C. Lloyd Morgan, of Bristol, England, will lecture on 'The Relation of Instinct to Emotion' at the next meeting. Professor Seth, of Brown, has promised a paper on an ethical subject for a meeting in February. In all, it is proposed this year to hold nine meetings, three for addresses from invited lecturers, three for debates and three for reports or papers by the students. Meeting fortnightly, the Society will close its sessions for the year by the time of the Spring Recess and, as not more than about twenty will be called on to take parts requiring special preparation, it should not prove any very great additional burden to its members.

The desirability of some such organization as the one now started has long been felt by the Philosophical Department. As of thought generally, so especially of philosophical thought, it may be truly said that it lives only by its expression; and while there has never been any lack of general interest in the regular work of the department, while the students have co-operated by their intelligent receptivity in a way to make the work of instruction easy and delightful with the efforts of the teacher in the class-room and have always shown the greatest readiness to carry out his suggestions, active and independent expression of thought on the part of the students has not perhaps been equally manifest. And then there is another reason for the Philosophical Society: and that is, the desirability of keeping in evidence the unity of the several branches of philosophical discipline, a unity easily lost sight of in the increasing differentiation of the work and the increasing opportunity in the college for exclusive electives in its several branches. The Society will include students of Psychology and Ethics as well as of Philosophy proper, and as it is not meant in the choice of topics to show special partiality to any one of these branches, even those students who are not taking all the courses, will find here opportunity for recognizing the common interest which underlies their diversity. But hitherto no such favorable occasion for forming the Society has been found as the present. When the classes were smaller, the need was not so much felt. Of late years, the department has not been suitably organized for such a Society. Now, however, with the Ethics once more assigned

to the Philosophical Department, with the Logic in the hands of a resident teacher, with the beginnings of a laboratory for Experimental Psychology, with the whole work divided between instructors heartily wishing to co-operate in the promotion of its interests and with a large and enthusiastic body of students desirous of sustaining the Society, its organization seemed almost a matter of course. What its future is to be will be determined to no little extent by the experience of the present year. The conditions under which we begin seem altogether favorable. We have over a hundred members, disposed in the best possible manner to make the venture successful, and of a measurable degree of success this year there is no reasonable fear. It is less a doubt whether the enthusiasm will not die out than whether the numbers are not too large. It may be found necessary another year in some way to limit the membership as in the other societies. But after all, the Philosophical Society is a very unpretending thing. It has some modest hopes of justifying its existence in our college world by its results. Then more may be said of it. Whatever its prosperity, it will always seek to recognize its short-comings and to make better the future.

H. N. GARDINER.

THE NEW YEAR

"At midnight there will be a change;"
We heard and had no fear
A change—the morning hours bring joy,
'Twill be a glad New Year.

"At midnight there will be a change"—
We sobbed it out with groan and tear,
Yet people in the street below
Were wishing glad New Year.

ELIZABETH REEVE CUTTER.

TWO STORIES OF ADVENTURE

When two men, in writing a book, have practically the same problem before them, it is interesting to see how each one works it out in his own way, and at the same time to notice how much, if any, the later writer is influenced by the earlier one and what

part of his work is not wholly original. So we inquire in the case of *The Raiders*, would Mr. Crockett have written his story if Lorna Doone had not appeared some years previously? We think we may safely answer no to this question, although the way in which Mr. Crockett has worked out the suggestion given him by Lorna Doone is necessarily very different from that which Mr. Blackmore adopted. No two men can be expected to stand in exactly the same relation to any given material, and so the expression that they give to themselves and to it must be different.

Both Lorna Doone and *The Raiders* are stories of adventure rather than of analysis of character. Both are told in the first person, but with this important difference that in Lorna Doone it is splendid, big, John Ridd the hero of the book, who tells the story, while in *The Raiders* the real hero is not nominally so. Patrick Heron, who tells the story, can lay no claim to real heroism, but it is the long, lank, Silver Sand, who always appears at the critical moment and rescues every one out of the most hopeless difficulties, to whom we give all our admiration. If we sometimes accuse John Ridd of being a little vain of himself and of his remarkable strength, we are equally likely to censure Patrick Heron for making himself out more cowardly and less of a man than he really is. He says he is "in no wise partial to exercise" and prefers to take the tiller rather than the oars. This is very true and we cannot imagine John Ridd enduring inactivity like this. But when does John ever confess—"the truth is, I was most mortally afraid," or when was he "so sorely daunted that he could have wept?" His courage does not have to be "sewed up" as is so often the case with poor Patrick. He rather challenges and defies us to point to any action which is not that of a perfectly fearless and confident man. But although Patrick is always disclaiming any sort of bravery, we notice that when it actually comes to the point he proves himself plucky. In the attack which the Maxwells led against the outlaws, he seems only heroic offering to undertake the dangerous task of reconnoitering the enemy's stronghold; but he spoils his own fine figure the very next moment by confessing that he repented his offer directly after it was made, and that his heart quaked within him at the thought of the danger. Still he goes on and plays his part bravely. But it is scarcely fair to compare this boy with the stalwart John Ridd, since he

is manifestly not intended for the hero of the story. As for Silver Sand, could there be a greater contrast than between him and the sturdy man of Devon? He is strong, to be sure, with a certain wiry, tough, and enduring sort of strength, but it is principally by aid of his brains that he accomplishes all he does, while John Ridd overcomes everything by pure, physical overwhelming size and power.

The Raiders is more a story of the sea than of the land. Even when the action is not on the sea, we seem to feel the strong salt breezes, and there is the sound of the breakers and a dash of the spray on every page in the wildness and freedom and roughness of it all. While the atmosphere of *Lorna Doone*, although always burdened with an indefinable dread of something impending, is more peaceful and beautiful and quiet. It is just the difference between Scotch and English scenery, between the mountains and the moorlands. The homeliness or comfortableness of *Lorna Doone* impresses us. There is a sense of greater reality, though perhaps of more common-place reality, than we find in *The Raiders*. There all is unusual and wild and exciting, while in *Lorna Doone* we have the comfortable, every day home life of the Ridds, contrasting in its homely simplicity with the altogether reckless and law-defying life of the nobly-born but base-lived Doones.

There is an air of mystery about both these stories. In *The Raiders* it centres around the singular character of the hero. We feel there is some connection between him and the often-mentioned John Faa, Lord and Earl of Little Egypt, but it is not until the very end that the identity of Silver Sand and the powerful ruler of the gipsies is established. In *Blackmore's* story, *Lorna Doone* is the one mysterious character. Who she is and how she happens to be holding the position of queen in that valley of horrors is a matter of some speculation, even if we remember, as we are not apt to do on first reading, the poor child whom John had seen flung over the saddle of a Doone in an early chapter of the book. Besides the mystery encircling Silver Sand in *The Raiders*, there is a general uncanny atmosphere about that book best shown in the appearance at several critical moments of the "loathly hounds," dreadful, supernatural looking beasts which go loping through the whole story. In *Lorna Doone* we find also a superstitious element. There are always mysterious sounds to be heard on the moors, some-

times perfectly explainable, as that of the creaking of the gibbet which John hears when returning from school ; sometimes more weird and terrible—as that long, mysterious, wailing sound that came creeping across Exmoor in the dense fogs so frequent there. No one could describe the sound—no one could tell whence it came, but it made a man crouch nearer to the fire or draw the bed clothes round him whenever it came. The suggestion of the supernatural seems to be stronger, however, in *The Raiders* than in *Lorna Doone* ; perhaps this is due to the more superstitious character of the Scotch people.

There are many things besides the mere fact that the two stories deal with exciting and romantic adventure, which lead us to think that Mr. Crockett must have had *Lorna Doone* in his mind when he wrote his story. In the first place his theme is the same—the rescue of a beautiful maiden from the hands of outlaws, one of whom wishes to make her his wife. Incidentally he brings in many similar episodes and frequently we hear distinct echoes from the earlier tale. It can scarcely be by chance that Patrick Heron says in excuse for having swooned at a critical moment, “ I was green and had not yet come to my strength.” It seems a recollection of what John Ridd had said when people wondered why he did not do something against the Doones—“ my strength was not come upon me.” The description of the tremendous snow storm in *The Raiders*, comparing it with that of the “ great winter ” in *Lorna Doone*, is a good instance of the similarity of episode in the two books. Here we may get in a marked degree the points of view from which the stories are written. Mr. Crockett's story is wild, exciting and utterly romantic ; there is a greater remoteness about it—a sense of unreality and perhaps more picturesqueness than in *Lorna Doone*. On the other hand, *Lorna Doone* is full of home touches. We have continually the smell of the hams in Annie's neat kitchen, and even during the dreadful snow storm by which they lost all their live stock excepting a few sheep, we see the bright fire of fagots inside the living room and feel it a cheerful cosy place. But in the Aughty, where Silver Sand and Patrick are confined during the sixteen drifty days, there is nothing that is not weird and unusual.

John Ridd is a more distinct personality than Patrick Heron. Mr. Blackmore has thrown himself entirely into the character of his hero. We have a strong man talking to men from his

own experiences. The story, too, is more diffuse, less compact and "well drilled" than *The Raiders* and in this way it keeps up the idea of a personal narrator. In the other tale, the artist is constantly fashioning his work and standing apart from it. John Ridd says truly, "If any one expects of me a strict and well-drilled story standing 'at attention' all the time, with hands at the sides like two wens on my trunk and eyes going neither right nor left, I trow, that man has been disappointed many a page ago."

John is a little bit too sophisticated at times—too worldly-wise and clever for the clumsy, blundering yeoman he makes himself out to be, and we have a right to accuse him of not always knowing himself perfectly. He is a "plain man" and he is thick headed at times, but that he is not a poet and a gentleman in the truest sense of the word we cannot allow. We wish he would not profess quite so much ignorance of long words and make such a labor of writing, because we cannot help feeling that it is a bit of mock modesty. When at times he is sensible of his best qualities, we like him best. Why does he always speak of himself as slow and sluggish when there never was a man more guided by impetuous impulse from the days of his school fights till he became a grown man and by reckless daring had won his Lorna?

Throughout the whole book there is a hearty enjoyment of eating combined with a genuine love of nature in a very delightful way. We see this when John speaks enthusiastically of the dew and the bread of Exmoor in the same breath—"The dew is so crisp and pure and pearly and in such abundance, and the bread is so sweet and kind and homely, you can eat a loaf and then another." The hearty, healthy delight in good mutton-pastry and cold roast pig gives a wholesome tinge to the story of Lorna Doone. This is quite lacking in *The Raiders* where our minds are overloaded with horrors. There is in Lorna Doone a sweet rural smell as of cows at milking-time and delicious clover hay which relieves our mind of the dread and terror which the lawless Doones so often inspire in us.

We cannot help smiling when he speaks of eating as "tooth work," but we have to grant that it is a very expressive phrase. Nothing is common-place or insignificant to him. The "new pig-sties" serve as well-known and appropriate land-marks and the eggs of the blue hen are most fitting gifts for his beautiful

Lorna. Could anything be more delightfully naïve in expression than John's description of his feelings after some one had vehemently run—head down—at the middle of his waist-coat? "For a moment or more my breath seemed dropped, as it were, from my pockets, and my life seemed to stop from great want of ease." His language changes in a curious way when he speaks of Lorna. It loses whatever austerity and uncouthness had characterized it before and seems transfigured by Lorna's beauty and delicate refinement. He becomes a very poet when he tells of how Lorna came to him among the primroses, like the first wind flower in spring. At times his descriptions amount to genuine poetry and might easily be scanned. The following quotation is only one of many—"Not only unashamed of grief, but much abashed with joy was I when I saw my Lorna coming purer than the morning dew, than the sun now bright and clear. That which made me love her so, that which lifted my heart to her as the spring wind lifts the clouds, was the gayness of her nature and its inborn playfulness. And yet all this with maiden shame, a conscious dream of things unknown and a sense of fate about them." All the poetry of the book centres about Lorna—she is its embodiment and expression.

The treatment of the love story in the two books is very different and is characteristic of their general tone. May Mischief has all the wildness and unconventionality of her native mountains. She is strong and brave and beautiful, but less soft and distinctly feminine than the gentle Lorna. So in her courtship there is none of the poetry we find in Lorna Doone—it is matter-of-fact and sedate. If Lorna Doone is characterized by a poetical manner of expression, so is *The Raiders* by a particularly vivid and lively manner. The descriptions are strong and vigorous rather than purely beautiful as in Lorna Doone. The phrases are suggestive,—often flashing. Rheumatism is described as a little rope round a man's foot, and Silver Sand is described as having "exceedingly long arms which he carried swinging at his sides as if they belonged to somebody else who had hung them there to drip." These same arms he is said to have "laid from the elbow to the wrist on the heather before him as though they were actual weapons." Another man is described as having "the air of a man who carries his own head for a hand lantern."

There is a considerable amount of humor in *The Raiders* and this is almost entirely lacking in *Lorna Doone*. Patrick says, in speaking of cross cuts, "When will I learn to walk in the old ways and be content? Possibly in the next world when I shall not be able, for there as we are told upon authority, all things shall be new." There is also much fine fun in the tale of the humorsome calf that died suddenly. As there is little humor in *Lorna Doone*, so is there but very little real pathos, though there is much that is sad. But in *The Raiders* the element of pathos is very strong and especially so in connection with Samuel and his wife. Mr. Crockett seems to take more pains to round out some of his minor characters than did Mr. Blackmore. Both Samuel and his wife are distinct personalities and the old aunt is admirably done. Mr. Blackmore seems to be content to give us one characteristic of many of his friends and to let them always be known by that. John gives us nearly the whole when he says, "Our Eliza was meant for books, our dear Annie for loving and cooking, I John Ridd, for sleep and wrestling and the thought of Lorna; and mother to love all three of us and to make the best of her children."

Mr. Crockett has labelled his tale as if for children—a true story. "If you go there to-day," he says frequently, "you will find a bullet stuck in the wall or a boulder broken off in a particular way, so that you can prove the absolute accuracy of what I am saying." Mr. Blackmore makes us forget to question the author. We only remember that John Ridd is telling us the story of *Lorna Doone*.

FLORENCE A. PAINE.

WHITTIER'S OLD HOME

Whittier's old home is about five miles out from the city, on the old country road over which the electric cars now run from Haverhill to the town of Amesbury. If one is so fortunate as to go with a native of Haverhill, he feels before he has reached the old homestead, that he has seen a great deal of Whittier, since his traditions are everywhere. One will show you, even before you have left the city, the academy where Whittier went for a few terms when he was a young man, and whose former

name, the "Haverhill Academy," was changed into the "Whittier Academy" in his honor. A few miles out in the country they will point out to you the site of the old district school where he learned to read and write and do his sums. They will show you the old block-house, the old powder-house on the hill, Lake Kenoza encircled with its wooded hills, and the old sycamores along the Merrimac, all introduced to your attention by the phrase: "which you remember reading of in Whittier."

As we got off the car we could catch only glimpses of the house through the thicket of willows that grows by the little stream running along the roadside. It was not until we stood on the rude bridge with its railing of quartered logs, that we could see it all. It has the air of a typical New England farm—a white wooden house, plain and without porch or shutters; the old well with its long sweep on the grassy space in front; the wood-lot to the left; the barn with its sloping sheds across the way; between it and the house the road with its green border on either side, winding on out of sight through the fields; and the old stone-wall, with clumps of yellow lilies here and there, separating the yard from the road. Over it all was the air of intense quiet that seems to pervade some places.

Before going into the house, we turned to the well and looked down. It is very old; the walls are moss-grown, and here and there a tiny fern peeps out between the crevice of the stones; but far down one can see the clear shining bottom of water.

The house has been changed as little as possible since Whittier lived there. Many pieces of furniture which belonged to the Whittier family have been given to the home by Whittier's niece. It is in charge of a family who live in part of it. The rest is open to the public, who may have the privilege of seeing it by paying ten cents, which goes toward the cost of keeping it up.

We went first into the old kitchen. It is a low ceiled room with a dark painted floor. One notices first the great brick fire-place which takes up nearly all of one side of the room. The brass andirons and the iron crane do not begin to fill the huge cavity. By stooping down and looking up the wide chimney we could see the light. At either side of the fire-place are little iron doors opening into ovens where the family baking was done.

On the hearth there is a Dutch-oven; an iron pot; the warm-

ing-pan, which took the chill from hospitable sheets on many a winter night ; and there was the foot-stove which kept feet warm on many a sleigh-ride and through long-winded sermons in the cold meeting-house. In a little niche in the brick above the fire-place is a quaint bull's eye watch.

Against the opposite wall stands a cupboard, on whose shelves, among more ordinary dishes, are some old family pieces of pewter, and some of old blue Delft. In one corner of the room is the desk that Whittier used. Two low windows look out upon the orchard and the fields beyond.

There is in all this a homely, yet not common-place air. The very simplicity and homeliness, together with the age and familiar associations, make it poetry in the rough. We can see how it looked in the winter evenings long ago, lighted up by the ruddy flickering light of the great wood fire on the hearth. We can hear the green log at the back sing and hiss, and the dry wood on top snap and crackle so noisily that the house dog lifts up for a moment his drowsy head from his outstretched paws. The mother with her somewhat severe yet kind face, sits spinning at her place by the fireside. There is the elder sister busy with the mending, and the younger one on the home-braided rug, too little to have a task, but young enough to be everyone's pet. We can imagine the tales that the father tells of his life among the trappers of the Maine woods, or of fishing off the New Hampshire coast. And we can see the boy Whittier himself sitting on the floor by the fire, watching the apples that are simmering on the hearth and listening to the tales, which, when his father leaves off, his mother or his aunt takes up.

To the right of the fire-place is the door opening into the room where Whittier was born. Like the kitchen, it is low. Its two windows look out over the wide grassy front-yard with the old well-sweep at one side. The wood-work of the room is white and its walls have been recently papered. It has a small fire-place which seems almost like a toy beside the great one in the kitchen. The brass andirons and tongs and the leather bellows that belonged to it years ago are still in use.

The room contains many pieces of furniture that belonged to the family. Standing by the hearth is the flax-wheel that belonged to Whittier's mother. There is also her old-fashioned chintz covered rocking-chair. An old mahogany chest of drawers with an odd little box-like arrangement on top, that once

belonged to Whittier's aunt, stands against one side of the wall. Over it in a wide gold frame hangs a painting of Whittier, taken in middle life. Against another side of the wall is a mahogany stand with rounded leaves, and a straight backed chair with a rush bottom woven by Whittier's father.

The articles in this room are so very well preserved, that perhaps it is on this account that the room has a shut-up air. One felt the vague regret and lonesomeness so characteristic of show houses and museums. To me at any rate, though it was very interesting, it lacked the feeling of the simple old-fashioned every day life which one recognizes at once in the old kitchen.

As I stood by the window of the kitchen looking out upon the orchard and thinking of the room within and of Whittier, I wondered whether if we could go back into the simple way of living whose survivals were about me, we would not be better people. But the times are different; what seems to us to have been in those days a beautiful way of living would now be a life apart from the many advantages and demands of the world to-day. What made Whittier's way of living so beautiful was not that he sat by an old-fashioned fire-place, not that he slept in a cold upper chamber through whose roof he could see the stars. It was not because he lived out of the whirl of the world that his manner of life was beautiful, but rather because of his perception of the beauty of nature, and because he preserved the old-fashioned virtues of simplicity and goodness of heart, of true nobility and peace of conscience.

MARION PUGH READ.

A SYBARITE

White roses, roses ! Flowers !
Deep greens, and warm green shade !
Whispering rose-sweet hours,
Can sweet, red roses fade ?
[What is there behind the closed shutter?]

The breath of the silence sleeping
Beats like the heart of a maid.
One scarlet rose is keeping
A bee, unwilling, delayed.
[Hark ! Some one weeps at the shutter.]

Let me not list to the tears
The roses are careless—and I—
'Tis like the ghost of past years,
That breath of a mournful sigh.
['Tis the world, behind the closed shutter.]

My heart is the crimson noon
Of a slumbering summer's day.
Poor world, for it cries for the moon,
And the moon is old and gray.
[There are bitter tears, at the shutter.]

Content thee, heart, with pleasure,
And let the sad world pay.
Eternity is our leisure,
And the perfume is sweet to-day.
[I have turned my back to the shutter.]
EDITH THEODORA AMES.

A THREEFOLD CORD

"For Death and Time bring on the prime
Of God's own chosen weather ;
And we lie in the peace of the Great Release
As once in the grass together."

It is more than good of you to remember an old man so sweetly—you, whose life is only hope, as yet. And I have only memories to offer you—only memories. Soon I shall say, only a memory, for all that does not have to do with the one sweetness of my life, drops away from me, year by year ; and all that can be in the faintest way connected with it is woven together and knotted about it and grows one with it.

You like to hear me talk ? Strange ! And yet, is it so strange, after all ? You have her blood in your veins, you have her voice, you have her eyes. I would say, the look that was in her eyes. For eyes like hers neither I nor any one will ever see again.

You have seen her picture ? But that is so faint, so slight a shadow of her beauty ! And it was painted before she was most lovely ; before that love came to her that flushed her cheeks and deepened her lips and put a light in her eyes that will light my soul forever. She was only seventeen when that

picture was painted : she was twenty when Alden Wentworth met her and loved her : she was twenty-one when she died.

She never seemed to grow. She never was undeveloped : for the while she lived she was a perfectly beautiful woman—beautiful in body and mind and spirit. Every one who knew her felt this to some degree, I think, but no one, I am perfectly sure, felt it as I did. I took into my heart the beauty of her at our first meeting,—I have never lost it.

I remember quite well the day, the hour when I saw her for the first time. It was my twelfth birthday, and I had taken my birthday book of fairy-tales into the garden to read it alone. I was a strange child : precocious, and yet very childish in many ways, and when, after an hour's reading, I looked up and saw her standing by me, I realized instantly that the love of my whole life stood there, and yet half believed her a fairy princess, fresh from Arthur's court.

I was never curious, and as a child I questioned very little the people and things about me. So I accepted her as I accepted the other beautiful things of my life, and I forgot so soon that I had ever been without her !

Her name, Ursula, meant for me everything dear and lovely. Her clothes—she wore always white—were the visible purities of life for me. And her eyes—O you must not for a moment imagine that you have any idea of her eyes ! They were brown like autumn water, and glinted with wonderful gold flecks ; they dazzled you when they flashed, they hurt you when they filled with tears, they fascinated you always.

Her people had bought the large estate near ours, and we were soon well acquainted. I am old now ; her mother and father died long, long ago ; the park and the brook and the field are built over with ugly little houses, and the peacock that spread his great tail for our pleasure is only a faded fan on my wall—but Ursula is always young, always lovely.

You are older than she was then, I think ? Ah, yes ; she was only seventeen. But you are far younger in many ways than she. She seemed, somehow, to have missed all the crudeness and painfulness of youth, and to have retained all its freshness and purity. She was a perfectly matured woman and a beautiful, young girl at once. Her eyes were full of memories and feeling that she could not possibly have had, yet they drew to her the hearts of men and women far older than she.

No one of her family could account for her mysterious knowledge of life in phases so different from those she had known. I think they were all somewhat in awe of her. She was much alone, she told me, until she came to my home. Then, when it was at all possible, I was with her. From the moment that I saw her eyes, I was her slave. And though it may seem a foolish thing to say, I was in a way her master. No one ever knew Ursula as I knew her. What she so mysteriously divined of the lives of others, I knew of her. I had none of her gracious completeness of nature; I was only a precocious, morbid boy, with vague, sweet dreams of a life of my own imagining and an oblivious carelessness for other things that was almost stupidity. But where Ursula was concerned I was marvelously intuitive, perfectly sympathetic.

Child as I was, I felt that she was much older than her seventeen years. I had always the strong impression of her gracious, perfectly poised womanhood: I knew always that her love leaned down to me from immeasurable heights, and cradled my hot, unhappy, little soul into a peace that was itself a rapture.

I told you we were always together? After a little we hardly ever parted, except for the night. I was not allowed regular study, and Ursula was like the child Buddha—she seemed to have always known.

But you must not think of her as one of those too-early brilliant children: they are almost always distorted in growth. She was not what you would call an unusually intellectual woman, I think. She seemed to have gathered to herself all the results of all the beautiful passions she read of, and to express them in her life. She felt the things she had learned—she did not simply know them.

We used to sit under the large elm in the park with the warm, high grass close to our faces, and the cool shadows across our eyes. We would watch the peacock strutting in the sun, and hear the fountain trickle, and breathe the heavy, rose-weighted air so slowly, so lazily! And my head would lie in Ursula's lap, and her hand would stir my hair so lightly that I could never be sure if it were her hand or the wind.

We read old, old ballads, and tales of the Round Table and Arthur, and Ursula, I remember, tried to make me like the Pilgrim's Progress. But I did not care for it. It was too simple and severe and honest. My little Pagan soul thirsted for the

rose and gold of chivalry, the scents and skies of the Arabian Nights, the dear, human gods of the lovely Greeks.

So when I had listened for a moment to the simple Christian and his troubles, I would snatch the book from her hands and throw it out of her reach, and begin to read myself from the adventures of Sir Kay and Sir Gawain, and of their ladies and dwarfs and enchantments ; and Ursula would smile her beautiful smile, and kiss me, and listen, with her wonderful eyes fixed on the sky beyond us, and her mouth curved as only could curve the sweetest mouth in all the world.

It is all so long ago—so long ago ! The fountain is choked now, and the book is worn and torn and yellow, but Ursula—Ursula smiles as lovely as then !

For three years we lived so—the three happy years of my life. I am an old man, my dear, and I have suffered greatly. I have seen my illusions fade ; I have watched my ideals fall. I have had few friends and many enemies. I have been rarely well in body or in mind. But not for all the health and comfort and joy of any other man's life would I lose those three years with Ursula. They were sent me, I firmly believe, by the God who knew the sorrows and sufferings of my peculiar temperament, since He had given them and it to me.

Day after day I live again those blessed hours. How it must seem foolish to you ! But you are not the one to know how real, how comforting the dream life can be. Your mother was too happily, heartily busy ; too healthily intolerant of the vagaries of life to have given her daughter the sympathy that—and yet, you have the look of Ursula's eyes ! And you really care to know the rest ?

It was only three years—three short, short years. But they were not short to us. We read and dreamed and loved each other ; I with the selfish, passionate adoration of a boy for an older woman, Ursula with the deep, loving tenderness that is so foreign to girlhood.

One day we went as usual to the park, and carried our lunch with us—bread and fruit and bowls of creamy milk. I see her now as she held the blue bowl on her white lap and leaned against the elm, laughing. She had rare fits of teasing merriment that carried me away, utterly, out of the tired melancholy of my moods, and made me for one hour almost the boy I should have always been. She made me feed my bread to the

peacock, and gave me half of hers, kissing each piece before I took it from her smooth fingers ; she lifted her white skirts and danced gracefully to the wondering bird ; she sang soft Italian boat-songs low in her throat, and mocked me when I tried to sing with her.

I have seen many women and many have been kind to me, pitying perhaps a nervous invalid. More than one woman has given to me the best of a brilliant mind, a fascinating personality. But never have I known a woman who could compare in any way with Ursula for pure magnetism of spirit. She was child, girl and woman at once ; spring and summer and mellow autumn.

I remember how she tilted back her head, and measured herself against the dark, rough tree, and how I took the bits of bark out of her lovely hair, and how she shook it down to her knees and began to braid it, singing "Rapunzel, Rapunzel, let down your hair !" And as fast as she braided, I pulled back the strands, till she ran away from me, laughing, shaking it all about her in great chestnut lengths.

She stopped by the ledge, and stood, all pink with running, her face shining out of the frame of brown, her great dimples deepening. I stopped in my breathless rush, almost stunned by her beauty. I had a feeling for the beautiful that was sometimes pain. I have cried like a child over the Ode to the Nightingale and the Grecian Urn. You cannot understand ? But never mind. We are made of different stuff, you and I. But you have her smile.

As I stopped to look at her, I saw her flush deeper, and half turn and turn back again. Her lips parted and she opened her eyes wider ; they glowed like brown stars. I turned, too, and there, looking as one looks at his last seen face on earth, stood a man I had never seen before.

He was hardly, though, a man. With such beauty at twenty-one, I can only imagine what he would have been at thirty. I think there is no picture of him ? Well, it makes no difference. You need only look at the Apollo—the god that has just killed the Python—and you have seen Alden Wentworth. I called him Phoebus from the beginning, and as he stood there, with the sun rays gleaming from his curly yellow head, he might have been the sun-god come again to earth.

My turning broke the spell that held him. He wrenched

away his eyes, bowed, and led his horse across the little brook into the road. And then he rode away. Ursula never moved. Her eyes still watched the place where he had stood. I went to her and touched her hand, but she did not speak to me.

"Ursula! Ursula!" I cried impatiently. "Ursula! why don't you speak? Who was that man? Why did he look so at you?" She lowered her eyes to mine, and slowly began to braid her hair. "I don't know, dear," she said. "Let us go home."

So we went home, and the sun set, and the peacock furred his tail, for there was no one to see. And the blue bowls lay on the grass below the trees, and the fairy-book was stained with the dew.

And I never again went with Ursula and the peacock to the elm tree. For after that day we had rain for a week, and after that, Alden went with us.

He was the most lovable man I ever knew. He was so healthy, so happy, so beautiful to look upon, that one must have been blind and deaf to all influences of soul and sense, not to have loved him. He was as simple and ingenuous as I was complex and subtle. He laughed, and you loved him.

O, those beautiful days! You cannot possibly understand how real they are to me—how dream-like and fantastic this actual life grows, as I live less and less in it and more and more in those times of long ago.

Never was so beautiful a wooing. I was always there, for Ursula would not be without me, and Alden realized that I was unlike other boys, though I doubt if he ever studied very deeply the feeling Ursula and I had for each other. I only know he was not in the least jealous of her open affection for me, and, strangely enough, I never grudged him her love. I have wondered often why this was. Certainly I would have suffered no one else in the world to love her.

You laugh? But I answer you I should not have allowed it. I had a great hold on Ursula.

They did not know for some time why they so loved to be together; Ursula seemed to lose her wonderful perception, and Alden was too utterly and intensely happy to think one moment beside the present.

But one day, as we sat under the trees, I looked at her with new eyes. I saw that her beauty, always great, was fairly glar-

ing, radiant. She seemed taller, larger. Her eyes were dazzling and deeper gold than you ever dream that eyes can be.

"Ursula," I said, wonderingly, "Ursula, how lovely you are! I never knew you were so lovely!" "You are a foolish boy," she answered me, "you have the sun in your eyes."

"No, Ursula," said Alden, "he is quite right. Kay is quite right." (They called me Kay; Sir Kay, the Thoughtful Knight.) And as she turned her smiling eyes to his, they shined into his heart and it flamed into a great fire of love for her—the love of a boy, only once—come in one life. "Ursula," he said, "are you so beautiful because you love me? Because you are glad that I love you?" She was still. Only the fountain's trickle and the peacock's strutting steps disturbed the silence.

"Ursula," he said, "tell me! Is that why?" And she folded her hands on my face, so that I breathed through her laced fingers, and smiled her lovely, mysterious smile.

He took her hands into his and leaned over my stretched out body toward her. And it seemed to me that I was a part of both of them, that I felt their love in a deep, warm, contented happiness through my hungry, eager, little heart.

"Ursula," he whispered, "tell me—tell me now! Is that why?" And she looked at him and laughed softly. "Yes," she said, "Yes. That is why."

And we went home in the dusk that night; Ursula's left hand in his, but her right arm around my neck. And I could have died for the joy I felt—mine and hers and his. And after that it is all before my mind in the form of a gallery of pictures. You would like to see them? I could not give you the color, the light, the warmth—but you shall see.

Ursula, sitting in the high grass, in the hot afternoon, with her chestnut braids hanging, Gretchen fashion, in her lap and across my closed eyes. Alden sits near her, touching sometimes her gown, to be sure it is really she, his Ursula, and not a fairy dream, to be vanished in the sad morning. She leans against the elm and holds the book, resting it on my shoulder. And she reads in her sweet, deep voice the tales I love. Often it is of Kay and Launcelot and their loving strife. "Then Sir Kay dressed him to have helpen Sir Launcelot. Nay, sir, said he, I will none of your help, therefore let me alone with them. Sir Kay for the pleasure of the Knight suffered him to do his will, and so stood aside."

O Ursula, my dear, do you remember those days? Is there in heaven a greater, quieter happiness?

"Then Sir Kay told the King how Sir Launcelot had rescued him when he should have been slain, and how he made the Knights yield them to me and not to him. And there they were, all three, and bare record. And by my faith, said Sir Kay, because Sir Launcelot took my harness and left me his, I rode in good peace, and no man would have ado with me."

I can never forget those tales. They are more clear than many acts of my life, more certain than many facts of less delicious history.

Ursula, leaning on the fountain's edge in the white moonlight; lighting the night with her eyes, telling us strange, sweet thoughts that came to her when she was alone. I cannot tell you those. Only Alden and I heard them; they are too sacred to live in any but the hearts into which they sank.

And she sang to a little, soft, stringed thing, a song I never heard any one else sing. I cannot remember all of it—only the first part. When I try to remember the last verses I grow so sad and so happy and so strangely conscious of her presence that I choke and fall to thinking of her, and forget the song. I took the little stringed toy, afterward, but it broke, and was lost. And the ivory key that tuned it fell into the water one day. But the song—the song lives in my heart; sweet and passionate and part of all white moonlit nights.

I must tell the end, now. You are not tired? That it must end was only what I felt and knew. If such utter, complete happiness had consummated itself, there would have needed no heaven, no earth, for those two. And this is not in the sense that such joy may be said to come to all lovers. I firmly believe that no two people ever loved as they.

They had never loved before; I think a vague feeling that they should not in this life love long, sometimes came to them. When they walked together, people turned to look again at them—they were so wonderfully beautiful. There was a kind of magnetism about Ursula that was almost uncanny. I remember how children crowded about her, and animals followed her, and once a flock of doves wheeled around and around her head and rested on her arms and shoulders. Her mother was afraid—in fact, she feared Ursula a little, always, I think. You have heard your mother speak of that? But she worshipped her, as everyone who knew her did.

For the months that she and Alden were together, she was more radiantly happy than any one I ever saw. You understand me? I mean, not pleased simply, intoxicated for the moment, as young lovers are so often, but deeply, entirely, spiritually happy. You felt that she would be so as long as she lived. When she smiled at you, you wanted to hurry away, as soon as you could leave that smile, and do something—anything—everything for her.

Ah, my dear, she was wonderfully beautiful! I think that such happiness and beauty as hers was given her, together with her strangely wide sympathy and seeming experience of the richness of life, by the fate that should so soon take them away, and that gave them so early and generously.

They walked together, those two, for a short space so gloriously crowded with life that they could afford to lose the rest. They might scorn with a happy laughter the dragged-out length of days, checkered with seldom joys, that others grasp so miserly! Their loving was too perfectly accorded for this earth of discords and jangling harmonies, and so the gods carried them, gently, as the Bird took Ganymede, to their own peace; and rid them soon of the bitterness and weariness that were not for such as they.

You know how it came to them? It was in the winter. Ursula had never been in the North before, during the cold weather. I had always to be taken to the South, and she had always lived there till she came to my home. After that, she went with us, at the first breath of the November storms, to the lovely summer that always waited us in the Southern states.

But I had grown much stronger, and Ursula wanted to see the ice and snow. So we watched the skies grow gray and the ice form on the river and the drifts pile against the windows. And Alden brought to her a pair of silver skates one day, and she skimmed along the river with him like a lovely gray bird, in soft cloudy gray furs, and a little cap on her hair that caught and held the tiny snow crystals in a crinkly halo of glistening white. Her eyes were topaz flames, and her cheeks were deepest rose; I stood at the window to watch till I could not stand any longer, from sheer weariness. And Alden looked like St. Christopher—all strong and brave and beautiful.

Day after day they spent so. Ursula never tired of the rapid, vigorous motion, and grew able to skate for miles. Alden was

so proud of her ! I remember how he fitted the skates to her impatient feet, kneeling low before her, and how he bent his head once, and quickly kissed the clasps.

The skates are rusted, now, with her mother's tears, and the little fur cap is almost destroyed—the moths have left only the rim that touched her hair. But Ursula's eyes gleam now, as ever, and her hair—surely she has at least its lovely shadow ! Ah, my dear, I have indeed laid my treasure up “where moth and rust doth corrupt.”

I have never seen her so lovely as on that terrible day. She was very happy, because they had allowed me to be taken out. Alden had brought to the door a gay little sledge with curved swans' necks for handles, to push with, and warm furs to muffle me close from the wind. And they put on their skates and pushed me up the river. I felt very strong, and so happy ! With the two I best loved on either side, close from the rest of the world, flying over a glassy floor under a deep blue sky, how could I have been more contented ?

Ursula sang from pure glee, now and then, to the rhythmic clicking of the skates. I remember one quaint little snatch of a carol—a Christmas song :

“Noel ! Noel ! now have we joy,
For Christ shall save each girl and boy !”

And Alden and I joined the song, and the banks echoed us.

They skated so far and so fast ! I think we forgot, all three, time and space. There was only the sky and the ice and the clear, frosty air. We were birds, angels, souls—anything but poor humanity, that day. Ursula laid one hand on my shoulder, and pushed with the other, and through her glove it seemed to me I could feel her warm hand—that dear hand !

“Noel ! Noel ! let all be gay,
For Christ was born on Christmas day !”

Ursula's voice was like a bell, so clear and bright ! Did I tell you ?

We flew by bridges and fields and houses faster and faster. I saw that the ice was whiter and coarser, but to my book-fed mind that meant only a greater likeness to the Arctic regions. It grew stiller and stiller. The houses were gone and the bridges were less carefully built. The river grew wider, too, with every mile. Once we met a man, in a narrowing place, and he called to us from the bank and waved his arms. I see

him now—an ugly, black blotch against the white and blue. And we laughed and sang back to him,

“Noel! Noel! now cease to mourn,
The Lord was in a manger born!”

And then—then the sun set. The sky was all a great fire of red and pink and purple, and I shut my eyes for pain—the pain that great beauty brought me. And the coarse, white ice under us gave a great, rending tear, like a quickly-ripped sheet, and I felt a swaying, tilting motion.

I saw Ursula start and Alden tremble, and then I saw them spring to the foot of my sledge, and give a great push, and I rushed backward, straight to the middle of the river.

I saw—Great heavens! I see it now! The horror of the thing is with me in awful, night-mared dreams. I struggle, I try to scream, to move, but I can only sit for three hideous seconds and watch the great stretch of ice sink suddenly from the surface, and the black water rush over it. I see them hold each other close—I hear her call so clearly, “Kay! dear, dear Kay!” I realize that in that voice is only joy; joy that my miserable, worthless, puny life is safe, while their beautiful, vivid existence is slipping from them! I see them, cheek to cheek, in the black water, and then I see the dripping, glistening ice where they were, and with a shriek torn from my very soul—I wake.

They say she had no pain. They say the water was icy and her fur and skates were heavy—God knows if they are right! They say there was no struggle, that they found them in each other’s arms, as I saw them last. They died as they had hoped to die—together.

They say that it would have made no difference, even if I had screamed. There was no one near. It was hours afterward that they found me, fainting in the sledge.

And they carried me to the South, and I have never left it. Every year they come to me, and bring me new facts—and new interests, they say. I want no new interests. The new faces show me only how beautiful and beyond comparison winning were the faces of the two who held my heart. I had but two friends and three years of happiness, but no Heaven can give me such friends, no Eternity can better those years.

They have only gone a while before; I shall go, when the time is ready, and they will come to me together, and we shall know again the joy we knew once. I do not ask such love as she

gives Alden. It may be that I could not bear it. I was always weak. I ask only for the love we had, and that no passion, no tenderness, no adoration can equal. None knew Ursula as I did—not even Alden. She misses me now, a little, I think. If they need no audible speech in heaven, what is that more than we had here, she and I? I was with her when she met him, I was with her when she told him her love, I was with her when she died with him.

Think of it! And tell me if you think God will separate us ever!

I have a fancy to die in the North, as they did. In a few years I shall be taken there, and on some sunset I shall look the last time—you are crying! Does it seem so sad? It is only the end that they wanted—a death together. And such a heaven as they found—all red and pink and purple!

But you cry for me? That is like Ursula! She was always thinking of the one left alone, behind, unhappy. Only I am not unhappy, my dear. At first, I could not see, I would not understand. Now I am grown old, nearly old enough to leave my age behind me, and go to the youth that waits us all.

I seem to have little to do with the present. I live in the past that was so precious and the future that shall be so fair. And that is not wrong for me, for mine has been a strange life, too weak in soul and body for the surge and press of the greater effort, the higher achievement.

There must be other such, though I have never known any one. If only they have known half the love I have tried to tell you, they have been able to bear the pain and shame of weakness, I am sure.

And I comfort myself with the thought that no one can have been altogether undeserving who has won such love.

You must not think of me to-night as one who warms his hands at a dying fire, who eats unsatisfying husks of remembrance. I shall watch the stars come out, one by one; I shall feel the delicious air of the early dusk; I shall remember how pleasant the nights were when she was with me, here. And that is the sweetest memory I can ever desire to have.

So do not cry, and dim the eyes that have her look in them!

CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

VERSES

I.

A little hope, a little fear,
A smile perhaps, and then a tear,
A fleeting joy, then bitter strife—
And that—well that, you know, is Life.

II.

Joyful we tread the paths to our successes,
And careless, all unthinking, do not know,
That underneath each stone that holds our feet so firmly,
There lies a soul that died, heart-sick with failure, long ago.

E. K. D.

When we have visitors at college, among the buildings of interest which we show is the Art Gallery ; perhaps we go in for a while and look absently at the pictures while
Art Interest we carry on a conversation. At such times,
at Smith and when President Seelye reminds us of the advantages offered to us by the Art Gallery, we feel some compunction that we do not more often visit it, not to look at the pictures, but to study them. We hardly stop to inquire why it is that we take so little interest in the Gallery, in spite of the exceptional advantages which we know we have there.

It often seems as if the collection of pictures and casts were wasted on a greater part of the girls in college. Yet I think if we look farther into the question, we may see that this lack of interest is not due to indifference to Art or to our opportunities. The large numbers present at Mr. Van Dyke's series of lectures are a proof of general interest, while the fact that some took full notes even in the dark, showed a real eagerness for knowl-

edge. It is significant that there were probably more visits to the Art Gallery during the weeks of Mr. Van Dyke's lectures than during all the rest of the year. The students are interested in the Gallery as soon as they have the most slender foundation of knowledge about what is in the Gallery.

If we had at Smith the best equipped library in the world, but no courses in literature, and no reading to be done in other courses outside of text books, it is not likely that the library would be over-crowded. Granting that the taste for reading is far more general than that for Art, it is not surprising that the students take no more interest in the Art Gallery.

We have good courses in theme work, which should teach us how to write, and also in the History of Literature, which should teach us to appreciate and criticise literature. But although we have instruction in drawing and painting, we have no course whatever to help those of us who do not draw and paint to be ordinarily intelligent about Art. There have been some attempts at a cast class for art students, but not even the attempt at such a course for the college as a whole. We profess to offer a broad culture. There are courses in Science, in Philosophy, in Literature. We have regular lectures on the History of Music, but on the History of Art perhaps four lectures in as many years. In that direction we are cut off from any more satisfactory knowledge than that which we can gain from desultory reading and the opportunity of looking at good pictures and casts.

I was interested, the other day, looking through the beautiful Art Building at Wellesley. After passing through two rooms, in one of which there were pictures, in another a few casts, and entering a third containing a case of rare laces, I went back to the library and inquired where I should look next. "There is nothing more to see," was the answer, "except the lecture room and the library." Then I felt very sorry for Wellesley. I asked about the courses in the History of Art and found that they extended over two years, elective for Juniors and Seniors. There was a course in Greek Art, in Italian of the Florentine and Umbrian and also of the Venetian schools, in Dutch, German and Flemish Art, and lastly in English and American. Then, as I looked around the library at the fine collection of books, at the huge folios of prints and photographs on the shelves, I was sorry for Smith. Even pride in our Art Gallery

cannot blind us to the fact that we are deficient on just that side which would make such a Gallery a benefit to us all. There is little doubt that a Wellesley girl, after the systematic training she can have in Art History and criticism, leaves college more intelligent about art and more fitted to take advantage of opportunities she may have at home or abroad, than the Smith girl even if she is familiar with our Art Gallery.

We who have not been abroad comfort ourselves with the thought that if we wait until our college course is finished we shall be much better able to enjoy all that we see intelligently. We wish to be able to use the unlimited opportunities which we will then have in Art, by having some definite foundation knowledge of its principles and history. If for those who go abroad, such knowledge is needed, how much more for those who miss all the advantage of Art culture which one finds abroad.

The lectures by Mr. Van Dyke were a great help to many, and we hope may be followed by others. But why should Smith not have as good a course in the History of Art as any other college? The answer would probably be, lack of money. Yet where there's a will there's a way, and we have had other things when the need of them was felt to be a crying one; why should we not have this?

L. P.

The serious element in our college work is the predominant element in the work of the majority of the girls. It is identical with the conscientious element.

**The Serious Element
in the Work
at Smith College**

If we deny the serious element, we deny the conscientious, and that cannot be in a community of girls who have chosen four years of mental work in preference to any other way offered them of spending that time.

The conscientious girl is the one who looks at her work at college seriously, who sees her opportunities, and knows that they must not be wasted. She does her work thoroughly and to the best of her ability, not necessarily excluding herself from the social life offered to her, and again not letting that social life occupy more of her time and thoughts than her sense of duty to herself and to her work would approve.

One great fault which the conscientious girl naturally falls into, is that of disclaiming any influence of her conscience over her actions. Sometimes she knows perfectly well that that conscience controls her, and again she does not appreciate how falsely she is representing her attitude towards her work. The fear of ridicule, or the word "grind" prevents her from saying that she was studying while the other girls were making ploughed field, or that she had spent three hours and a half on a German lesson to which her companions had only devoted one. It is a curious thing that girls who come to college with the fixed purpose of studying, which they faithfully carry out, are so unwilling to own that they study at all. If the conscientious girls would be perfectly true to themselves in their conversation, the impression given of the work at college would not only be a far more just one, but would also be more to the honor of the college.

The unconscientious girl does not work seriously on anything. She came to college, either to have a good time, or to get away from home, or because she was sent by parents or guardian, and could not help it. She does as little studying as she possibly can, and considers a successful "bluff" a great triumph, and proof of cleverness that does not need the aid of cultivation through faithful work. But the number of these girls is comparatively small, and their work should not be taken as the representative work of the college.

There is also the girl who came to college with good intentions, but fails to keep her aims and ambitions before her, so that the result is that her work does not keep up to its original standard. She is often popular, usually makes good recitations and a favorable impression, but the serious work that she does is erratic, and not to be depended on. She comes under the class of those whose "intentions are good." Unfortunately there are a good many girls who come under this class.

If those who really do serious work would stand up for it, and show by their open example the advantages of it, this last class of girls would be helped to a greater familiarity with their aims and ideals, the careless girls would find themselves in a decided minority, and the work of the college would show more for what it really is.

C. S. H.

I CANNOT QUITE FORGET

Mortality is on me like the sleep
 Of one who dreams on banks of pleasant flowers,
 I hear the humming of gold-girdled hours
 Whirling along the sunshine, feel the deep
 And shadowy stillness into which they creep,
 Dropping like honeyed bees into their bowers.
 Such gracious dreams brings this long sleep of ours,
 Such gracious dreams, I know not how to weep
 The world I have forsaken for my dream.
 A strange and lingering sweetness haunts me yet,
 A visionary presence, and a light
 Creeps twixt my eyelids, like the slender beam
 Piercing the filmy primrose, closéd tight,
 And wrapped in sleep, I cannot all forget.

A. H. B.

She was a very meek little sub-Freshman, who had come up to take an examination and see the glories of Smith. Kind sophomores of her acquaintance had dragged her
A First Impression. unresisting over every foot of the campus from the other side of Paradise to the top of the tower. She had admired everything they showed her from the basket ball ground to the blue-prints in the reading-room ; and she had imbibed an enormous amount of information on college affairs past, present, and to come.

Now she was going to supper at one of the college houses. She clung closely to her friend's hand as they stood in the hall waiting for the lady in charge ; and looked with wide, wondering eyes at the girls swarming in the hall and on the staircase. Her friend pointed out the celebrities as they appeared, and she stared with great admiration at the leader of the banjo club, the captain of the basket ball team, and an editor of the Monthly, without being quite sure which was which.

After the procession had passed into the dining-room, and the little bell had tinkled once and again, more girls were pointed out, with half-whispered descriptions, which she listened to with much interest, although she had not the slightest idea what a "grind" was, nor whether "prod" was an abbreviation of prodigal or progeny.

As the introductions were gotten over, and the plates came round, she breathed more freely and settled herself to listen to

one of those intellectual conversations which she had always understood college girls carried on. She was all ears, and hoped she would be able to carry home some new ideas. She hoped they would discuss *The New Woman*, or the municipal reform in New York, or something literary, such as Maetters's influence. Perhaps they would be too tired to discuss such deep subjects, and would descend to lighter themes, such as the candidates for the laureateship, Sothorn's new play, or the condition of the Harvard team.

The girls opposite were talking about some mysterious thing called Whately.

"Have you done your Whately for to-morrow?" asked an Alpha girl. "I've got to sum up for my side next time, and I'm scared green. I know I shall make an awful flunk."

"I pity you," said the girl at the end of the table, "I nearly died to-day when I had to speak. My knees shook so that I could hardly stand, and then Mary Fisher looked at me and made me laugh."

"Alice Green made a perfectly dandy speech, didn't she? She's a daisy, anyhow," said a third girl, joining her.

"I wish I were a prod like her," said the Alpha girl.

Here the little visitor's friend murmured in her ear, "This salad is simply weird, won't you have some more!" The sub-Freshman declined with thanks, and once more turned her attention to the conversation about her. From the other tables occasional snatches of conversation reached her ears, such phrases as "a perfect grind," "awfully nice," "dandy fun," recurring most frequently, with frequent repetitions of "weird" in all connections.

The girls across the table were criticising some theme which had been read in the "proddy" class. The guest wondered if this had any connection with "shoddy." A girl from farther down the table leaned forward and addressed the Alpha girl. "Say, Dora," she said, "have you looked at the German for Tuesday? It's simply weird. I've been grinding on it all the afternoon, and I'm not through yet."

"Then I shall die," replied the Alpha member, with a sigh of resignation. "I've got a theme to do, and I've been fooling all the afternoon. I didn't flunk in Greek this morning, and the occasion had to be celebrated."

"Are you going to the lecture to-night?" asked the end of the

table. "The last one was awfully good. Michael Angelo's pictures are perfectly weird." And so forth, and so forth, and so forth.

"Well, dear," said her mother when she got home, "What did you think of college?" "I don't know," said the little sub-Freshman, "I don't know exactly how to describe it." Then her face brightened. "I know," she said, "It's weird. That's what it is."

C. E.

If the "graphomania" on which Professor Nordau waxes so bitterly eloquent, and to which the very fact of his having written so much about anything proves him to

Illustration. be a victim, if this graphomania exists at all as such, it has a prototype in the pictorial mania, which shows itself in the uncontrollable desire for illustrations in everything, from the *Encyclopædia Britannica* to the last murder trial.

The young person eager to distinguish himself in some aesthetic line, if he dare not throw himself headlong at the pen, is very apt to turn to the pencil. There may be much question whether the system of illustration is not becoming overworked, and failing of its best purpose, while it seems certain that if carefully handled it is a source of much pleasure.

There is a strong distinction to be made between the illustration of magazine articles and that of magazine stories. In the former it must be conceded that accurate illustration adds only what is desirable. For example, in an article in the *October* Scribner's upon ornithology, the most learned and exhaustive description of a bird unfamiliar to the reader, could not give half so correct an idea of its appearance as one small illustration, to which the imagination need add but color and motion. This is a purely utilitarian point of view, but in the discussion of anything affecting so generally a public not made up of the elect as illustration does, it is a point of view not wholly to be condemned.

There is such a thing as too profuse illustration. In the same magazine is Robt. Grant's "The Case of Woman" in his "Art of Living" series. Here the apparently meaningless number of the illustrations, none of which is particularly good or original,

is positively irritating. The eyes tire of being continually driven from text to picture, and back again, to see whether their relation be true or not.

Then there is the illustration which does not illustrate, where the artist pretends to take as text some phrase or situation and give exactly to the eye what the author gives to the understanding, and then goes ahead with his own fancy's creation, whose possible relation to the text appears purely accidental.

But the criticisms apply not to illustration but to illustrators. Illustration used accurately and temperately adds greatly to the charm of almost all reading matter. But the illustrator must be a translator; he must feel a direct responsibility to the author. It is not his place to make addition or abridgment, but only to strengthen the expression of the writer's meaning by making it appeal at once to two receptive faculties instead of one.

Perhaps illustration, speaking generally, is not high art, but at its best it is very good indeed, and as the interpreter of literature it holds a place by no means to be despised. But the fact that its worst is so exceedingly bad seems to prejudice one against the whole art. And then it is put to such strange uses. We can hardly look with pleasure upon a splendid picture by Sir John Millais advertising Pear's Soap: while the columns of a good newspaper seem to be degraded to the level of the execrable scratches which aim to illustrate it.

There is no question that illustration carried to excess, by men who are not even passable draughtsmen, to say nothing of their inability to interpret an idea, is pernicious, and depraves the popular taste by offering it an inferior article. But at its best, as represented for instance, by Edwin Abbey, illustration has a high and peculiar place in art, putting a refining thing within reach of the many, and acting as co-worker with literature in the cause of aesthetic education.

R. S. P.

EDITORIAL

The policy of non-interference of our college, the freedom of our elective system, make possible an unlimited development of individuality and character, most valuable in that it is a self-development.

But this growth of character and self-control cannot take place without the simultaneous development of the scholarly attitude that is essential to any good work, that makes the difference between pupil and student, between learning by rote and making what we learn a part of our experience. The college can insist on regular attendance at recitations, it can provide tests in the form of papers and examinations, but no college can make obligatory the growth that it makes possible, no college can govern our attitude toward our work ; that lies with us. The question is, do we as a whole stand in a scholarly attitude toward our work ? and the answer is, no.

Whether these four years mean more than safely weathering the examination crises, whether they are used as a means to the attainment of closely-written note-books and a diploma, or of a well-disciplined mind, lies with the individual student.

There has been much talk about the poor quality of our recitations, and this failure adequately to meet the demands of the recitation room, is most often traced to the presence in the college of to-day of girls whose education is not the means to the end of self-support ; but the fact that poor recitations are met with as often among those students who work under the pressure of necessity, and whose earnest purpose is beyond question, makes this criticism unfair. The real cause lies deeper, in our unscholarly attitude, of which poor recitations are only one symptom, whose worst aspect is not the class-room failure, whose effect is far-reaching, all-inclusive.

There is no student who does not know, though in practice she may apparently forget it, that college is something more

than a means to bread and butter, or a new fad to which she must submit with more or less grace.

Surely we are not unconscious of the childishness in our relation toward our work that necessitates so many precautions to prevent our leaving college at our own discretion any time during the week before vacation ; surely we realize some inconsistency in the fact that we are all so well for days before any college festivity, and so many of us are always ill before any examination and before each vacation, so that we have to go home early to recover from the strain of college work, and then lose a week or so of the next term in recovering from the holiday gaieties. There may be no conscious deceit, but something is wrong ; and the cause which is responsible alike for this inconsistency and for any superficiality in our work, is our essentially unscholarly attitude.

This mistaken attitude of ours is shown in the fact that many of us seize upon the slightest excuse to elude our recitations, apparently feeling them an imposition instead of the privilege they are ; that we resent afternoon recitations, preferring to recite in the morning, the best time for study. Our attitude is not only unscholarly ; it is, perhaps unconsciously, unprincipled.

Our estimate of our work is falsely based on success or failure in meeting some demand of the class-room. To be unprepared and not be called on, a most dangerous misfortune, is for our purposes as much of a success as a good recitation, and far less trouble.

Each year when President Seelye tells us that we should recognize our examinations as a privilege, not as a nerve-wrecking strain, we smile ; and it is significant that the Seniors smile as broadly as the Freshmen, without being conscious of exactly what it is that is humorous.

It is not that we are ignorant of the psychological value of the advice, but that we feel the contrast between the right feeling, the scholarly attitude held out to us, and our customary attitude of grammar-school pupils. We know that we cannot suddenly adjust this new relation ; we are not prepared for it.

We need to learn that the best preparation is never limited to an effort to meet a fixed demand of the class-room, that the most conscientious preparation may fail to meet a demand at some point, that the most careless may apparently escape failure.

We are too likely to make our preparation a disagreeable or-

deal by which we make ready to meet the professor, who, as an inquisitor, laboriously drags out what we have reluctantly acquired. There should be no such thing as "cutting." A missed recitation should always mean that that recitation was to us not a privilege, or a help in our work. In general our attitude in our recitations is either one of enthusiasm confined to a flattering attention in the class-room, or of boredom, or nervous fear of a "flunk."

If our attitude were scholarly no sense of wrong-doing would attach to a "cut," for a "cut" would mean that the student had decided upon some more remunerative occupation for that hour than the recitation would have been along the same line of work.

Until we have re-adjusted our attitude, we shall not as individuals, or as a college, do our best work.

EDITOR'S TABLE

There is a rapidly-growing conviction among the English-reading public that it is almost as disgraceful for any household to be without its "Jungle Book" as to be without its "Alice in Wonderland." Sure proof that it holds the place of a classic is the fact that one speaks of Mowgli or Shere Khan or Kaa with the familiarity and the mutual understanding which attend a reference to Othello, the melancholy Dane, Helen of Troy, or the Red Queen. How many mothers and big brothers, and even bachelor uncles, wanted the "Second Jungle Book" for Christmas and got it, too! What is it in these professed children's stories which makes them more fascinating to older readers than many a novel dealing with modern problems, or essay aiming to reconcile science and religion? There is just the point; these stories have no problems, there is in them no subtle analysis of complex emotions and impulses. These stories appeal to the primitive passions in man, to the animal which lurks in even the most sophisticated of us; we revel in the instinctive longing for blood and revenge. Kaa's Hunting fills us with keen pleasure, we exult in his victory over the despised Bandar-log. We race with bounding pulses and tireless limbs through jungle and plain in the spring running, and the hollow roar of myriads of bees seems to us the song of triumph over a defeated foe, as the yelping curs splash and drown in the river. We do not feel even a passing twinge of remorse over the destruction of a whole village of innocent Indian natives. We are one with the triumphant Mowgli and the trumpeting herd of elephants.

In the midst of our animal enjoyment comes the secondary, but equally keen intellectual enjoyment of the perfection with which the stories are told. Nothing short of genius could enable a man, elsewhere as "modern" as any writer of the century, to enter heart and soul into the life of the jungle. With what ex-

quisite sympathy does he show us the sufferings, the mortifications, the rejoicings of the various members of the wolf pack! How we mourn over Akela when he gives up his leadership, and when he is killed while fighting for the pack! And how we laugh with Mowgli as he sits in the tree swinging his toes just above the head of the angry, snarling fox, talking and smiling insolently the while! A new world is opened to us. The word jungle hitherto has suggested a dark, pestiferous growth of trees and underbrush, where death lurked on every hand, in poisonous serpent or treacherous tiger. Now it is the home of newly found cousins, of the python with his shining coils, which carries the sleeping boy as gently as a mother could through miles of forest, the home of the wolf-pack, Gray Brother best of all, of an aristocracy on the ground which despises and yet fears the race of Bandar-log, which running and leaping from tree-top to tree-top, looks down on the jungle life below and hates it.

A further element in our interest is the exquisite satire of the whole book. Every story is a satire of human lives, keen and no less pungent because so finely veiled. The very failings of the animals, the treachery of Shere Khan, the sneaking flattery and vulgarity of the monkey-tribe, the quarrels and reconciliations between Mowgli and the pack—these are all human failings, all fearlessly shown in their pitiful meanness or their generosity. The book is in this sense a searching allegory. But it is as a history of the jungle that we like it best, and for this we gratefully thank the loving genius of Mr. Kipling.

The Christmas note is struck in several of the December monthlies, though in some of the stories there is a tone of sadness which we all would like to banish from this merriest season of the whole year. Such a tale, in which the tragic predominates is, "The Story of Rack Marvin" in the *Brown Magazine*, well told and, we cannot help feeling, true to human nature. A cheerful, more conventional story is "A Christmas Remembrance," in the *Nassau Lit.* There is the rich young bachelor who hunts up his old college chum's widow and orphans and gives them a Christmas dinner—perhaps not an original theme, but one whose spirit is well worth repeating.

Several monthlies devote space to careful and appreciative articles on modern writers. The *Yale Lit* has two, a short, sympathetic article on Edward Rowland Sill and a longer study of Barrie. The former is rather an estimate of Sill as a man than

as a poet, the writer does not enter into any analysis of his work or style. The article on Barrie is written in an unusually charming style, and moreover, shows thought and good judgment.

The *Wellesley Magazine* has an article on Eugene Field, and the *Amherst Lit* a very good paper on "The Poetry of William Watson." The story of "Prof. Hofmeyer's Experiment," in the same monthly is very startling. It begins in so light a vein that the denouement comes with a tremendous shock to the reader who is expecting at most a practical joke. Another tragic story of this month is "The Parts of Three" in the *Vassar Miscellany*. It is well told, but Fate seems unnecessarily to thwart the happiness of every character in it.

BOOK REVIEWS

* *THE LIFE OF NANCY*, by Sarah Orne Jewett. New England life has of late years been the prey of every amateurist pen; the magazines teem with "character studies" of New Hampshire farmers and Massachusetts old maids of a certain conventional type, and it is with relief that one turns to such stories as Miss Jewett tells us. She has lived among farmers and fishers, on a friendly footing, not as a mere student of character and investigator into dialect forms. She has known personally many people such as she puts into her stories, in so loving and delicate a way that no one could for a moment object to her treatment as in any way a breach of confidence. Miss Jewett is the best interpreter of New England character, inasmuch as she sees the beauties as well as the crudities, the softness and tenderness, as well as the close-mouthed hardness which so many writers offer as the chief characteristics of our country people. The dreary, dull-clothed, dull-thoughted community which other writers bring before us with a wearisome monotony of repetition finds no very prominent place in Miss Jewett's stories. She has the keen insight, the loving comprehension, which enable her to show New England life as it is, not without its pathos and its dreariness, but with its full share of sweetness, humor and beauty.

In this latest publication Miss Jewett has gathered together several stories which have already been published separately. The first one, which gives the book its title, traces the life of a sweet country girl from her happy youth to middle life, which finds her a rheumatic cripple, but with a buoyant cheerfulness of spirit which does not sink under pain. Other charming stories are "The Only Rose," "A Neighbor's Landmark," the former a quaintly humorous story of the widow of three estimable husbands, the latter story showing the conquest of an avaricious, self-willed man by his own better nature. The gem of the whole collection is "Little French Mary," a sketch of a winsome Canadian child who wins the hearts of the crustiest old men in the village. All these stories are told with the exquisite finish which lends to Miss Jewett's stories the additional charm of a fine literary style.

† *GARRISON TALES FROM TONQUIN*, by James O'Neill is a little book of so unique and attractive exterior that we expect to find the interior equally interesting. The odd Chinese cover suggests a thoroughly Chinese subject-matter, but the fact is that we have stories of Englishmen and Frenchmen with a dim and undefined North China setting. Mr. O'Neill tells us that he considers the Annamite portion of China worthy of our notice, and for this

* Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

† Copeland & Day.

reason presents his little book to the public. We cannot feel that he has succeeded. He has given us, in two or three of his stories, an idea of the relation and intercourse between the French conquerors and the original inhabitants, but even here it is not the Annamites who are brought before our notice, but the French soldiers. Many of the stories have a mysterious element which leaves too much to the imagination of the reader. We are given no clue to any possible solution of these mysteries, and are left in a state of unsatisfactory mistiness as to the significance of their introduction.

The style suggests Kipling, except that in the latter's work we have a decided Indian atmosphere, while in Mr. O'Neill's, the Chinese atmosphere is faint and only accentuated now and then by a Chinese word or unpronounceable name. Still there is some good work in this book. The pathetic and tragic parts are especially well done. There is much good material here, but it is not well worked up.

*OATEN STOP SERIES. These two books form a very attractive beginning to this new series of lyric poems, bound in simple gray paper, and carefully printed. No. 1, *Dumb in June*, by Richard Burton, is a book of short poems of nature, of love, of reverie, all in a very subjective vein. The author, in his brief "Apology," says very truly

" I sing Life's woven lay
In syllables of Self, and can no other way."

Mr. Burton's verse is easy and flowing, his thought almost always worthy of expression. He has followed a little too often the modern fashion of hyphenated adjectives, such as "lovely-wise" and "woods, wind-shaken, sing a welcome-song." This last phrase shows, too, the alliteration which adds to the lyric quality of his verse. Mr. Burton is most successful in his blank verse; "Mortis Dignitas," in this form, is the strongest poem in the book.

No. II. *A Doric Reed*, by Zitella Cocke. The beauty, the comfort, the love of nature, are the prevailing thoughts in these poems, which show a thoroughly sympathetic treatment. The verse does not always seem quite spontaneous, but on the whole it is rather graceful, in some of the lighter poems especially. In her sonnets to musicians Miss Cocke shows familiarity with the masters, and comprehension of their varying moods.

* Copeland & Day.

BOOKS TO BE REVIEWED.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON, AND OTHER POEMS, by Richard Le Gallienne.

APPLES OF ISTAKHAR, by William Lindsey.

THE SINGING SHEPHERD, by Annie Fields.

STORIES AND POEMS FOR CHILDREN, by Celia Thaxter.

LATER LYRICS, by T. B. Aldrich.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON, a Study by A. B. with Prelude and Postlude by L. I. G. Copeland & Day.

POLITICAL ECONOMY, by R. E. Thompson. Ginn & Co.

ALUMNÆ DEPARTMENT

Remembering the success of the play given last April by the New York Alumnæ Association for the benefit of the Library Fund, those who have the interests of the fund at heart will be glad to learn that the Boston Association is now planning also to give a dramatic entertainment, the proceeds to be devoted to the same end. The play chosen is the *Tempest*. It will be given as a *matinée* in the Bijou Theatre either late in January or early in February. No gentlemen will be admitted. It is hoped that the undertaking will prove a success, not only as a scholarly interpretation of Shakespeare, but also socially, and from a financial point of view.

The Glee, Banjo and Mandolin Clubs gave a concert in Worcester, Dec. 19, for the benefit of the Library Fund. The members of the club were entertained by the Worcester Smith College Club.

The class of Ninety-five is attempting to prepare a book of short stories that will give a true picture of college life at Smith. That the book may be the best possible, it is necessary that both alumnæ and undergraduates be represented. Through the Alumnæ Department an appeal is made to all alumnæ that can furnish suggestions, material, or finished work. All promise of help must be received within a month after this publication. The proceeds of the book are to be used for the benefit of the college, according as the contributors shall vote.

LUCY D. HEALD, 38 Harvard St., Worcester. Mass.

R. ADELAIDE WITHAM, 98 Pleasant St., Fitchburg, Mass.

Two of the alumnæ are at present engaged in compiling a Smith College Song Book which will probably appear early in the spring term. The need of such a book has long been felt, and we are sure that the alumnæ who are interested in its success will receive the coöperation of the students. In order that there may be a large number of songs from which to choose, they would consider it a favor if students would send class, basket ball, or college songs to the Editors of the SMITH COLLEGE MONTHLY as soon as possible.

In November a Smith College Club was organized in Philadelphia, and the following officers were elected: President Miss Caroline L. Steele, '92; Vice-President, Mrs. Martha Plack Fisher, '88; Secretary, Miss E. N. Wakelin, '94. The efforts of the club for the year are to be devoted to the Library Fund. A membership of twenty-six is hoped for soon.

The Chicago Association of Smith College Alumnæ held its first annual luncheon at the Wellington Hotel, Tuesday, Dec. 31, 1895. Thirty-three

alumnæ and eleven undergraduates were present. Miss Regina K. Crandall, '90, was toast-mistress. Letters from President Seelye and other members of the faculty were read, and toasts to Smith, her needs, and her influence were responded to.

The annual breakfast of the Alumnae Association of Indianapolis was given Dec. 28 1895, at the home of Miss Mary E. Colgan on Park Avenue. Mrs. Affa Miner Tuttle, '81, and Prof. Clark, formerly of the Smith College faculty, were the guests of honor.

'82. Nina E. Browne is spending the winter at the Dennison House, 93 Tyler Street, Boston, Mass.

Theodate L. Smith is studying Psychology at Clark University.

'89. Anna Gale was married Dec. 11, 1895, to Mr. Clarkson Lindley of Minneapolis, and is to live in that city after a four months' trip in Europe.

'91. Ellen B. Sherman is reviewing for the Critic.

'92. Abigail W. Arnold is teaching in the High School in North Abington, Mass.

Eleanor Cutler is teaching English in the High School, New Haven, Ct.

Marion Drew is spending the winter in Spain.

Elizabeth C. Fisher is studying at the Art Museum, Boston, Mass.

Martha Thayer Folsom has entered upon her third year of teaching in Baltimore, Md.

Louise W. Lyon is library assistant in the Forbes Library, Northampton.

'93. Stella S. Bradford is teaching in Elizabeth, N. J.

Harriet Holden Oldham has moved from Wellesley Hills, Mass., to Philadelphia, Pa.

Susan M. Kelly is teaching in the High School, Attleboro, Mass.

Margarita B. May received the degree of M. L. from the University of California in June.

Mabel W. Sanford is on the reporters' staff of the Boston Daily Advertiser.

Roberta F. Watterson received the degree of Ph. M. from the University of the City of New York in June.

'94. Alice C. Atwood is studying English at Radcliffe College.

Eleanor H. Johnson is spending the winter in Mexico.

Mary D. Lewis is teaching in Miss Low's school, Stamford, Ct.

Carrie V. Lynch and Martha Mason are studying Philosophy and English at Radcliffe College.

Mabel L. Merriman, who taught Science in Miss Orton's private school in Pasadena, Cal., last year, is now assisting Dr. Swift at Lowe Observatory, Echo Mt., Cal.

Mabel R. Morse is teaching in the Springfield High School.

Helen Perkins is studying Zoölogy and German at Radcliffe College.

Mabel L. Walton is teaching in a private school at Lionville, Pa.

Lilian Woolson is teaching Greek and Latin in a Colored Mission University near Jackson, Mississippi.

Died.

- '82. Ella McKeown Wright, wife of Mr. John A Wright, September 8, 1895, in Bellevue, Ohio. All who knew Ella McKeown well in college were impressed with the remarkable sweetness and beauty of her character, and to them her sudden death brings great grief. She leaves a husband and two children: Adeline Ford b. Jan. 30, 1894; John Aubrey, b. Sept. 7, 1895. E. L.
- '88. Lora Elsie Guild, June 23, 1895, at the New England Hospital, Roxbury, Mass. As a teacher of biology in the Springfield High School for the past four years, Miss Guild was winning an enviable reputation among teachers of her specialty. She was enthusiastic in her work, skillful in its details, original in her conception of the methods and amount of work to be accomplished, and very able in handling large laboratory classes—qualities which promised much for her future success. Few are more respected and beloved by their associates. Her faithfulness in friendship, her sincerity in all she said and did, her nobility of aspiration, freedom from selfishness and self-consciousness, and unvarying cheerfulness and courage endeared her to all who knew her, and made her sudden death seem the more untimely, so many drew from her comfort and inspiration. F. H. E.
- '88. Susie H. Twitchell, Sept. 21, 1895, in Keene, N. H. The twenty-first of last September brought a sharp, sad surprise to a large circle, and even now it is hard for her friends to grasp the thought of Susie Twitchell's death. There are some lives whose uprootal means the tearing and bruising of others near them; such was hers, full of gentle strength and loyalty, of warmest interest in those she loved,—and she loved many. Her kind and thoughtful deeds were done so noiselessly that only those helped knew of them. As a teacher she did not rest satisfied with classroom work, but gave unstinted time and ingenuity to helping her boys and girls strive for true manliness and womanliness. Always loyal to the college she loved, and ambitious for its highest development, she met half-way all opportunities to work for it. The quiet courage with which she accepted sorrow bore fruit in a great tenderness for those who suffered. This bright and helpful life is surely one of those that "smell sweet and blossom in the dust." M. McG. D.

ABOUT COLLEGE

The busy routine of college life, absorbing as it does our time and attention, often makes us forget the affairs of the world outside the limits of the college campus till an occasion like the visit of Mr. Joseph Jefferson arouses us from our self-concentration. He came not merely as a visitor from the great and busy world, but as the representative of one of its greatest intellectual and aesthetic interests, and of an art and profession which commands universal admiration and respect.

The occasion was a unique one: the chapel crowded almost to overflowing, the breathless enthusiasm, the applause and waving of handkerchiefs, as Mr. Jefferson stepped up on the platform, are parts of a most memorable incident in our college career. Our welcome was not only to the beloved Rip Van Winkle, the inimitable Bob Acres, and Dr. Panglass, but also to the last representative of the old school of actors. Mr. Jefferson is the link between that past which is associated with Garrick and Macready and the triumphs at Drury Lane, and this present, which sees the son of the elder Sothorn and the children of Mrs. Drew winning fresh honors for the old names. We found Rip Van Winkle off the stage as well as on could make us laugh with him; that the charm of his personality is felt not alone before the footlights; and our hearts were won again by the ready wit and graceful tact of the great comedian. One of the things Mr. Jefferson mentioned, in speaking of his art, was the necessity of going through one's part, no matter if for the hundredth time, as if one had never heard or spoken the words before. He applied this principle only to the actor's profession, but it is not a poor theory by which to adjust one's life, in whatever walk; particularly here, where so much of our work is monotonous repetition and routine. If we could go through each day's work, however dull, as if it were an entire novelty, some degree of inspiration and a certain measure of success could not be lacking.

The opportunity of listening to Mr. Jefferson as we did, aside from the pleasure it gave us, is of much importance in other ways. Not only is he, to quote the newspaper phrase, the greatest of living comedians on the English-speaking stage, but he is a man of cosmopolitan culture, one whose life and career have given him the opportunity for the broadest and truest refinement. By virtue of his long experience in his profession and in life, he could represent to us, better than almost any other man, the interests and the spirit of that many-sided existence which we call "the wide, wide world." Mr. Jefferson's visit, viewed in this aspect, was a benefit as well as a pleasure and honor. He helped us, too, in another way. Great as are Mr. Jefferson's other rôles, Rip Van Winkle will always be remembered as the part which is partic-

ularly and peculiarly his own. And the character of Rip Van Winkle belongs to this country. It was created by an American. The legend and the background are distinctively American, and the very location of the story is in a part of the country familiar to every American. This being the case a feeling of love and pride in our country was associated with our admiration for the actor, and our respect for the man.

Mr. Jefferson's visit here is established in our memories as one of the happiest incidents of our year; with that memory Smith College unanimously drinks his health, in the words his Rip Van Winkle has made dear to us:—
“Here's to you and your family, and may you live long and prosper!”

A. T. L.

Since the opening of the Forbes Library last year, Smith students have felt that they, as well as the citizens of Northampton, have had an unusual opportunity given to them. Such an attractive library so near the campus is of great value to the college. Many reference books, of which there are perhaps only single copies in the college library, can be found in the new building, and its large quiet rooms are excellent places for reference reading. So much of our work can be done in these pleasant rooms that the library has become practically a new college building. Therefore it is to be regretted that there is no more convenient way of reaching it from the Elm Street side of College Hall. Anyone whose sense of propriety or regard for the grass forbids her running down the bank below the side gate nearest College Hall entrance in order to cross directly to the library must take a wide detour either by Main Street or by the Music Hall steps. But in rainy or snowy weather even running down the bank is quite out of the question, so that during the winter months, when we most often have occasion to go to the library, it is necessary almost always for anyone coming from Elm Street to take one of the roundabout ways. Why could there not be some steps down the bank at this convenient point where the cross-walk in front of College Hall terminates? In all weathers, it would then be easy to reach the library from Elm Street.

E. W.

CALENDAR

- Dec. 16, Cantata : "The Prodigal Son."
" 19—Jan. 3, Winter Recess.
- Jan. 4, Phi Kappa Psi Society Meeting : "Bliss Carman
and Richard Le Gallienne."
Greek Club Meeting.
- " 6, Piano Recital by Mlle. Szumowska.
- " 7, Philosophical Club Meeting : Debate on the James-
Lange Theory of Emotion.
- " 8, Current Events Club Meeting : Debate on the so-
cial life at Smith.
Lecture by Dr. Lyman Abbott : "Evolution and
Christianity."
- " 10, Lecture by Rev. Mr. Gerald Stanley Lee : "Prac-
tical Phases of the Imagination."
- " 11, Alpha Society Meeting : "Some Phases of Modern
Art."
Wallace House : Freshman Dance.
- " 12, Missionary Society Meeting.
- " 13, Voice Club Meeting.
- " 14, Colloquium Meeting.

THE
SMITH COLLEGE
MONTHLY

FEBRUARY · 1896



CONDUCTED BY THE SENIOR CLASS

CONTENTS

PROF. JAMES' THEORY OF THE EMOTIONS	<i>C. P. McCalmont</i>	1
A SKETCH	<i>N. G. Dyar</i>	10
A TOAST	<i>J. M. Burns</i>	12
AUNT HANNAH	<i>A. K. Fallows</i>	13
AN EXPERIMENT IN EXAMINATIONS	<i>M. A. Jordan</i>	20
THE FORM IN "ABT VOGLER"	<i>G. L. Collin</i>	21

CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

FROM MY WINDOW	<i>Edith Theodora Ames</i>	28
THE OTHER SIDE	<i>Emma Lootz</i>	28
B STREET	<i>Mae Rawson Fuller</i>	30
THE DIFFERENCE	<i>Edith Kellogg Dunton</i>	32
MONA LISA	<i>Harriette Morris</i>	32
WITH LOVE AROUND THE CORNER	<i>Susan Sayre Titsworth</i>	33
EDITORIAL		36
EDITOR'S TABLE		38
BOOK REVIEWS		40
ALUMNÆ DEPARTMENT		42
ABOUT COLLEGE		45
CALENDAR		48

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PROFESSOR JAMES' THEORY OF THE EMOTIONS

When any man comes forward in support of a new theory in the realm of speculative science, the necessity of clearing the way for the new doctrine by disproving the old one, gives his work at first a negative character, a superficial appearance of strength in destruction and inefficiency in the constructive process of establishing the new thesis. But this phase is brief. Orthodoxy is immediately up in arms, forcing the troublesome new-comer to account for itself, for to many minds anything new is rank heresy with far-reaching possibilities of evil. And despite the fact that Prof. James disclaims any general philosophical implications for his theory, it has been stretched to imply even a denial of spirituality, of the existence of the Ego as a spiritual entity.

The Philistines are proverbially impatient at new discoveries of any kind, indignant at new assertions. It is less trouble to have things settled once for all, for, be it said with regret, our apparently wholesome conservatism is often dangerously near mental indolence. It is not meant to deny the value of conservatism. This reluctance to accept the new gives rise to controversy that is the best friend of the new theory; for if it is wrong, its fallacies are shown, and it is mercifully allowed to sink into oblivion, and if it holds a larger measure of truth

than the old theory it grows strong in self-defense, is promulgated by its critics, and often ends by winning the consent of the more candid of them.

To make clear the points of departure in Prof. James' theory of the emotions, and to show that it has had this latter happy fate, is the object of this paper in its necessarily brief discussion.

We all recognize a difference in the attitude of a man who keeps away from a window in a lightning storm, because his mere judgment tells him that he might be struck by lightning, and the attitude of one who shivers and grows pale and stands on a chair set in tumblers. The point under investigation is the emotional quality that constitutes the character of the second experience as different from that of the first.

There are two ways in which we may account for the existence of emotion, of the feelings that belong to the attitudes of fear, hate, grief, the aesthetic sensibilities, etc. The old theory, the "central" theory, makes these feelings depend upon mental experiences, and the so-called "discharge" theory, that of Prof. James, makes them the result of feeling the bodily changes with which these emotions are associated.

Both theories recognize the fact that these bodily changes do accompany all strong emotions, and there are two ways of accounting for them. The "central" theory says they are merely bodily "expressions" of mental experiences, the body acting as an interpreter of the mind.

The "discharge" or "affect" theory, says that these bodily changes are *instinctive* reactions on the object which we *afterwards* speak of as the cause of our fear, hate, etc., that there is no mental intervention between the sense perception and the bodily changes; that we use the word "expression" from the point of view of observation of another, or subsequent reflection upon ourselves, a tendency that Burke pointed out in 1756, when he said, "I am afraid it is a practice much too common in inquiries of this nature, to attribute the cause of feelings which merely arise from the mechanical structure of our bodies, or from the natural frame and constitution of our minds, to certain conclusions of the reasoning faculty on the objects presented to us; for I should imagine that the influence of reason in producing our passions is nothing near so extensive as it is commonly believed."

If we maintain the current view that "the cortex of the brain is only the surface of projection for every sensitive spot and every muscle in the body," then "the emotions have no separate and special centres in the brain, but correspond to processes occurring in the motor and sensory centres. In this case we must say that since the brain seat is the source for the emotions as for the senses, the process by which any object arouses emotion in us, must either be an altogether peculiar one, or resemble the ordinary perceptive processes of which these centres are already recognized to be the seat."

Prof. James accepts the latter alternative, thus including emotions under an already recognized rule.

The old psychology, in demanding for the emotions a peculiar process, removes them from this general rule. So we see it is Professor James who simplifies, they who "complicate matters," as Prof. Dewey says, by starting from the standpoint of the expression of pre-existent emotions.

In the next place, the arguments for a special, peculiar process, must be deductive, must be formed *à priori* to account for the emotion, whereas Prof. James' theory, growing up from introspective observations that naturally combined into a theory, is inductive, scientific, and relieves him from the charge of partisanship, of advocacy, with its inevitable bias, its persistently partial point of view. His thesis is scientific in origin and development; it is not a pet hobby, a creature of his imagination that he jealously guards.

It has been said that the "central" theory accounts for everything, that the "discharge" theory does not, that this is a point in favor of the central theory. We do not admit that the "discharge theory" is narrow in its application, but if it were, to urge the central theory on the ground of its all-embracing nature, would be like saying that since a special interposition of Providence can account for everything but itself, and science can not, we should say good-bye to science.

Other things come to us through our senses, but not our emotions, says the old psychology; "Emotion is the *mental* perception of some fact that excites the *mental* affection called the emotion;" and then, they say, this state of mind expresses itself in certain bodily movements. This is spiritual. It leaves our minds free from the control of the body. It gratifies our conception of ourselves as equally untrammelled in our emo-

tions as disembodied spirits might be, and moreover it gives us the pleasing consciousness of feeling ourselves instinctively right, for it is what we have always thought. A man sees a bear, he knows, his mind tells him, that the bear is to be feared, and so mentally he is afraid, and this fear is expressed in trembling, shivering, quickened heart-beats, etc. This is "common sense." But listen to what Kant says about "common sense" in matters of scientific investigation: "To appeal to common sense, when insight and science fail, and no sooner—this is one of the subtle discoveries of modern times, by means of which the most vapid babbler can safely enter the lists with the most thorough-going thinker, and hold his own. But as long as a particle of insight remains, no one would think of having recourse to this subterfuge. For what is it but an appeal to the multitude, of whose applause the philosopher is ashamed, while the popular and superficial man glories and confides in it."

And then, too, physiology tells us that there are no muscles primarily intended for "expression." Indeed "expression" only exists from the objective point-of-view of one who looks on at the experience.

Under the rule that "the emotional brain processes are ordinary sensorial brain processes variously combined," falls Prof. James thesis, which is that "the bodily changes follow directly the perception of the exciting fact, and that our feeling of the same changes, as they occur, is the emotion." Cognition through sense-perception no one doubts, and the old theory agrees with Prof. James on this point, that "our whole nervous system, like that of every living being, is predisposed to react in certain ways upon certain objects in our environment," and that there is, as Prof. James points out, an interdependence and far-reaching influence much greater than is superficially apparent. Both admit that strong emotions have always marked bodily accompaniments. But here they divide, the old psychology referring these bodily accompaniments to the "expression" of mental affection, and Prof. James replying that the bodily changes result directly, instinctively upon our sense perception of the object, and that our feeling of these changes constitutes the emotion.

Let us take, for an example, the emotion of fear, as Prof. James did, not as Mr. Gurney rather uncandidly objects, and as Prof. Irons also suggests, because it alone fits the theory, for

any other fits equally well, but because it is not necessary to complicate matters by a series of examples, and because all are familiar with the experience, the emotion of fear, and its bodily accompaniments, and because these bodily accompaniments are sufficiently marked to serve the purpose. Prof. James says "a man meets a bear, he runs, and because he runs, he feels afraid." This seems paradoxical he confesses, and yet we know that the greatest paradoxes often contain the greatest truths. It is a "slap-dash" statement too, he owns, and we, who never like to be told that "things are not as they seem," emphatically agree with him. Words are inexact enough with the most careful usage, and Prof. James' confessedly careless use, his ambiguous nomenclature in that short statement, so deceived and misled his brother psychologists, that they wrote many essays refuting things that Prof. James had never said or meant. On this account it seems best to define at once exactly what is meant by that short sentence, "we see a bear, we run, and we feel afraid because we run." Those to whom any physical basis for emotion seems a sacrilege, who feel that the brain is immaterial, spiritual, and much more holy and sacred than the lungs and heart, no definition, no amount of reasoning will ever convince—they cannot conscientiously allow themselves to be open to conviction. But for others, closer definition and explanation relieve this statement of its apparent absurdity, its apparent insult to our understanding. "We see a bear, we run, and we feel afraid because we run." Let us examine this closely. Prof. James means, when he says "bear," the total perceived situation which is due to the influence of association from past experience, giving its meaning to the present stimulus. To a hunter with gun, a bear is only a part of the whole situation of hunting, and may excite only pleasure; to the student of natural history a caged bear is but a part of the whole situation of scientific research; to an unarmed man alone in the woods, a bear rushing toward him, intent on getting its dinner, is but a part of the whole situation of unarmed man, wild bear, and lonely woods.

Prof. Dewey also explains this—and we are at liberty to use any explanations we please, even if they should contradict Prof. James' explanations. If I say, speaking popularly, "the world is round," and point to a pear as an example of the roundness of the world, you may prove beyond doubt that the pear is not

round, and offer me an orange as a nearer approach to the facts, without in any way refuting the thesis that the world is round, in fact only strengthening my position by supplying me with a better illustration. With this understanding, let us take up Prof. Dewey's explanation. He says that the mode of action itself, of course instinctive, is made on the basis of organized habit, either inherited or acquired, and that these organized activities stimulate each other instinctively, and the object that arouses this activity of the senses, is not the object *as* an object to be feared; the bear and the whole situation make their appeal instinctively to our senses, and the bear in its specific quality as an object to be feared or hunted or studied, is just as much due to the bodily discharges as is the emotional feel itself. The bear is constituted as a fearful or interesting object by the excitations of the eye, just as the terror is by disturbances in the muscles, etc. This in no way refutes Prof. James, as indeed Prof. Dewey himself says. It is only another explanation of the fact that sometimes a bear arouses one kind of bodily activity and sometimes another. Now that an explanation of the bear as an object has been attempted, let us pass to the next point, "we see a bear, we run, and because we run we feel afraid." We assume now that we are dealing with a bear in such a situation that terror is excited. Here "running" stands for a quickened pulse, rapid heart-beating, short breathing, trembling, shivering, pallor and all the visible bodily accompaniments of fear, together with the invisible, indefinable visceral changes that are the most important of all. "Because we run, we feel afraid." Notice that Prof. James does not say because we run, we *are* afraid. With fear as an attitude of mind he is not dealing, he simply speaks of the *emotional seizure* as separated from the whole *emotional attitude* that he is not dealing with. The "feeling" to which he refers is the feeling of those bodily changes that have taken place instinctively at sight of the object. He uses "emotion" in this sense only—to stand for the "feeling," the emotional seizure of the whole emotional attitude. Mr. Guerney bases his only criticism of the theory on a misunderstanding of this distinction. Prof. James is dealing with the phenomenon of instinct that makes a horse that has never seen a wild animal, run in terror at the scent of a menagerie; that makes a newly-hatched chicken afraid of the hawk. He does not deny the phenomenon of

ideas that has a mental content, but he is not dealing with that point, and to criticize him for not doing so, is like finding fault with Columbus for overlooking the North Pole. His discovery had no such intention, but it has made the attempt possible to others, and Prof. James' theory does not preclude the investigation of the emotional attitude as a whole.

We must also note that he says "feeling" of bodily changes, meaning, as Prof. Gardiner has pointed out, more than mere "*consciousness*" of bodily changes, a word that Prof. Irons has substituted for "feeling," and so, as Prof. Gardiner shows, based all his criticisms on this misunderstanding, as well as on the one Prof. Dewey points out, of forgetting that man is an organic coördinated whole, and objecting to the derivation of both intellectual information and emotional experience from the same process of peripheral currents.

Now the explanation has been given of "*object*" as a whole situation, of "*running*" as including all the bodily accompaniments of fear, both visible and invisible, of *emotion* as standing in Prof. James' terminology for the emotional seizure, the elements of feeling as distinct from the emotional state in its fullness. And we can see that "we meet a bear, we run, and we feel afraid because we run," means that we find ourselves in a *situation* which so acts on our nervous organism, that instinctive bodily movements take place, of crouching, trembling, panting, etc.; we feel these movements, and our feeling of them constitutes the emotional seizure—and, Prof. Dewey would add—also constitutes the bear as a fearful object. He explains that these movements were all originally useful, the quickened heartbeats to pump up energy for escape, the crouching the beginning of escape, etc. If we simply run, that bodily movement alone would not make us *feel afraid*, there would be only *consciousness* of bodily movement, exhilaration, for the emotional wave would be incomplete; we would not be reproducing all the muscular and visceral changes. It is confusion on this point that misled Dr. Worcester. But if these were added, we *would* feel afraid, not miraculously, but as Prof. Dewey explains, because all these movements were once useful for the preservation of life, and they are now reminiscent of their former value and purpose.

This explanation of Prof. James' definite meaning has come first, because without it, all the other support of Prof. James'

theory would meet with constant objection, due to misunderstanding.

His theory insists, first, that the bodily changes in response to an exciting object of thought or of perception, are instinctive ; as we have seen in the case of the horse frightened at the scent of wild animals, the little chicken running and frightened at sight of the hawk ; and next, that our feeling of these bodily changes constitutes the emotional seizure, not, remember, the whole emotional attitude, but the seizure—a fact which the examples given go toward proving.

Can you imagine yourself walking in the woods alone, suddenly meeting a bear that shows every inclination to attack you, without thinking of a quickened pulse, trembling limbs, etc. ? But mentally subtract from this imaginary experience all the bodily accompaniments, and it will be clear that there is left nothing distinctly emotional. For this reason it seems legitimate to use emotion, to stand for the emotional seizure, the feeling of these bodily changes. There may be a mental judgment that the bear is dangerous, that it is wise to avoid it ; but since without the bodily changes, both marked and subtle, there is no distinctly emotional feeling of fear, the emotion depends on the feeling of instinctive bodily movements. It is a distinction, as Prof. Dewey points out, between emotional seizure and behavior.

This difference between mental recognition of a fact, and emotional feeling in relation to it, we express every day when we say that we know something is dangerous, but we do not feel afraid ; we know something is beautiful, but we do not feel it, it is not so to us ; aesthetically we have never felt the thrill.

If then, the nature of these bodily changes is such that without feeling them, we have no emotional seizure, it is fair to say that the feeling of them is the emotional seizure, which is thus not a primary feeling—that is the organic changes themselves, but a secondary feeling, the effect of these changes.

The reward of doing good to those that we feel have despitely used us, is not confined to a future world, or to a feeling of self-satisfaction in this one. We have learned that the quickest way to overcome not only the disagreeable feeling attendant on being angry, but the anger itself, is to do something kind for the object of our dislike ; and just in proportion as we force the bodily accompaniments of kindness, the smile and generally cheerful manner, to seem real, will the bodily effects

be far-reaching enough to arouse the feeling of sympathy and kindness. If this seems theoretical, take the example of one of the methods of the Elmira prison reform system, so dear to Mr. Charles Dudley Warner's heart. There the men are forced to take long, and very high steps, exaggeratedly high, in order that by substituting for the shuffling gait of a discouraged lack of self-respect, the quick high step of energetic self-respect, these bodily changes may prove far-reaching enough to awaken the *feeling* whose natural accompaniment they are. This has often proved successful. Examples might be multiplied indefinitely, such as whistling to keep one's courage up, and the way a lecturer, conscious of a lack of sympathy in his audience, establishes a friendly relation by making them laugh. There seems to be no exception to this rule. Prof. James says there is none. On the subject of purely cerebral emotion, Prof. James seems a little uncertain. Prof. Dewey does not admit that there is purely cerebral emotion—a purely cerebral emotion in the *form* of a demonstration, for example. He explains the emotional seizure as due to a tension in the process of coördination, a certain difficulty in adjusting the activity of attitude, with that activity which stands for the end for which that attitude exists as a reduction from movements formerly useful in themselves.

This explains the sameness of the bodily accompaniments of all intense emotions—the crying both for joy and grief, and also accounts for the difference in the bodily accompaniments of the same emotion in different men.

The evidence of anaesthesias upon which Prof. James laid so much stress, is, as he says, most unsatisfactory, owing to superficial examinations. Total anaesthesia, without emotional seizure, would prove his thesis, and so far it seems that though the emotional attitude may in part remain, anaesthesias do lack the emotional seizure, the distinctive characteristic of emotion, thus supporting his point. In these cases it is important to notice that one patient often *thought* he was dead, because he missed the feeling of life, and that another said she *felt* dead,—meaning that she experienced a lack of those feelings we naturally associate with life.

Prof. James' final statement of his theory is this: "That part, if there be any, of emotional feeling which is not of afferent origin, should be admitted to be insignificant, and the

name 'emotion' should be suffered to connote organic excitement as the distinctive feature of the state." This is a different way of expressing what he said at first. It is not even a modification of his thesis, although it is a decided modification of his critics' misinterpretation of his thesis, and it is from this point of view that Prof. Baldwin asks, "who has been converted to orthodoxy?" We can answer; there has been no conversion, unless indeed of the critics to a correct interpretation of Prof. James' theory and its acceptance, and of Prof. James from a "slap-dash" use of words.

But if Prof. James *had* modified and developed his theory, surely he would have a right to stand by it in its latest form. To deny this right, is to deny the right of growth.

The question is, as it now stands, is his thesis correct; does it, at least, contain more truth than the old central theory, and the answer is, yes.

To show Prof. James' contradictions, his inaccuracies, the carelessness of his terminology, is not to refute his thesis unless it is based on contradiction, on ambiguity, on inaccuracy, which it assuredly is not, as is shown by the best test and greatest proof of all—that as soon as the ambiguity was shown and cleared up, his critics, in the main, were silenced.

CONSTANCE PLUMER MCCALMONT.

A SKETCH

"What's the use of slopping over about it!" exclaimed Judson in a harsh, bitter tone, as he leaned over the window sill and looked far down below at the bare pavement.

Judson's room was on the upper floor of a lodging house. Three flights of dark, rickety, winding stairs to a low-ceiled room, tucked under the roof. That was the way up, but at the present moment Judson was contemplating a much easier way down. It was somewhere about midnight, for a hack had just rattled down the street and stopped at the actors' lodgings opposite—and occasionally a belated theatre-goer turned the key in his lock and slammed the door with a distinctness which echoed far and wide. Yes, the night was over with its untold tales of sorrow, sin and joy.

"If so much could happen in one moment," thought Judson, as he shuddered at the open window, "what may have happened in this night." And then he laughed. "So much, isn't it? Truly I am becoming egotistic in my last days. 'So much.' As if one wretched life, closing its unhappy career to-night, would make the least impression on a giddy, thoughtless world. By Jove! how it will look in the papers. It will make a stir, sensational and all that. 'Suicide,' in startling black headers. 'Frank Judson, poor student of F street, jumps from fourth story window! cause—' Well," said Judson looking around the room, dark, save where the moon-light brought into relief its bare furniture. "The cause won't be hard to find. I fancy my exorbitant account at the grocer's will tell the story. Jove! one loaf to day. Menu—breakfast, bread, entrées, water; dinner, bread, cut a little thinner for elegancy of course; supper, bread à la miettes. I only wish that midnight lunches came into the program. Bread, à la anything wouldn't be so bad to-night. Won't it cut up the Faculty though. And the fellows—I can see Deane put up his monicle and chew his cane. "Weally, you don't mean it! No ideah it was so bad as that. Poor devil—but how awfully shocking don't you know!"

"And then they will all get together and grind out a resolution—pity I couldn't have had a little of it before. And that will be all—absolutely all. It's rather prosaic this, no,—what is it they say—'tender memory of a mother's kiss, a sister's love.' Bosh! Thank heaven for that, there is no one to mourn over me. Hullo! there comes Jackson. Poor old man,—wonder how he's stood it all these years. Ceaseless grind, and ceaseless failure."

The key turned in the door below, and then came the sound of heavy footsteps on the stairs and the banging of a door on the next floor below.

"Poor fellow—bad luck again, I'll be bound. He's not so bad though. The only one that was ever decent to me. Wish I could do something. Rubbish! I musn't be sentimental."

Judson's face grew a shade whiter. His lips were set firmly together. The moment had come. He threw off his jacket and leaned far out, as if to calculate the distance. "All right, it will surely do it," he said in a calm, satisfied tone.

"Jove! what's that?"

The window below him was open and he heard distinctly the sound of heavy footsteps and the opening of a drawer. Judson knew what was in that drawer—and for the first time that night his heart stood still.

“Jackson!” he called in a low voice. There was a sound as of something heavy falling to the ground, a muttered oath and then a voice called,

“What do you want?”

“I say, Jackson,” called down Judson, calming his voice with a great effort, “you there? Let’s take a little stroll, I’m deuced hungry. Got a little account at Reid’s you know. What do you say? I’ll be down in a moment.”

Judson threw on his coat, with a queer smile lighting up his face. He stopped at the next landing, and a few moments later two men were walking down the deserted street, the younger one with his arm resting carelessly on the other’s shoulder.

NORAH GERTRUDE DYAR.

A TOAST

[With grateful acknowledgements to Richard B. Sheridan.]

Here’s to the Freshman whose errors we prize,
 Here’s to the young knowledge storer,
 Here’s to the maid with the worshipping eyes,
 The Seniors’ most ardent adorer.
 “Let the toast pass,
 Drink to the lass,
 I’ll warrant she’ll prove an excuse for the glass.”

Here’s to the maiden for haughtiness famed,
 Here’s to the Freshman alarmer,
 Here’s to the Sophomore, thus tauntingly named,
 Yet who is most surely a charmer.
 Refrain :

Here’s to the lady so merry and gay,
 Here’s to the one we all love, sir,
 Here’s to the Junior who dares now to play,
 Yet goes into work hand and glove, sir.
 Refrain :

Here's to the maiden with dignified guise,
Here's to the Senior of Smith, sir,
Here's to the lass who once thought she was wise,
But knows that it all was a myth, sir.

“ Let the toast pass,
Drink to the lass,
I'll warrant she'll prove an excuse for the glass.”

Let the toast pass ;
Drink to each class,
I'll warrant they'll prove an excuse for the glass.

JANET MARY BURNS.

AUNT HANNAH

Aunt Hannah stood before the round cracked looking glass in her little bedroom, untying her bonnet strings. She was very small and the walnut bureau with its curved brass drawer handles and fierce looking dragon feet was very tall. She often used to sigh and say to herself that she didn't see how such little nubbines as she could ever have belonged to the family that was aspirin' enough to look into a glass as high up as that. She could just see the top of her bonnet rim when she stood in front of the bureau, so she had a small starch box there, that she stood on insecurely, whenever she wished to comb her hair or put on her old black bonnet.

She was a very plain little woman, almost ugly, indeed, and she did not have the skill in her withered old fingers to relieve her homeliness by one softening touch. Her hair was the color of corn when it has soaked in the rain for a long time. At least it had been this color once, but now the yellow was striped with a dull gray. She had only a wisp of it and she drew it back tightly from her high forehead, and twisted it into such a hard little knob at the back of her head, that it looked like a very diminutive under-fried doughnut.

Her complexion was straw color and she always wore a lifeless drab that contrasted with it hopelessly. Her eyes were a watery blue, her nose insignificant and her mouth and chin commonplace.

She took off her bonnet carefully. It seemed like an old friend to her. She had worn it summer and winter for five

years without any change. Then she had turned the bows on the crown, put on new strings and added a red rose at the side.

She had worn it five years since then, and this Sunday morning she noticed regretfully that the cloth petals of the rose were a little crumpled. She pulled them out straight and murmured something about the shoddiness of modern goods, as she stepped cautiously from her box and hitched herself over to the bed. Aunt Hannah was slightly lame and one hip was a little higher than the other. She drew a round buff colored band-box from under the old-fashioned high-posted bed, and laid the bonnet into it. Then she slowly drew off the loose black cotton gloves that she had worn to church and laid them on top of the bonnet. After this, she pushed back the box, stood up and folding her shabby Sunday shawl neatly, in its creases, laid it in a drawer from which at the same time she took a clean checkered apron. She tied this over her gray skirt flounced up to the waist in front and shirred up the middle behind so as to make a series of wings in pairs, from the top to the bottom. Then she walked quickly out into the kitchen, poked the fire nervously with a little old-fashioned poker and put on two potatoes to boil. She stirred up a very small tapioca pudding, set it in the hot oven and then walked back jerkily through the dining room into the parlor. There was a little melodeon standing there in one corner, and after setting the green crocheted mat on the center table straight, she seated herself before the instrument and opened it.

Her parlor, like the bedroom, seemed to have been furnished by ghosts. The paper, with a sprawling pattern of impossible roses and sun-flowers, was yellow with age; the sampler that hung over the melodeon was merging the green of its weeping willow into the red of its weeping lady. A wax wreath, framed in a black oval frame, hung on the other side of the room. It had been a memorial piece at Aunt Hannah's mother's funeral, and she felt that she was growing old when she saw how very yellow its flowers had become. The rag carpet on the floor was fraying out in places so badly that she saw the bare spots, even outside the mats that she had made to cover them. These mats were oblong usually and represented some scene of her younger days, a house in the background perhaps, and standing just against it a tree, on whose branches sat a cat so large that it could look over the roof of the house. Sometimes

she put a dog in under the tree, but the length from his nose to his ears always seemed to be equal to that of his whole body. It gave him an unnatural appearance, someway, and he was not so satisfactory as the cat in the picture. And yet as she told a neighbor, she had always been fond of the old dog Nebuchadnezzar and it seemed kind o' slightin' to leave him out of a representation of the old farm. Yes! the carpet must go soon, she thought, but she was saving every cent she could for some other purpose, and a lovely smile crept over her wrinkled face as she thought what it was. The rug, however, that the melodeon stool rested upon, showed old Neb in all his unnatural proportions, with a very large eye and a rod-like tail, held up straight in the air. She looked down at him fondly and then in a high cracked voice began singing "Jesus Lover of My Soul" to the wheezy accompaniment that her stiff, weak fingers made. The big maltese cat jumped down from the window sill in the dining room at the first note and stalking majestically into the parlor, sat down with a mew beside the melodeon. As the verse progressed, his mew rose to a wail, his tail swelled to twice its natural size, his eyes glared, and he clawed the rug in front of him fiercely. Aunt Hannah smiled at him. "Old Captain Perry, you did like music," she said to him between the verses. She began the second verse; the sleepy superannuated canary, stirred on his perch uneasily and Captain Perry still continued his strange applause. Suddenly Aunt Hannah stopped; with a sharp cry of pain she put her hand to her side. She bit her thin lips and her yellow face grew a shade paler. She sat there a minute gasping a little. Captain Perry had sat up again and was blinking at her. Aunt Hannah shut down the melodeon. She always sang Sunday noon to the canary and the cat. But she had always before sung the four verses of the hymn. Today she went over to the slippery hair-cloth sofa diagonally across from the melodeon and sat there for several minutes instead of going into the kitchen to "dish up" her simple dinner as usual. Captain Perry jumped up beside her finally. She called him Captain Perry because he moved his head up and down when she played to him, as her lover used to do, before he went to sea and was lost there. He was not captain when he went away, but she always thought he would have been sometime, if he had lived, and it was a comfort to have something that reminded her of him, even if it was only the way a cat

turned its head. She stroked Captain Perry with her bony, large jointed fingers. She rubbed his chin and then felt of his nose. It was hot and dry. "Mercy, Cap," she exclaimed, "you're sick, you've got to have some catnip-tea right off." She hurried to the back door, went into the little back yard, picked a few stalks of catnip. She bent down with difficulty and as she walked back to the house retained the stooping position, as if it would hurt her back to straighten it. She groaned slightly as she at last reached the door, and stood upright again.

She shut the door behind her as she entered the warm kitchen, which seemed grateful to her after the frosty outside air. Taking a shiny round pan out of the cupboard, over the brightly blacked little stove, she crumpled the fresh catnip leaves into it, and pouring boiling water over them from the copper kettle, she covered them and set them on the back of the stove to steep. She tried the potatoes with a fork, turned over the chicken simmering on the side of the range, and opening the oven door, sniffed appreciatively the odor of the tapioca pudding. This done she sat down on one of the hard kitchen chairs standing beside the deal table in the corner, and smoothing down the brown gingham apron over her dress, called the cat to her.

He walked over slowly from the window where he had been sunning himself, almost dragging his long tail on the floor, jumped up on her lap without further invitation. She felt of his nose anxiously, again. The cat and the bird and Dr. Deems were the only friends that she had now, and the slightest hint of anything wrong with any one of them worried her greatly. She rubbed the cat's fur until he purred. Then once more she gave the sharp cry of pain and pressed her hand against her side. Her watery eyes grew more watery and her yellow face was almost chalky. She put the cat down gently, and helping herself up with her right hand, staggered towards the bedroom. She turned back at the kitchen door, however, and pouring some milk into a clean saucer, set it down beside the stove, saying to the cat gently as he came rubbing up against her, "you ortn't to have it for an hour yet Cappy, but I feel so kind of queer, I guess I'd better give it ye while I kin." Then she started once more for her bedroom, feeling her way along the wall and leaning against it heavily from time to time. When she reached her bed, she fell helplessly upon it, and lay there among the

feathers for several minutes, as she had fallen. Then she pulled up the yellow quilt from the bottom of the bed, but in spite of its weight, her teeth chattered, her pitiful little half dozen of teeth, and shiver after shiver ran over her thin little body. She breathed hoarsely and the pain still clutched her side. Soon she began to smell things burning in the kitchen, first the two potatoes, then the chicken, then the pudding. She tried to get up, but fell back whiter than before. Then she felt the fever flame up in her old withered cheeks. Her lips were parched and she longed for just a sip of water. The cat jumped up on the bed after a while and sat solemnly staring down at her. She pushed him off once, but he jumped up again. She dozed and his green eyes seemed to be the eyes of a demon. She woke up with a scream, to hear the latch of the kitchen door being raised stealthily. She shuddered and lay there perfectly quiet. There had been burglars in the village lately. Her weak blue eyes stood out with horror. Her hoarse breathing must be audible in the kitchen. Was it some one coming to take her mother's few jewels, or her dozen silver spoons, or the miniature of her shipwrecked lover, her most precious possession? Surely no one would want that. The pearls in its setting were not worth much. No, she thought feverishly, no one should have that. She would die first. The cautious step came nearer, nearer, creeping stealthily through the kitchen and dining room. She tried to cry out, but her voice was mute. Her heart almost stood still, something seemed to snap inside her head. Still she heard the steps opposite the window, opposite the table. In a second she would see, oh what would she see? She clenched her hands, with one supreme effort she sat up, glaring fiercely towards the door-way and screamed out shrilly, "you sha'n't have it;" then she saw a man's figure there, a man's face, and sinking back exhausted, for the first time in her life she fainted.

When consciousness had struggled back again, she found the man standing over her, holding a water pitcher poised doubtfully above her head. She shrank away from him, her fear returning as her brain became clear once more. But he looked at her reproachfully and said quickly,

"Why Hannah! don' cher know me, you haint forgotten Jim, hev ye? I come in as I ust to, when you was awaitin' in

the parlor for me, an' I'll be blow—I mean I'll be, wall, anyway you screamed the same 'sif I was buglur."

A glad light crept into Aunt Hannah's eyes as he spoke, and her "Oh! Jim" sounded like the amen of a life long prayer.

"I warn't shipwrecked, Hannah," he went on, "an' they've tol' me how you've ben waitin' for me all this long time. It was awful faithful of ye, Hannah."

He looked away from her pale wizened face and choked a little. He had set the pitcher down, but he had not even taken her hand in greeting, though Aunt Hannah was too happy to notice it.

"I've got somethin' to say t' ye, Hannah," he continued with an effort, still looking far away out of the window, to the sea, "something hard, an' I thought I'druther tell ye myself nor have anybody."

"That's all right, Jim," interrupted Aunt Hannah. "It's so good t' have ye back, I can't think of anythin' else jest now." But she added shyly, "If it's ennythin' about money, don't ye go to worryin', I've saved up enough fur us two to live comfortable."

The man winced. "You know, Jim," she went on hesitatingly, "You was allus so generous with your money, you couldn't keep it an' so I've been savin' up agen the time ye might come back. I 'spose you're jest the same boy, Jim? but my, how you hev growed."

The man's jolly face looked disturbed. "Oh! Hannah! I must," he began.

"Come right out into the parlor," said Aunt Hannah, without giving him time to finish, "where we kin talk it all over."

She put her withered little hand confidingly into his big brown one, and tried carefully to climb down from the high bed, but the effort was too much for her and she turned faint again.

"I be'nt well, Jim," she said feebly, "I don' know wots the matter of me."

The man was looking at her helplessly as a big Newfoundland might at a sick kitten.

"I reckon I'd better git some one to come t' ye, some woman as'll know how to do," he suggested finally, with an air of relief.

"Mrs. Jenkins," she whispered feebly, breathing hard.

"Oh, Jim, don't go," she exclaimed with the querulous impa-

tience of a woman unused to sickness. "I'm so 'fraid I'll lose you agen."

"No, I ain't goin' away enny more," he replied soothingly, patting her hand, but looking distressed. "She'll be here right away, yes right away," he repeated, with embarrassment.

"Oh! Jim, wud you mind takin' them things off the stove," she asked, as he turned to go. "They do smell awful." Jim nodded. She heard him take the tins from the stove and drop them into the sink with noisy clatter. Then with a sigh of satisfaction and contentment, she wearily closed her eyes, but the man, with bowed head, closed the door behind him, murmuring, "An' I loved the poor little thing wunce. I shouldn't hev knowed her, never."

Close upon her great joy followed hours of pain for Aunt Hannah and the darkness when Captain Perry and Dr. Deems and Jim and she herself were all struggling in the ocean together, when Jim was pushing her away, Dr. Deems was telling her to have courage, and Captain Perry was trying to pull her under water with his long claws. Then came indistinct visions of Mrs. Jenkins hovering over her, of Dr. Deems putting cool draughts to her lips, of neighbors' heads thrust through the door, shaken with mournful sympathy, and of children's voices outside, calling for Aunt Hannah to come and make their kit-tens well.

There was no hope, Dr. Deems said finally, after days and nights of patient watching and anxious care. He said it quietly and professionally to Mrs. Jenkins, but there was the look of a hunted animal in his eyes.

The end came sooner than they expected at the last, though they had been watching for it for long hours.

Dr. Deems had sent Mrs. Jenkins home for a short time to take care of her child who was ailing a little, and she was to stop on her way with a message to Jim to come at once. He must be in the house in case Aunt Hannah asked for him, though Dr. Deems feared she would not recognize him.

Soon after Mrs. Jenkins left, consciousness returned to Aunt Hannah for a little space. She heard the kitchen door open, and by the expectant look on her face Dr. Deems saw that she knew who it was. She waited anxiously until the broad strong figure of her sailor appeared in the narrow door-way nearly filling its narrow space. He walked up to the bed and stood

beside her, awed by a warning look from Dr. Deems, who was sitting on the other side of the bed, his finger on her flickering pulse. Aunt Hannah smiled up at him.

"Gray, very gray," she whispered, looking at his hair, "We're both getting old, Jim." He bent down to catch the next faint words, "but I—am—so—happy." The man's face worked. She put out her hand to Dr. Deems, who had risen and was watching her anxiously, and with one long loving look at Jim, life slipped quietly away.

Neither man moved for a few minutes. Then Jim began to wipe his eyes on his red bandanna. The movement roused Dr. Deems.

"You'd better go," he said, softly, looking at the sailor, and catching his breath a little, "your wife'll be waitin' for ye." "No, I don't need you," he continued, as Jim seemed about to remonstrate. After one more look at the silent figure, the man turned away obediently and tiptoed out as quietly as his squeaky boots would allow.

Left alone, Dr. Deems bent down, and for the first and last time kissed the pathetic little face. But it was the kiss of a man who had loved vainly all his life.

Outside the still dark room, the canary tried a few shaky notes, and Captain Perry majestically waving his long tail, with well fed indifference, played with the blue-bottles buzzing on the window pane.

ALICE KATHARINE FALLOWS.

AN EXPERIMENT IN EXAMINATIONS

The Department of Rhetoric this year decided to offer to its students in both required and elective classes the opportunity to take examinations which should not affect the term standing, but be marked and criticized to the student. Two considerations led to this course. First, the dread on the part of many students of the mere machinery of examination; second, the ignorance on the part of many students of the aims of examinations, as well as of the best ways of meeting their requirements.

Students were allowed to take the examinations on any day or at any hour when rhetoric had a place on the schedule, so that they could suit their convenience and avoid overcrowding of work.

The result may be interesting. The whole number of examinations taken was sixty-six. Of these, twenty-four papers were the work of seniors, eleven of juniors, twenty-two of the second class and nine of the first class.

These facts are more significant than might at first appear. Most of the students who did this work had, in addition, four or five term examinations, and in half the cases perhaps six or seven. The students taking the voluntary examinations were of all grades of scholarship. Some of them were among the students known for their natural endowment and high stand in recitations, some were average students, and a few were from the poorest in the class. The papers were remarkably good. Some of them had an extraordinary amount of finish. Facts in large numbers were accurately held and interestingly treated in excellent literary form. In every paper there seemed to be a distinct effort on the part of the writer to get an independent point of view from which to arrange the material called for by the questions. This evidence of scholarly interest was most encouraging and there was an equally encouraging absence of all effort to elude the part of questions where it was seen to be difficult or embarrassingly complex. Very few students were satisfied with stock and conventional answers. Half a dozen or more carefully summed up the questions, stating which ones they had emphasized and why, and clearly specifying the parts or whole questions which they had forgotten or neglected to prepare. Many interesting questions were asked about the form of presenting material, and much practical interest was shown in efforts to make the work of all examinations permanent. The Department feels that it could not expect under the circumstances a more general support of its experiment, nor under any circumstances one more satisfactory in scholarly results.

M. A. JORDAN.

THE FORM IN "ABT VOGLER"

If we proceed upon Mr. Stedman's theory in "The Nature and Elements of Poetry," that "Great poets are always behind or before their ages," we are in some perplexity to place Robert Browning, whose genius is so versatile, whose grasp so broad.

Nor is the question simplified by considering such a poem as Abt Vogler. So closely is the theme in touch with the life of to-day, that at first thought it might be called modern. But even we of the nineteenth century are not presumptuous to the extent of claiming as our own a theme that has moved men from the beginning of the world—the attempt to justify the “ways of God to man.” The theme cannot be called modern. It is universal.

The form in which this theme is embodied is the closest approach to classical hexameter of which Browning and the English language are capable. This form we are accustomed to-day to call anachronistic. We say, when our printing presses are turning out books by the thousands, when our cities are illuminated by the turn of an electric button, when our railroads transport us so unpicturesquely but so swiftly across the continent, that we have outgrown the deliberate rhythm of hexameter. That it is not expressive of the English people of to-day.

In the theme and form, then, it seems evident that there is an inconsistency. The theme is modern, as a river is modern that is ever bearing fresh waters down to the sea, and yet is the same, unspeakably old river. But the form, it seems, is antiquated, just as the bridges spanning the river may be quaint and out of date.

Shall we say, then, following Mr. Stedman, that Robert Browning is “before or behind his age?” Or, first of all, may we class a man with the “great poets” who in our eyes trespasses against Ruskin’s law that “The form should correspond to the facts?” It is evident that the whole problem hangs upon the propriety of the form. If its use is justified, then the inconsistency is removed. For the poem then would be the expression of a thought as old and as young as mankind in a form dignified by age, but yet vital. Is the form of this poem a mechanical performance and a conscious experiment; or does the hexameter form and that only embody the thoughts in Abt Vogler’s mind? Is there a fundamental consistency? In other words, is the form inevitable?

In order to ascertain whether Browning’s form corresponds to the facts, let us consider the facts.

“Abt Vogler, after he has been extemporizing upon the musical instrument of his invention,” thinks the thoughts which make this poem. They are the thoughts of a creative man, ca-

pable of conceiving and executing the idea of an organ. The mind of such a man is Miltonic in grandeur. There is also a touch of the artisan, of a man who works with his hands, and fits things together; and of a philosopher, not dealing, as does Milton, with accepted traditions, but who, as he demonstrates why one organ pipe must be next its neighbor, is working out to himself the relations of the "Immensities and the Infinities." So the mind finding expression in this poem is that of an artisan, a musician and a philosopher; a composite character, with inevitably contradictory traits. Abt Vogler is a practical man and a mystic, a realist and an idealist. But his mind is not torn by these conflicts. He is not a victim of melancholia or a misanthrope. His mind is of the non-partisan order that does not stand on the level of "taking sides;" but, from a higher plane, looks down upon both sides. Nor is this sanity of mind born of indifference. He does not feel "One is as good as another," but, "There is good in both." He has opinions and sympathies and beliefs, and, from a partisan point of view, such a man is inevitably inconsistent.

Well, "consistency is the Hobgoblin of weak minds"—that is the consistency that is made up of firm adherence to one side and scorn or oblivion of the other. But certainly great minds must have a consistency, or they would not be great. This consistency is necessarily different from that of small minds,—it brings greater and more diverse forces together into a purer harmony, and lies deep down at the root of things. For it is not the consistency of things by nature consistent, but of inconsistencies.

This is the root of consistency that Browning conceives to exist in Abt Vogler's mind. Abt Vogler, "after extemporizing upon the musical instrument of his invention," Abt Vogler, artisan, musician and philosopher, is feeling after a consistency whereby, from his unsatisfied desires, limitations and shortcomings—discontent,—there can be evolved, not a complacency, but a content that is deep and broad enough to surround the discontent.

"On the earth the broken arcs, in the heaven the perfect round."

Now in what form should this work of infinite toil, difficult even to comprehend, be represented? "The form should correspond to the facts," is Ruskin's law. The facts, we have found, are heavy, rough, massive,—the unique product of a unique mind. Let us consider the form.

Since indirect representation is the peculiar instrument for communicating reflective moods, as this appeals to feeling, rather than sight or hearing, this is the prevailing method employed in Abt Vogler's meditation,

"Would that the structure brave, the manifold music I build,—
Would it might tarry like this, this beautiful building of mine."

But the representation is alloyed, since the instinctive element breaks in, and Browning falls into presentation, thinking not in, but of pictures.

"Sorrow is hard to bear, and doubt is hard to clear."

Sometimes this presentation is poetical,

"All we have willed or hoped or dreamed of good, shall exist."
and sometimes unpoetical—barren, poor in fact,

"When eternity affirms the conception of an hour."

The representation does not tend to the ornate. The figures, although manifold, come in succession.

"And one would bury his brow."

"And another would mount and march."

On the other hand, the presentation tends to didacticism.

"Consider it well—each tone in one scale in itself is naught."

The moral is put occasionally in presentative form, apparently from carelessness, for Browning can give this representatively.

"On the earth the broken arcs; in the heaven the perfect round."

Thus, in the employment of both presentation and representation there is a poetic inconsistency. Opposed to this, the poem has, throughout, the qualities of the grand style. It has rapidity. The movement is different from that of narrative, so that you learn the tale only by learning the distance covered. This is all-inclusive. Although at first the details seem to be huddled out of the way of the main idea, there is a scheme of proportion attainable only by mentality.

Then again, Browning's medium is specific. It consists in tones, not pictures, and each is brought to our ears clean cut and sonorous. It is progressive, as it observes the laws of harmony. The typical quality of the poem is a most energetic expression of personality and were, as Mr. Stedman says, "The value of a new piece of art now the tone peculiar to the maker's genius," the claims of Abt Vogler would be established without further discussion. The *universality* of the theme has

been already mentioned. For we are all seeking, in our way, the harmony underlying the variations, as Abt Vogler was in his way.

But that is the very point—"in his way." His way is by means of hexameter. Does Browning wed "noble thoughts to immortal verse?"

Let us consider the relation of the measure to the thought in individual lines.

The first verse in the poem,

"Would it might tarry like this, this beautiful building of mine,"

may be scanned either with dactyls or anapests, the choice depending entirely upon the reader's interpretation. The verse form varies greatly. In a line like this,

"Then up again swim into sight, having based me my palace well,"

we take a breath of fresh air as by the buoyant anapests the verse form rises, while in

"Founded it, fearless of flame, flat on the nether springs,"

we get a sense of solidity from the calm dactyls, and the alliterative f's by the definite effort required for that pronunciation, add to this feeling of stability. Whenever the thought is dramatic, then the hexameter is iambic or anapaestic. When the thought is meditative or merely narrative, spondees or dactyls are used. The leading measure is anapaestic, because Browning's thought is generally animate and unsuited to dactyls. When the thought is full and complete, the measure is symmetrical. Sometimes we find seven feet and again dactyllic pentameter.

In contrast with this sensitiveness to rhythm, some of the lines cannot be scanned, because they are prose.

"Ay, another and yet another, one crowd but with many a crest."

"When eternity affirms the conception of an hour."

"Sliding by semitones, till I rush to the mirror—yes."

Yet in these verses, contrasts though they are to the rhythmic verses, there is the same underlying consistency between sound and sense. The lines are prose because the thought is prose, and expressed in metre, would be insecure. They require, for the true expression of their meaning, the prose form. That form is as inevitable and therefore as correct, as the significant dactyls and anapests.

Certainly, after gaining even this much insight into the functions of Browning's verse, we cannot dismiss his use of hexam-

eter by saying that it was accidental or mechanical or experimental. A poet who understood the art of fitting sound to sense as well as Browning did, had a definite purpose in the choice of the prevailing measure. It must have been borne in upon Browning, consciously or unconsciously, that Abt Vogler, as he conceived the man, or that the thoughts of Robert Browning himself in this reverie—as you will, were only in hexameter time. That each thought was the length of a hexameter verse,—no more and no less. (Only three verses in the poem are not end-stopped.) That hexameter being the characteristic rhythm of the man, in this communion with his own soul, it must inevitably make its presence felt. Following Browning's conception, Abt Vogler was a man who thought and felt deeply and deliberately. He took a full deep breath; then paused, then breathed again. This makes hexameter a necessity. The use of hexameter was not a trick—the attempt to revive an antique form. To Browning it was vital and present in the person of Abt Vogler. To express his conception of the man, hexameter was the only sincere and direct method. In other words, hexameter was inevitable.

The "Facts" of Abt Vogler are the reconciliation of apparent inconsistencies. Therefore, according to Ruskin, the form should be the reconciliation of apparent formal inconsistencies. Now, to sum up the conclusions reached, in the form we find, first, both representation and presentation are employed, the latter being poetical and unpoetical; second, with this unclassic alloy the poem has the qualities of the grand style; third, some verses are rhythmic and some are prose; and fourth, the hexameter form supposably outgrown is to Browning characteristic, vital, inevitable.

The contradictory traits of the form bear a correspondence to the contradictions of Abt Vogler's thought, because the underlying principle by which the varieties of form are bound together, the purpose, necessity and ultimate good in the poet's mind of their existence, corresponds to the scheme of the fundamental consistency of things in Abt Vogler's mind. Through Browning's seeming slovenliness or eccentricity there runs a definite scheme. He demands consideration within his own compass of good or bad. When furthest from orthodox rhetorical correctness, he is at the summit of his power. When furthest from attaining a Greek classicism, he attains being

classic unto himself. When apparently disobeying laws, he carries them out most completely and implicitly in their very relation. In this deeper sense, Abt Vogler is not a transgression of Ruskin's law, but an excellent example thereof.

Since the finest art is that appreciated by the educated and uneducated, it is interesting to consider what the plain man would say of Abt Vogler. Aside from any doubts he may have concerning "Fresh from the Protoplast," or "sliding by semitones," or the point of the train of thought, "the C Major of this life," does he find satisfaction in reading Abt Vogler?

I have seen plain men who could enjoy Abt Vogler. Men who drive their pick axes in the streets or swing their scythes along country roads to the measure of this poem. But these, I admit, are exceptions. While the very parts of the poem that go to the heart of the plain man, would cause the scholar actual pain. The audience is limited, but not to any one class. In this universality we see again the superficial inconsistencies, and the reconciling principle in the fundamental unity, in this case, of mankind.

Finally, what inference may be drawn from the verse scheme in Abt Vogler concerning the use of hexameter in the English language? Is not the lesson something like this. If your theme has sufficient intrinsic value to sustain attenuation to hexameter dignity; if you feel that your readers will be rewarded for panting over the lines by the unique inspiration that they will gain; that you are willing to undergo condemnation by all established critical standards, and oblivion from a good share of the reading public—that your personality has the magnetism of Browning—then use hexameter if you dare.

Certainly, the treatment of the eternal question in Abt Vogler, the application of hexameter, and the interpretation of Ruskin's law, are the work of a modern mind. And, reconsidering Mr. Stedman's theory, I think we may be safe in saying that Robert Browning is a great poet before his age.

GRACE LATHROP COLLIN.

CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

FROM MY WINDOW

I sit within my little room
And see the world pass by,
The merry, youthful thoughtless world,
That knows not I am I.

I watch it from my window ledge
Below me, at its play—
It makes an end of foolish things
And thinks the sad ones gay.

And there above I sit, alone,
Behind my curtains long,
And I but peep, and mock a bit,
And sing a bit of song.

E. T. A.

There is one thing, it seems to me, that may be justly said against this college life of ours, namely, that it tends to make us selfish in the consideration of others.

The Other Side Here we are absorbed in our lessons, and there is no one to say "do this" or "do that," beyond a few very simple rules. We are not to go driving alone with young men, we are to have our lights out at ten o'clock, we are to attend to our scheduled recitations,—but further than this we are our own mistresses. Our friends have claims on us, to be sure, but they are easily settled claims, and we can adjust them very much as we wish. There is seldom any actual necessity for real self-denial for the sake of others, or for any great sacrifices in the cause of friendship. If we are out of temper, we retire to our rooms and put up a sign, and feel reasonably sure that our privacy will be respected. If we want to go out doors, we are our own judges of the amount of clothing it is necessary to wear (incompetent judges very often,

I fear), and if our costumes are satisfactory to ourselves, there is no one else who is entitled to find fault. When we are invited out, there are no ties to keep us at home, and we need consult only our own desires and conveniences.

All this is undeniably convenient and attractive, and good in teaching us to stand on our own feet and not to expect others to help us along. It also impresses a few lessons on our minds through many mistakes, but it certainly makes us impatient of home restrictions when we return to our families. It is exceedingly difficult for many of us to adjust our mental poise to home relations, and we feel unnecessarily irritated when our self-government is interfered with. Mothers invariably insist on our putting on much more clothing than we think needful, when we go out ; fathers dislike our costumes ; brothers disapprove of our college manners. We are no longer justified in saying, " Well, if you don't like it——" and withdrawing to the privacy of our own rooms, guarded by a sign. Our duty is now to be sweet and cheerful, to put on all the prescribed wraps, to ask gently what gown is preferred, and to acknowledge submissively that we know our manners need improvement and we will try to better them. It is trying to be told to sew up our clothes instead of making use of the ever-useful safety pin that has become such a familiar friend ; and it wounds our dignity to hear that we ought to be ashamed to allow our dresses to become so dusty. When we are invited out we cannot consult our own desires alone, but we have to consider whether or not we are wanted at home ; if we ought to devote ourselves to our families and not to outside friends ; if it would be more convenient for others if we should stay at home. All this would be second nature to us if we were constantly subject to these considerations, but, coming as we do directly from a little world containing solely our own interests and our own convenience, it comes hard, and we do not do our duty as cheerfully as we should often like to. In fact, many of us go home to a continual round of gaiety of one kind or another, which keeps us so much occupied that we see scarcely more of our home people than when we are away at college, and we feel injured when they complain of us, and try to reason ourselves into thinking that we are doing all that conscience requires if we stay in the house two mornings in a week.

But when we make our vacation life a matter of conscience

and duty, we lose the zest and pleasure of it, and altogether it is a perplexing question. College ought not to make any difference in our home affections, and when we see that our parents want us to be with them, we ought to be glad to give up a few teas or calls or "larks," and respond heartily to the often unspoken appeal. If we can't do this, there is something wrong, and mothers have every right to say that they lose their daughters at college. It seems contemptible in us to be reluctant to give our mothers all that they ask of us during our short vacations; and yet, many of us must acknowledge a feeling of restless dissatisfaction when we give up a matinee or a drive for the sake of being dutiful daughters, and duty done is not always the rainbow in the soul that it is claimed to be.

There is no outward remedy for this state of affairs. The fault lies in our nature in spite of our intentions, and there is nothing in our college life that can change it. The change must come from ourselves. On the whole, it is a serious question, and we ought to be careful not to let our student life warp any of our affections or give any color to the frequent charge brought against us, that college girls make unsatisfactory daughters and sisters.

E. L.

The rain was drizzling down upon the wet pavements with a chilly persistency which depressed even the small street Arabs playing marbles on the sidewalk. The ragged **B Street** organ grinder, who was wont to inflict the region, had long since stopped in the midst of "Spring, Gentle Spring," and with a shrug of disgust, had gone to seek some hospitable neighborhood whose musical taste is not influenced by the weather. The heavy moving wagon across the street had received its load of shabby chairs and sofas, pious mottoes and family photographs in heavy gilt frames, and was rumbling away discontentedly, between the dreary rows of uniform red brick houses where the sign "Apartments to let" alternated with "Fashionable Modiste."

With a sigh of disgust at the utter cheerlessness of the scene, I was about to follow the moving wagon, when I chanced to notice the house it had just left. It seemed a trifle larger than its neighbors, and the shabby front bore signs of a more recent gentility. The lace curtains in the parlor windows had not

so visibly the mark of bargain day, but most noticeable of all was the modest sign, "Dressmaker," which hung in the window. It was such a refreshing contrast to the ominipresent "Modiste." It was a proof that there was yet some one—even in B Street—who appreciated the strength of plain English. Beside the door-bell hung three neat signs, all evidently the work of the same hand.

The lowest was but a repetition of the sign which had before attracted me—"Miss McNeill, Dressmaker." How simple, yet how explicit! The very name, Miss McNeill, had a distinct personality! I could almost see her, a refined quiet little woman with a deprecating manner, and timid voice, could see the neatness of her black dress merging into primness as the years go by; but over-neatness is a fault which one is not often called on to forgive in B Street. I could see the childish curves of her mouth, which are growing a trifle plaintive, but the world has not dealt well with Miss McNeill. Even B Street has evidently failed to appreciate her virtues, for those faded chairs and meek little flower-pictures which were just carried to the moving wagon, must have been hers. Perhaps the pictures were relics of happier days when "ladylike accomplishments" had not given way before the stress of "a living."

There is, moreover, a sign "To let" under the "Dressmaker" of the parlor window. But surely a change of any sort would be disagreeable to methodical little Miss McNeill. Can mere love of gain have induced her to follow the example of the organ-grinder? Or were the other inmates of the house uncongenial?

The sign above seems to throw very little light on the mystery—"George Whelpton, Vocal Instructor." What a name for a villian! Not a dashing, admirable villian, but one of the low and petty species. Surely no novelist could ask for a name more replete with criminal possibilities! But what could one gentle refined little dressmaker have in common with a man named Whelpton?

The third sign is more promising. Indeed here must be the solution of the whole problem—"Professor Boisseau, Artist." Tall and a trifle bent, with streaks of grey in his brown hair, a slight French accent, soft brown eyes, gentle and tender but unsuccessful. In every way the mate for my little Miss McNeill. And here is a romance, even on B Street! Is there a signifi-

cance in the fact that Whelpton's sign is between the two? For he must be the villian of one plot. Were there obstacles to the current of Professor Boisseau's peaceful love-making? But it must have ended well, and now they are moving to some pleasant street in the suburbs, for even a courtship cannot gild the common-place dinginess of B Street.

Emboldened by this happy denoument, I appealed to the gamins on the curb-stone—"Can you tell me where Professor and Mrs. Boisseau will live," I asked. The small boys stared. "There ain't any Mrs. Boisseau," said one. "Old Profesh paints signs; He's got rooms to rent." This with a significant tapping of the forehead and a prodigious wink. "But you ask Miss McNeill about him, she boards there. Here she comes." I turned. Coming slowly down the steps was the stoutest woman I had ever seen. Her bright blue dress—a mighty expanse—was set off by a huge green hat trimmed with bebrag-gled red feathers. From time to time she paused in her progress down the stairs to call out directions to the men who were following with her trunk. The voice was indescribably shrill and high pitched.

In dismay I turned and fled, lest I should be told that Whelpton, the villian of villians, was a deacon, or at least a respectable member of society. The organ-grinder was clearly right in his estimate of B Street.

M. R. F.

THE DIFFERENCE.

A little boat on a summer sea,
Only room for my love and me,
Blue above and blue below
And joy in the stern as on we go.

A little boat on a summer sea
But my love—she will not go with me;
The sky is blue, but what do I care?
And joy is gone, for my love is not there.

E. K. D.

I don't know that any one has ever made a scientific study of smiles. I once thought of making a study of kissing, to see if

I could find some origin of that curious custom. I am sure if a catalogue of famous smiles were made, the smile of Mona Lisa would stand first. Other women have smiled in their day. The world saw, loved, and understood. Not so with Mona Lisa. She smiled; the world saw and loved, but did not understand. Therein lies the fascination. As many as there are who like solutions to problems, just so many are there who like to be baffled. I confess there is an unknown charm in being thwarted by such a smile. The trouble lies in its very complexity. It is a synthesis of soul, intellect, eyes and lips. There is no heart in it. Leonardo da Vinci was not given to artist's tricks, or else one might say that he had created this subtle enigma by a mere trick of the brush. The great Guido Reni, who painted such "soulful Madonna's," laughingly confessed that he had a hundred and seventy ways of making the eyes turn heavenward.

But Mona Lisa had something almost as fascinating as her smile. It was her hands. Lithe, potential hands they were, having delicacy of shape, yet power. The average woman can express nothing with her hands. A hook would do as well as a hand. The comforting thing about the Mona Lisa is that her hands suit her smile.

H. M.

"Don't look so bored!" said the Gibson Girl. "You always look bored."

"Well, why shouldn't I look bored?"

With Love Around asked the Gibson Man, pulling his
The Corner moustache. The Gibson Girl leaned
forward and looked straight at him.

"Why shouldn't you look bored?" she repeated.

"I never—" began the Gibson Man.

"Yes, I should be glad to know what you mean," interrupted the Gibson Girl. "How are you going to get out of that, please tell me?"

"I was upon the point of saying, when I was interrupted," went on the Gibson Man, imperturbably, "that at a great sacrifice of my inclination, I looked bored in order to furnish a good foil for your breeziness and beauty."

"Thank you," said the Gibson Girl, "but I never was told before that I needed a foil."

"A vicarious sacrifice," murmured the Gibson Man, smothering a yawn. The Gibson Girl arose from the couch where she was sitting.

"Wouldn't you like to lie down?" she asked. "Perhaps you are sleepy. I am sorry the couch isn't longer. I'll go away so you needn't make any more sacrifices. I'll turn down the lights if you say so, too."

"Don't go," said the Gibson Man politely, rising as he spoke. "I quite enjoy sacrifices, 'pon my word I do."

The Gibson Girl, standing in the middle of the floor with her arms hanging lonely at her sides, turned her head and looked over her shoulder at him in silence.

"You don't look quite natural," commented the Gibson Man. "You aren't doing it."

"Doing what?" asked the Gibson Girl, without moving.

"Angling," returned the Gibson Man promptly. "For a man, you know," he added, as the Gibson Girl looked sternly uncomprehending.

"Ah!" said the Gibson Girl. "But you see there's no inducement just at present. Besides, sometimes I don't angle; I simply—"

"You simply what?" asked the Gibson Man, as the Gibson Girl broke off, and turning, went to the window and looked out at the night.

"I simply dangle them," murmured the Gibson Girl, from between the velvet curtains.

The Gibson Man plunged his hands into his pockets and bit his moustache in silence for a few moments, watching the long lines of the Gibson Girl's train, which fell in satin folds from her shoulders. The Gibson Girl bent forward suddenly and looked out intently.

"What do you see?" asked the Gibson Man.

"Nothing—now," answered the Gibson Girl, straightening herself.

"What did you see?" pursued the Gibson Man.

"Love," said the Gibson Girl, wearily. "He's just gone round the corner, in all the deep snow, poor little fellow! I should go and find him and bring him back, but it's easier to lose him at this stage of the game than later, you know."

"Humph!" said the Gibson Man, looking thoughtful. There was another pause, while the Gibson Girl looked out at the snow. Finally the Gibson Man asked,

"That's what you call an Empire frock, isn't it?"

"Well, hardly," returned the Gibson Girl, carelessly.

"Pardon!" said the Gibson Man. "I thought all those loose, wrappery effects were Empire frocks. Anyway, you never wore them till you came back from Paris last year, and now I seldom come here but you have one on. Why the dickens don't you wear a tight fitting dress, that shows how divinely tall and slender you are?" The Gibson Girl turned and walked back to the couch and sat down.

"I am sorry that I didn't know your ideas on the subject before I got my Paris gowns," she said, evenly. "I should have done differently—perhaps."

"Sincerity is a strong point of yours," said the Gibson Man, taking one hand out of his pocket to pull his moustache.

"I think I shall go abroad again next month," observed the Gibson Girl. "Have you any last words to say in regard to my new gowns?"

"Have 'em fit," said the Gibson Man politely. "Shall you do anything over there? Hope you'll pick up something."

"How very vulgar!" said the Gibson Girl.

"Yes, they often are," murmured the Gibson Man.

"What?" asked the Gibson Girl.

"Nothing," answered the Gibson Man, sitting down on the couch beside her. "Nothing. But look here, are you sure you saw Love going round the corner?"

"Quite sure," said the Gibson Girl, looking straight ahead of her.

"Oh, I think you are quite mistaken," affirmed the Gibson Man.

"What makes you think so?" asked the Gibson Girl, politely.

"I'll show you," said the Gibson Man.

There was a sound at the door, and the old butler pushed aside the portiere and entered, carrying a tray with cakes and wine. The Gibson Man sat at one end of the couch, his arms folded, an expression of determined vacuity on his face. The Gibson Girl sat at the other end, her hands clasped in her lap, her eyes fixed demurely on the polished floor. The butler put the tray down on a table, and went out. His face was preternaturally grave, for one of the Gibson Girl's sleeves, the one nearer the Gibson Man, was crushed flat.

S. S. T.

EDITORIAL

The idea of a National University, towards whose realization President Washington gave both his efforts and a liberal bequest, which received so much confident support from other presidents and legislators in the early days of our Republic, has remained to most of us, in spite of subsequent isolated efforts on its behalf, little more than an idea. Often this idea has been apparently lost sight of while institutions unthought of at the time of its projection, have acquired a long history of growing successes.

In proportion as our country has increased in growth and in that prosperity which is the necessary precursor of a general interest in higher education, the need of a National University has made itself felt with increasing importance.

Other universities have hoped to fill the place that the National University was designed to occupy. The founders of the Columbian Institute and the Columbian College worked toward this end. But while each has made its own place and has filled this place with credit, it has become only the more evident that, as Mr. John W. Hoyt said in his memorial to the Senate in 1892, "The nation only is equal to the founding of such a university as the nation needs."

The demand for a National University has acquired a new importance in the light of the recent organization of effort on its behalf, which has taken shape in the formation of a "National Committee of One Hundred, to promote the establishment of the University of the United States," and the selection from its members of an "Executive Council" which held its first meeting November 30, 1895, and incorporated the provisions for the University of the United States in a bill for the action of Congress, which after revision by a special committee was unanimously agreed to December 11, 1895.

It is significant of the general recognition of the need of a

National University and of the variety and extent of the benefits expected from its influence, that the interest in this movement has been expressed alike by statesmen, by many of the presidents and by professors of our colleges and universities, by prominent clergymen, jurists and scientists, all of whom are represented in the National Committee of One Hundred.

Besides the general influence that such a university would exert in raising the standard in our other educational institutions and in helping to secure the co-ordination which we now aim at in securing lectures in one college by professors from another, the memorial of Mr. Hoyt emphasizes a fact whose importance all must recognize, that the location of such a university at Washington would not only make possible the use of the now wasted material in the government departments, and the assistance of the experts employed there, but would undoubtedly exert a much needed influence upon the national government in all its departments.

The university, it is hoped, would be able by means of the government support, which as we have seen in our state universities, need in no way lead to partisan control in the university, to attract professors and students from all countries, in this way affording the stimulus of a cosmopolitan atmosphere, and making directly against any spirit of provincialism.

It is hoped that such a university will render unnecessary the study in foreign universities, which takes each year an increasing number of our students abroad; but there is in this no spirit of provincialism, it is desired that thorough post-graduate instruction in all departments shall be made possible at home, so that study in a foreign university may be a matter of choice not one of necessity, based on a lack of equally valuable facilities here, so that those students who may not go abroad may find the same advantages at home.

So the design is to devote the University of the United States entirely to post-graduate instruction in all its departments, and so to secure earnest scholarly work and supplement the work done in our other colleges and universities.

The careful organization of the present movement, the energy of the action of the Executive Council and the evidently increasing need for such a university, lead us to hope that we are soon to see realized the long cherished plan for a University of the United States.

EDITOR'S TABLE

In the old days when tournaments and battles, love-adventures and riotous banquets formed the daily life of kings and queens and their courts, the nobles found that with increasing prowess in deeds of valor their mental aptitude grew dull, and so they hired some clever fellow to make their jokes for them, another with a turn for versifying to sing their praises of love and war, which they were too idle to sing themselves. The court jester and the court minstrel, the one in his cap and bells, the other with his lute and dreamy face, were the constant attendants at the courts where jaded minds sought pleasure in the piquancy of another's wit or song. The court jester has died out with the growing earnestness of court and kings, and now his place is vacant. But the court minstrel, whose function was always a nobler one than his fellow's, has endured and to-day the poet laureate of England is regarded as the minstrel who voices the highest thoughts of the English people in the highest form of art. England's sweetest singers have been thus crowned kings of song. In early days such men as Chaucer and Spenser came to hold this office, rather as a matter of chance than by deliberate choice. They stand out conspicuous, here as elsewhere, among a host of forgotten names. With the advent of Ben Johnson to the office of laureate, came a change in the estimation in which the office was held and from that day its incumbent has been the man regarded by the English people as their greatest poet, not only the man who could best express the poetic fancies of his own mind, but who could best voice the loves, the aspirations, the fame of England and her people. With the accession of Alfred Tennyson, the crest of the mounting wave has been reached. "Alfred the Great" reigned long over his realm of song and when he died there seemed no man in England to step into his place. Many men have been suggested only to be rejected by the public at large as too narrow

or too eccentric to fill this empty place. Men said, "there is no real king of song in England, why try to put a mere apprentice on the throne!" So for some years this place has been empty; occasionally the question has been raised concerning the suitability of Morris, or Watson, or Swinburne for the office, but to no avail. Now suddenly, with hardly a word of warning, comes the news that a poet laureate has been chosen and the literary world, on the *qui vive* to know which of its various suggestions has been followed, learns with a blank face that Mr. Alfred Austin has been appointed successor to Alfred Tennyson. Mr. Austin has been called "a respectable sort of literary person; he is a man of no divine inspirations, no universal breadth of feeling, of no passion. He is a versifier of more or less pleasing quality, fond of England's attainments and her beautiful country, proud of her achievements but without one spark of the real fire from heaven. It is a grave question whether it would not have been far better to let the laureateship die out in the grand climax it reached in the person of Tennyson than to let it fall into the hands of a man who cannot uphold its proud eminence before the world.

An article which comes to us at Smith with peculiar interest at present is the article "On Shams" in the *Yale Lit.* It is a stirring onslaught upon the unscholarly and materialistic attitude of the mass of Yale students, whom the writer accuses of seeking, above everything else, social distinction and political power, even by the medium of the religious organizations of the university. He deplores the influence of the societies, the false basis of social prominence, and arraigns the entire body of men for their low motives and fatal conceptions of life. This sort of thing is hard to bear, but only by such stinging rebukes can a sluggish conscience be aroused.

BOOK REVIEWS

*“ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON, and other poems,” by Richard Le Gallienne. Seldom has the death of an artist brought forth more spontaneous tributes than have been offered to the memory of Stevenson. Hardly one of all the poems and memorials written in his name has seemed perfunctory or insincere, though few have been couched in such charming verse as this elegy by Mr. Le Gallienne. He speaks with loving admiration of Stevenson’s lifelong struggle against death, of his brave yielding at the end, of the immortal quality of his work and of the spirit expressed in it. The writer hails Stevenson as the “Virgil of prose” and in these last lines sums up his worth,

“Not while a boy still whistles on the earth,
Not while a single human heart beats true,
Not while Love lasts, and Heaven, and the Brave,
Has earth a grave,
O well beloved, for you!”

The other poems in this little volume are of varying worth. The “Ode to Spring” which follows this tribute to Stevenson is far from being one of his happiest efforts. “Tree-Worship” is strong and full of exquisite fancies. The poems in “Cor Cordium,” which is the part of the book dedicated to the poet’s wife, are full of tenderness and longing. “If, After All!” is one of the finest of Mr. Le Gallienne’s poems. One of his harshest critics has said that in a man who could write such exquisite poems to his wife there must be a core of genuineness.

*“APPLES OF ISTAKHAR,” by William Lindsey, is an attractively bound volume of poems, showing a wider range of form and content than one expects from the average modern verse-maker. Mr. Lindsey has tried lyric forms, seventeenth century forms, French rondeaus and sonnets. He is perhaps least successful in the ballads, which are too simple, bordering on the baldness of prose. In the French form, on the other hand, and in the lyrics which form the first part of the volume, Mr. Lindsey shows grace of style and a decided poetic charm. Among the lyrics. “We Thought Love Could not Die,” “My Mother’s Pictures,” and “The Waves’ Confessional,” are especially pleasing. The “Light Songs,” in praise of the hundred yards’ dash, hammer-throwing, and the like, while clever enough, are hardly worth perpetuating. The “Mirror of Persiteles” embodies a poet’s fancy in words of great grace and suggestiveness. The sonnets to “Dawn” and “Dusk” are fine in contrast and strong in expression. Mr. Lindsey does not confine himself to any one form of the sextet, choosing more often than any other perhaps, the Shakesperean ending in a couplet. His success in this most difficult of poetic forms is considerable.

* Copeland & Day.

* "STORIES AND POEMS FOR CHILDREN," by Celia Thaxter is a book that will prove a treasure to mothers who have exhausted fairy tales and whose little ones are not quite old enough to read "Alice in Wonderland," or to take true enjoyment in Lear's "Nonsense Book." The stories for the most part consist of incidents in the lives of children, made significant by their sympathy with nature, their love for the sea, the sky, birds and flowers. A child who knows this little book well will have a considerable knowledge of the birds and the flowers to be found on Mrs. Thaxter's beloved islands. Kindness to animals is taught in these stories, rather by examples than by warnings; there are no instances of untold suffering consequent upon tying tin cans to a dog's tail, but there are many instances of the pleasure and profit which may come to those who are loving and careful towards their pets. The stories are told with charm, and the descriptions, while often beautiful, are always simply expressed. The poems are characterized by the same tone that prevails in the stories, great love of nature and universal sympathy. Some of them lack real poetic value, but the spirit of them is always tender. The "Slumber Song," a "Lullaby," the familiar "Sand-piper" are charming bits of verse, of actual value, lyrical as well as sentimental.

* "LATER LYRICS," by T. B. Aldrich. In this latest publication of Mr. Aldrich's lyric verse are a number of old favorites, opening with the dainty "Sweetheart, Sigh no More!" which suggests Shakespeare's songs in its simplicity and lyric quality. There is really nothing new to be said about these poems, and what is repeated can be only praise. There is a certain refined and intangible charm in Mr. Aldrich's verse which renders it far more attractive and delightful reading than many other more ambitious poems. Of course in this little book are only the slightest and most unpretentious of his lyrics, but the same qualities that are found here are to be found in still greater variety in his more serious works.

* Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

BOOKS TO BE REVIEWED.

LOVERS' SAINT RUTH'S, by Louise Imogen Guiney.

PLACES AND PEOPLES, edited by Jules Luquiens.

A PRINCESS OF THE GUTTER, by L. T. Meade.

REGENERATION, a Reply to Max Nordau.

RENAISSANCE FANCIES AND STUDIES, by Vernon Lee.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

THE SPINSTER'S SCRIP, compiled by Cecil Raynor. Macmillan & Co.

INDUCTIVE LOGIC, by Wm. G. Ballantine. Ginn & Co.

ALUMNÆ DEPARTMENT

To the Editors of the Smith College Monthly:

Surely no day better in keeping with the setting of "The Tempest" could possibly have been designed than the day upon which the Boston Branch of the Smith Alumnae gave its performance of what critics are wont to call the foremost imaginative comedy of the world, for the worst storm of the season was raging during its entire performance. This comedy has not been performed upon the public stage in Boston since the winter of 1855-56, when it was performed by a cast so remarkable as to include Mr. Thomas Barry as Prospero, Mr. John Gilbert as Caliban, Mrs. John Wood as Ariel, and Mrs. Barrow as Miranda, and now once more in the year of 1896, on the sixth day of February, our alumnae have brought about its renaissance in the Bijou Theatre, whose harmonious interior was filled with an impartially enthusiastic audience, all of whom were women. One of the most attractive features of the affair was the music of the Women's Symphony Orchestra, composed of forty-five young women who rendered selections from Mendelssohn, Massenet, Schubert and MacDowell during the performance, which was cut down to three acts, the work of Mrs. Emma Sheridan Fry, the earnest and indefatigable trainer of the play. Even as it was, Prospero's relation of his fortunes to Miranda in the first act might have been less long with fully as good effect.

The cast for the Tempest is very full, including sixteen characters exclusive of nymphs and reapers. The acting was throughout sustained, intelligent and faithful. There was also manifest, at times a delicacy of interpretation and some measure of intensity held in commendable reserve. In this connection the Ariel of Miss Mark is worthy of special mention, as well as the Caliban of Miss Grace Hardy. Miss Mark's interpretation was distinguished for its charm and its appeal to the imagination, while Caliban rose at times to a force of action tragic in earnestness and pathos. Miss Charlotte Franklin's Ferdinand was an artistic piece of work, and the Miranda of Miss Annie K. Allen correspondingly pleasing. But it seems more than ever odious to make comparisons where all alike held so large a measure of good, and it is the mission of these few paragraphs simply to say that the affair was a success both financially and dramatically beyond the hopes of the efficient committee, who, with Miss Louise Foster '91 as its chairman, have shouldered heavy responsibilities and anxieties during the days of preparation. One fact alone will assure the readers of the MONTHLY better than any other, of the genuineness of the approval which Boston has stamped upon the Tempest. So large a demand for a second performance has been made that a date as early after Easter as is possible will be arranged for the further representation of The Tempest. It is even probable that two performances will be given at this time, one in the morning, the other in the afternoon.

MABEL WARREN SANFORD.

CAST OF CHARACTERS.

ALONSO, King of Naples,	MINNIE MAUD PICKERING
SEBASTIAN, his Brother,	HELEN PENELOPE PETERSON
PROSPERO, the Right Duke of Milan,	MABEL HOMER CUMMINGS
ANTONIO, his Brother, the usurping Duke of Milan,	ELIZA WADSWORTH BRIDGES
FERDINAND, Son of the King of Naples,	CHARLOTTE GRAVES FRANKLIN
GONZALO, an honest old Counsellor,	SARAH HOLBROOK WILLIAMS
ADRIAN, } Lords,	ELIZA CAMPBELL FISHER
FRANCISCO, }	CAROLINE VINIA LYNCH
CALIBAN, a savage, deformed Slave,	GRACE MAUD HARDY
TRINCULO, a Jester,	MARY LOUISE FOSTER
STEPHANO, a drunken Butler,	MARION HELENA LAMSON
MIRANDA,	ANNIE KITTREDGE ALLEN
ARIEL,	PAULINE MARK
IRIS.	REBECCA WARREN TINKHAM
CERES,	WINIFRED ALEXANDER
JUNO,	ALICE CHARLES HYDE

Nymphs and Reapers.

PATRONESSES.

Mrs. JULIA WARD HOWE,

Mrs. LOUIS AGASSIZ,	Mrs. GEORGE LYMAN,
Mrs. ARTHUR BEEBE,	Miss IDA MASON,
Mrs. JOSEPH S. BIGELOW,	Mrs. GEORGE VON L. MEYER,
Mrs. WILLIAM SOHIER BRYANT,	Mrs. ELLEN RICHARDS,
Mrs. WILLIAM CLAFLIN,	Mrs. THOMAS M. ROTCH,
Mrs. ALEXANDER COCHRANE,	Mrs. CHARLES SCUDDER,
Mrs. CHARLES FAIRCHILD,	Miss VIOLA D. SCUDDER,
Mrs. HENRY H. FAY,	Miss CLARA SEARS,
Mrs. CHARLES FRY,	Miss LILLIE SOHIER,
Mrs. AUGUSTUS HEMENWAY,	Mrs. PAUL THORNDIKE,
Mrs. J. CHESTER INCHES,	Miss ANNIE MORTON WARD,
Miss IRWIN,	Miss CORNELIA WARREN,
Mrs. CHARLES R. KIDDER,	Mrs. BARRETT WENDELL,
Mrs. DAVID P. KIMBALL,	Mrs. HENRY WHITMAN,
Mrs. FRANCIS C. LOWELL,	Mrs. FRANCIS H. WILLIAMS.

A meeting of the Boston Association of Smith College Alumnæ was held January 25th, at 66 Marlborough Street. The subject of alumnæ trustees was discussed, and also the best way of awakening interest among the members of the Association.

'90. Ruth D. Sherrill is assisting President Milne of the State Normal College, Albany, N. Y., in preparing a geometry.

'91. Lucy A. Pratt was married on January 7, to the Rev. Charles Lancaster Short.

Matilda Sewell Wilder was married July 2, 1895, to Mr. Maro Spalding Brooks.

- '92. Vida H. Francis is teaching in the Friends' Select School, Philadelphia, Penn.
 Mary A. Jordan is teaching at Mrs. Tileston's School, Hampton, Va.
 Florence E. May is teaching literature and history in the Fitchburg High School, Fitchburg, Mass.
 Laura H. Wild is assisting Isabel Eaton in the Social Settlement, Hartford, Ct.
- '94. Mary L. Richardson is teaching in the Keble School, Syracuse, N. Y.
- '95. Bertha B. Allen is teaching zoology in Springfield, Mo.

Died.

Minerva E. Lips, B. L., '94, closed her earthly life at her home in Springfield, Mass., on the morning of Jan. 8, 1896. On Friday, Jan. 3, she became suddenly very ill and an operation for appendicitis, her only chance of life, was in vain.

For the last year and a half she has taught in the Friends' Academy at New Bedford, Mass., and as a young teacher has shown rare talents, of which the love and sorrow of her pupils give best testimony. Her class-mates and friends, the home, school and church, all who knew her truly found her happy, enthusiastic life an inspiration. Her pastor in New Bedford writes in the Grace Church Monthly, "Her work is not yet done among us, nor can it be so long as her many friends carry among their most sacred memories her bright, animated face and her kind, sympathetic heart." Her spirit was full of pure appreciation and genuine hope. It is enough to say of the nobility of her character that those who lived closest to her have most to say in praise of it. She will be remembered as a worthy representative of this college in which she took a loyal, whole-hearted interest. It is significant of her whole nature that she thought of the future life, not as a mere rest from earthly troubles, but as a progress more glorious than we can conceive of here. One of her friends voiced the feeling of all who knew her joyous, energetic spirit in these words,—“I cannot but think of ‘Domsie’s’ scholar and feel that she must have gone on to a larger and fuller development.”

“Ah, well, friend Death, good friend thou art ;
 I shall be free when thou art through.
 Take all there is—take hand and heart ;
 There must be somewhere work to do.”

“Contemplate all this work of Time,
 The giant labouring in his youth ;
 Nor dream of human love and truth,
 As dying Nature's earth and clime ;

But trust that those we call the dead
 Are breathers of an ampler day.”
 For ever nobler ends.

ABOUT COLLEGE

We are standing now, in point of time, at a corner ; it seems more like a corner than a half-way point in a straight road, because we turn our backs on what has gone before, and work forward towards something new, and something different and brighter. A corner, too, is the place where we can best look back and look forward, and that is what we all involuntarily do at this mid-year time. As we look back, the events of the last half year get into proper relation one with another, and we can see wherein we have gone to extremes and where we have not gone far enough. Four or five dances in the gymnasium seemed at the time a perfect whirl of gaiety. We see now that in the first six weeks of the fall term we did up our dancing for the whole year. Straightway there followed a reaction in the form of lectures. We were lectured on every subject until for once we had enough. Then Christmas vacation came in sight, increasing the excitement until things were in a mad rush which seemed at the time great enough to overwhelm us. But since Christmas all has been peaceful, though not dull. Thus the first half-year has gone with mistakes enough to give the second half something to improve upon, but not enough to discourage it utterly.

At present everything seems most encouraging. Even the almighty social question begins to wear a more hopeful aspect. The conference committee is taking it up vigorously, and is attempting to distribute lectures and entertainments more evenly through the term. Each month a programme for the following month is to be published. The first is already in the bulletin-board. A student will by this means be better able to plan her time and can pick and choose her "evenings out." This will undoubtedly do much toward preventing "whirls," and the college will pursue more calmly the even tenor of its way, without growing dull.

But, after all, this is a time for looking forward rather than back. It ought to be the most encouraging time of the year. The "mid-years" are behind us, the "finals" a long way off, and in the meanwhile many is the good time that is coming. The spirit of work is upon us, good resolves are in the air, and all things seem interesting. The twenty-second of February will soon be here, after which we will go on our way with renewed college spirit. We have lectures by Professor Lounsbury and Mr. Burton, and those given by the Phi Kappa Psi and Alpha Societies to enjoy, besides the gayer times which glee club concerts, basket ball match, and house plays bring. Then spring term will be here and gone, and another, and for some of us a last half-year, will be over.

M. E. L.

A meeting of the Conference Committee with the House Committee several weeks ago has resulted in a number of resolutions and in the adoption of a new plan of action, which is of interest to the whole college.

The Conference Committee has never been completely organized, no minutes have heretofore been kept of the proceedings of this committee, so that each year the new committee has had nothing to refer to but what the memory of some member can furnish. A secretary has therefore been elected, and records are to be kept of all the proceedings. Miss Barrows '97, is now Secretary of the Conference for the remainder of this year. To further insure a more orderly working of the Committee, meetings are to be held regularly the third Tuesday in each month for the remainder of the year. It also seems almost necessary that one of the junior members of the Committee remain over for senior year. This matter is to be laid before the classes.

The congestion of entertainments and lectures, which has so largely attracted the attention of the college this year, has caused the Committee to look about for some scheme whereby, if possible, these engagements could be regulated and more evenly distributed. It has been felt that little can be done without having the whole matter in the hands of the students, and therefore the following plan has been adopted and is about to be put into operation. Instead of having the dates given out by the registrar, as formerly, the Conference Committee proposes to take entire charge of the calendar as regards all college engagements. A committee of three has been appointed from the Conference Committee to superintend the arrangement of dates. This committee will meet each Wednesday afternoon at 1.45 in Room No. 6, and can always be consulted at that time and place. The chairman of the Conference Committee, Miss Pope, is to be a permanent member of this sub-committee and can be consulted in regard to dates at any time by note on the bulletin-board or at her room, No. 7 Wallace House. The committee for this month are Miss Pope, Miss Williams and Miss Maverick.

Although this may seem a more awkward method than that of consulting the registrar, it is hoped that the inconvenience will not be great and that the advantages of the experiment will be seen. The students can tell better than the registrar what engagements are likely to present themselves, and can therefore more easily regulate the whole calendar. That an attempt to prevent frequent congestions is necessary no one can deny, and that this attempt should come from the students themselves, in order to be effectual, is also undeniable.

The dates for a month in advance will be posted at the beginning of each month in the glass case in College Hall, beside the schedule. This will enable each student to plan her work with reference to these engagements.

At a meeting of the Conference Committee with the House Presidents, one subject for discussion was the general lack of observance of quiet hours for study. It was thought best to make no rules, but the suggestion was made that each house should discuss the matter and adopt what measures seemed to each best for gaining greater quiet during certain hours of the day. It has also seemed necessary to determine some principle whereby the number of entertainments given by one house in a year can be regulated. The following principle was adopted by the two committees and has received the approval

of the House Committee : of the three entertainments, a lecture, a house dance, and house dramatics, only two shall be given by one house in a year, but the combination shall never be a lecture and dramatics. This regulation cannot go into effect until next year.

CONFERENCE COMMITTEE.

SOCIETY ELECTIONS

ALPHA

President, Elizabeth Reeve Cutter, '96
 Vice-President, Franc Hale, '97
 Recording Sec., Margaret Rand, '97
 Corresponding Sec'y, Josephine Dodge Daskam, '98
 Treasurer, Florence Judd Anderson, '98
 Executive Officer, Frances Eaton Jones, '96
 Editor, Eliza Nelson Lord, '96

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 Vice-Pres., Josephine Devereux Sewall, '97
 Secretary, Bertha Fairfax Strong, '97
 Head of the Executive Committee,
 Treasurer, Frances Douglass Dailey, '97
 Editor, Elizabeth Fisher Reed, '96

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 Vice-Pres., Agnes Marion Gemmel, '97
 Secretary, Alice Weld Tallant, '97
 Treasurer, Mary Morrill Bolster, '97
 Editor, Helen McFarlan O'Neill, '96

PHILOSOPHICAL CLUB

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 Vice-President, Professor Smith
 Sec., Harriette Zephine Humphrey, '96
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 Executive Committee :
 Anna Susannah Thatcher, '96
 Ethel Louise Warren, '96
 Elizabeth Reeve Cutter, '96

CURRENT EVENTS CLUB

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 Vice-President, Mary Helen Post, '96
 Treasurer, Alice Kinsley Twining, '97
 Secretary, Katharine May Wilkinson, '97

GREEK CLUB

Executive Committee :
 Ethel Lyman, '96
 Alice Irene Hastings, '96
 Margaret Rand, '97

VOICE CLUB

President, Miss Peck
 Vice-President, Lena Ullrich, '96
 Sec'y and Treas., Grace Nichols Dustan, '97

CALENDAR

- Jan. 14, Oriental Club Meeting.
- “ 15, Dickinson House Play : “The Amazons.”
- “ 16, Biological Society Meeting. Lecture by Dr. J. I. Peck : “Mammals in Certain Famous Zoological Gardens.”
- Philosophical Club Meeting. Lecture by Prof. Lloyd Morgan : “The Relation of Instinct to Emotion.”
- Greek Club Meeting.
- “ 18, Phi Kappa Psi Society Meeting : “Maurice Maeterlinck.”
- “ 23—29, Mid-year Examinations.
- “ 28, Colloquium Meeting.
- “ 30, Day of Prayer for Colleges.
- Feb. 1, Alpha Society Meeting : “An Evening of Ballads.”
- “ 3, Open Meeting of the Philosophical Club. Lecture by Professor James Seth : “Is Happiness the Summum Bonum ?”
- “ 5, Current Events Club Meeting. Talk by Miss Hanscom : “New Books.”
- Voice Club. Lecture by Mr. F. Hopkinson Smith.
- “ 6, Biological Society Meeting.
- “ 8, Phi Kappa Psi Society Meeting.
- “ 11, Colloquium Meeting.

THE
SMITH COLLEGE
MONTHLY

MARCH · 1896



CONDUCTED BY THE SENIOR CLASS

CONTENTS

AN IMPRESSION OF PLATO'S DIALOGUES	<i>E. R. Cutter</i>	1
TRANSFIGURATION	<i>J. D. Sewall</i>	14
A STUDY IN CIVILIZATION	<i>E. T. Ames</i>	14
THE NIXY	<i>J. D. Daskam</i>	16
IS LURIA A TRAGEDY	<i>C. P. McCalmont</i>	16
CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB		
A QUESTION	<i>Annie Horton Young</i>	27
SIR THOMAS ONCE MORE	<i>Alice Katherine Fallows</i>	27
A LOST ART	<i>Grace Lathrop Collin</i>	30
KATIE MAHONE	<i>Mae Lucile Dillon</i>	31
AN IMPRESSION	<i>Frances Eaton Jones</i>	33
"KNOWLEDGE IS POWER"	<i>Edith Kellogg Dunton</i>	34
EDITORIAL		36
EDITOR'S TABLE		38
BOOK REVIEWS		40
ALUMNÆ DEPARTMENT		42
ABOUT COLLEGE		45
CALENDAR		48

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AN IMPRESSION OF PLATO'S DIALOGUES

“The mere fragments of you and your words even at second hand and however imperfectly repeated, amaze and possess the souls of every man, woman and child, who comes within hearing of them.” This is what Alcibiades said of his friend Socrates hundreds of years ago. Let me say at once that I cannot speak in detail of any of the great subjects worked out in the Dialogues where Socrates holds so prominent a place. Yet without studying his dialectic or fully understanding the doctrine of ideas “even at second hand” and “imperfectly repeated” from the Greek, an ignorant reader gets something which “amazes and possesses the soul.

At the outset there is an impression of the form, for Plato wrote first of all dialogues. He has picturesque settings, flesh and blood speakers and dramatic situations. The style is so perfect that one takes all this in unconsciously, not stopping to think what the philosophy and the poetry gain, coming to us from the lips of live men.

There is an air of reality about the scenes which makes us forget to classify the discussions as ethics or rhetoric. Socrates and Phaedrus are talking on the banks of the Ilissus, or the disciples are sending back question and answer at the house of Agathon—and we listen—that is all. It seems very natural and

simple and easy. We are deluded into the belief that we could have answered Socrates better sometimes if we had been there and we long to jog Protagoras' elbow when he makes some of those fatal admissions. Yet we are hearing words of beauty and listening to the thoughts which have stirred men for hundreds of years. Perhaps it is Plato's highest triumph to have given the world his system of philosophy in a form which has made the very greatness seem natural. Our conception of human nature rises when we find that Plato could put his thought into dialogue. These men who talked thus in the streets of Athens, or reclining at banquets, who feasted and drank and loved and laughed and hated—were they not all human beings like ourselves?

Their reality makes the Platonic Socrates seem more possible. There is Protagoras, pompous and self-sufficient, who had reached so many right conclusions from wrong premises, and who was so ready and willing to try his hand with Socrates. He had a fairly good temper, though he got ruffled in the argument, and gave Socrates such kind patronizing approval. "I believe that you will become very eminent in philosophy!"

There is Alcibiades, impetuous, rash, passionate, insolent, always forced to take sides and eager in discussion. Socrates provokes, angers, delights, controls, humbles him. He makes wild attempts to free himself from Socrates' influence, all the while with the strange consciousness that the philosopher is his only saviour. We have him drunk and sober, but always Alcibiades. There is Callicles, the polite gentleman of the world, roused into scorn by Socrates' subtle questions,—the self-conscious Hippias, the insolent Anytus, and standing out with especial pathos, "the beloved disciple" Phaedo. But the great character of the dialogues is Socrates. Probably we shall never know whether Plato showed the true character of the philosopher or idealized the Socrates of Xenophon. He has shown either the insight or the independent conception of genius. But whether as the faithful portrait of Plato's master or a spokesman of his own imagination, Socrates lives in the dialogues. For most of us this is enough. He speaks brave words and stirs our hearts, the rest is a matter for the history books. He is the great teacher, the wisest of men, because he knew his own ignorance. He spent all his life trying to answer Pilate's question. For him there were no compromises, and he could never

say "Let us call it so-and-so" and rest. No obstacles daunted him, failure only meant fresh attempt, after the longest argument he could declare "We must begin again." He was a strange teacher, for he let people teach themselves and did not pretend himself to know anything at all. He only asked questions, "little peddling questions," which any one could have answered. His part was to remember the answers and draw conclusions from other people's words. It was not simply his belief in the doctrine of innate ideas that made him disclaim the name of teacher, but he really held the position of a learner among learners.

"In conversation" he was the "conqueror of mankind," yet he assumed no triumphs. He was but a humble instrument in the hands of truth. He did not know whither the argument was leading, but he made sure of each step as he went along. No one was so liable to mistake, so "easily refuted," so willing to confess error. But his opponent must take the same position. He must be equally honest, indefatigable, courageous. Half-hearted answers are not allowed.

"Very likely." "Nay, my friend, 'likely' is not the word." We may get very little as we go along, but that little is certain. An admission once made to Socrates could never be reclaimed, as Callicles impatiently exclaimed he was like a child, who being given something to hold, insists on keeping it.

As we see disputant after disputant fall before him, we are sometimes provoked at his pretensions of ignorance. Is he not laughing at his opponents? Is not his humility mannerism and his modesty affectation? We see only one side of the Socratic irony if we answer in the affirmative. He made no pretensions of ignorance which his own state of mind did not justify. He was humble and ignorant and unsure. He did not know. His greater wisdom revealed to him depths of ignorance that the others never dreamed of. Herein lies the irony of ironies that when Socrates confessed his ignorance there were none of his hearers who could understand what such a confession meant. He silenced all opponents and it might seem like cheap sarcasm to say that he was "easily refuted."

Alcibiades and Phaedo thought of this or that conversation when he had proved himself the victor, but what were such little talks to Socrates? He referred to no particular concrete instance like this, but to the endless question and answer going

on in his own soul. Had he not been refuted over and over again in that? Driven back and baffled and overcome? His words are the outward expression of an inward attitude. His system of dialectic is only his life-experience worked out. It resulted in a state of mind rather than in any cut and dried proofs of truth. To Socrates the truth was so vast that he held himself in a tentative attitude towards every small piece of it. He wanted other men to see that the aim of the argument was not in coming to any definite conclusion, but in holding the mind open to receive every aspect of truth. Though he sought absolute definition, there is no man who saw the insufficiency of definition so keenly. They were only mile-stones along the road showing how far one had advanced and constantly passed.

The answers of Charmides, Meno, Phaedrus and the others, often revealed to him stages which he had himself lived through. He was master of the situation because they started with some idea or theory which they pledged themselves to protect. They cared for the result of the argument and Socrates for the attitude of mind in which it left them. There is no defeat or humiliation for a man who professes to know nothing and who is willing to take any position which will show that his antagonist's is untenable.

Socrates convinced others when he could not convince himself. His disciples did not comprehend one tenth of the complications and contradictions which assailed every resting place of the argument. They lightly passed by precipices and skimmed chasms of uncertainty, and then said with innocent surprise that the way had been simple enough!

We are inclined to look upon Socrates as always in the right, but this is to do injustice to his own system of dialectic and Plato's dramatic talent. All the truth is never with one person. Socrates must not be thought of as always knocking down men of straw. Some of the worthiest arguments are often in the opponent's mouth. Socrates holds most untenable positions in his discussion with Protagoras, and uses arguments which he would refute at once if opposed to him. It is not the conclusion of the whole matter that Socrates cares about, but Protagoras' temper of mind. He must prove to him that to hold a right opinion is not enough unless we know why we hold it, and the argument may vanish into thin smoke if this is accomplished. Socrates is the great exponent of his own words, that the "un-

examined life is not worth living." In the modern haste to accomplish something, and have tangible results to show for our time, how this courage of thought reproves us! It is not morbid introspection, but intelligent living that Socrates asks for. There are so many puzzles of every day that we pass by as too simple to notice. Socrates would not let you say $1+1=2$ without showing that we do not know how it comes about. You can never explain how the things one and one* get to be two. Well, perhaps there are other things that we have always taken for granted like that and cannot explain.

The poetry in the dialogues is made greater by contrast with the commonplace illustrations which are used in the thick of the discussions. Socrates is forever talking of weavers and curriers and pastry cooks, and coats, till we cry with Callicles, "Fudge on coats!" angered that such ordinary well known objects should have brought us to a dilemma. But there are times when question and answer become inadequate to the thought which Plato wishes to express—when formal explanation, logic, rhetoric and dialectic, are powerless to give us the glimpses of truth which Plato has seen. Then Socrates speaks to us in myths. He seems to have reached the outskirts of the intellectual world, and is peering into another beyond our sight. We stare with unseeing eyes, like the servant of old; for the prophet only are the chariots of fire and the heavenly host. It is a world of shadow and darkness. He beholds its images dimly, and tells us of them in large outlines of eternal truth. As one listens, one wonders: Is this the man who pinned us down by definition after definition, who pursued with almost cruel accuracy every phase of the argument? This is the poet speaking, not for his own time only, but with divine inspiration for all times, and not comprehending the greatness of his utterance.

There is nothing in all the dialogues that shows Plato's genius more plainly than the myths. They are the great pictures which go beyond the text in explanation. The parables and extended figures which we meet here and there throughout the conversations open up the subject for us in the same way. Looking at them first, they are fore-runners or under-studies of the wonders in the *Phaedrus* and *Phaedo*. There is the picture of the pilot and his men that meets us often; the caged birds used in *Theaetetus* as symbols of the loose notions in the mind;

the two casks that the temperate and the intemperate are always filling, and the story of the grasshoppers that sang together while Socrates and Phaedrus talked on the banks of the Ilissus. It takes such a few strokes with Plato to make a picture. He had the eye of an artist and saw the characteristic in everything. The simple words used intensify the thought, and the effect produced seems disproportionate to the effort. In the story of the pilot who only asked a small sum for taking his passengers from Athens to Aegina, because he was uncertain whether it was better for them to live or die, we have all the irony of human life. There is a humor here which is sad because it sees so much.

It is noticeable that the myths are never told as true. Their details are not worked out; they always leave free scope for the imagination, and they are always about subjects of universal long-time interest. The earth born men of the Republic, with their silver and gold children, are always living in the world. Plato could only explain the problem of genius and individuality in a myth—a virtual admission that there was no solution. "But at times a silver child will come of one golden, and from the silver a child of gold;" but how or why he did not know, and we know no better. The parable of the men in the cave shows us what philosophy meant to Plato—his conception of life—the basis for his system of ideas and what he thought of the lives around him, but it also expresses the eternal relationship of shadow and substance, and so long as they exist, that picture, the cave with the blazing fire and those "who see only their own shadows or the shadows of one another which the fire throws on the opposite wall of the cave," will live also. There has always been an odd craving of the mind to imagine what it would be to have time turn backward in flight. In the reign of Cronos, Plato lets the Eleatic Stranger tell us how it would be. The very simplicity of the explanation takes hold upon us. "God let go" of the world, and its motion is reversed. God governs the world, there are no private possessions, and—as if to give us a concrete example of this return to nature—men sleep on soft couches of grass. It is a second Eden of the whole world. We are not told how the new race spent their time; the story is more suggestive in the simple outline. Aside from the problem of property, we face the question: What would the world be without tradition and standards of the past? How

would men live with no mysterious "they" who "have always done so?"

Of the four great myths, three treat of the future life of human souls, and one of a former existence.

In the story in the *Gorgias*, Zeus has taken from men the power of foreseeing death, so that they meet it unprepared, and the rewards and punishments are given them without respect to persons. "We have brought nothing into the world, and it is certain that we can take nothing out of it." Over and over again Plato drives this lesson home. In his last hours Socrates speaks with his disciples of the other world to which he is so soon going, and this time it is not so much the sentence passed upon souls as they have lived that holds our attention, but the glories of the upper world and heaven which the philosopher describes. We may smile at Socrates' astronomy, but the conception which made the Athenians in comparison with the world, "Like ants or frogs about a marsh," was no provincial one. Our own earth is but the sediment collected below from the true earth situated in the pure heaven. Of this upper earth Socrates told a charming tale, so that Simmias, Apollodorus and the others saw the flowers and the trees and the precious gems, and breathed its blessed air, and were almost persuaded of its reality. We see it to-day, for the words Plato uses make you see things. It is strange that Socrates, who had kept himself so strictly from the allurements of the senses, in his last moments should picture to us such a very visible, tangible world. The colors burn themselves into the page, purple and gold and white—"whiter than any chalk or snow." It is a glorious, gleaming, palpitating, radiant vision. How susceptible Plato must have been to beauty, not only of sight, but of sound also! We are told especially that the dwellers of this upper earth "hear the voices of the gods and receive their answers, and are conscious of them and hold converse with them." What a Platonic touch is that last! The passion for truth and exactness is here too. "The sacred places in which the gods really dwell," Plato takes pains to say. "They see the sun, moon and stars as they truly are, and their other blessedness is a piece with this." Socrates warns us that the tale is not "exactly true," and lest we forget ourselves in this sensuous beauty, reminds us that it is the prize of virtue and wisdom in this life.

But the most perfect myth on the after-existence is the tale of Er in the Republic. So cunningly is the story told that we could almost give our belief to it. This is no vision or mystic conception of Socrates, but the tale of a brave man slain in battle, who came back from the other world as a messenger. The two chasms in the earth with the two chasms in heaven above, the seat of the judges, the departed spirits going and coming on the lower and the heavenly way, the great meadow where they met together—all these ideas are concrete and yet indefinite enough to seem probable. The souls who were to be cast into hell had their condemnation shouted at them. Plato understood the horror of sound. His sensitiveness is clearly revealed in that description of the agonized listeners returning to the upper world. "And of all the terrors of the place there was no terror like this of hearing the voice; and when there was silence they ascended with joy." Plato passes on to a description of the heavens. It is not science, or geography, or philosophy, but poetry. "They came to a place where they looked down upon a line of light like a column extending right through the whole heaven and earth, in color not unlike the rainbow, only brighter and purer; another day's journey brought them to the place, and there, in the midst of the light, they saw reaching from heaven the extremities of the chain of it; for this light is the belt of heaven and holds together the circle of the universe like the under-girder of a trireme." I suppose no one understands it all, but does that matter? The words and the picture satisfy one. "And from the extremities of the chain is extended the spindle of Necessity, on which all the revolutions turn." And I suppose anyone who has lived at all understands that. But the great interest of the myth lies in the soul's choice of other lives. Future probation has been a subject of interest to man from time immemorial. "If I had another life to live!" "If I could choose my life!" These are cries as old as the human heart, or mistakes, or sin. Here in the vision people are given another chance, and they do not all use it wisely. The poor soul who chose a tyrant's life and discovered later that he must drown his own children, blamed everyone but himself.

The awful satire of it! We all do that; perhaps with as little right as if we had chosen in the first place for ourselves. This man serves to illustrate Plato's "unexamined life." He must have been a second Protagoras, for "his virtue was a matter of

habit only, and he had no philosophy." The myth abounds in pathos and humor. "The dwellers upon the earth who had seen and known trouble were not in a hurry to choose." There is pathos for you! For humor, there is Plato's sad, sweet smile—he never laughs—in Odysseus' choice: "He went about for a considerable time in search of the life of a private man who had nothing to do; he had some difficulty in finding this, which was lying about and had been neglected by everyone else!" The myth has a most direct bearing upon every-day life. Plato shows that the soul cannot choose simply at the moment; all former choices, his whole past life and experience, influence his decision. So even "into the world below" a man "must take an iron sense of truth and right, that there, too, he may be undazzled by the desire of wealth or other allurements of evil."

The myth of the Phaedrus is the story of a former existence, when the soul, in company with the gods, got glimpses of the absolute truth, and of its struggles to recall the vision after it has come to birth in a mortal. In this myth also there is the choosing of a second life. "But the soul which has never seen the truth will not pass into the human form." That was the Platonic conception of man. The great beauty of the myth lies in the figure used for the soul—"a pair of winged horses and a charioteer." The details of the vision cannot be interpreted fully, and perhaps they are not all consistent with one another, but the mad lunges of the dark horse and the steady obedience of the white one, who has not known them? We are those "who only rise and fall and see and fall again by reason of the unruliness of the steeds." The appeal is so direct that no one can miss it. We do not understand fully about the blessed gods or the heaven of heavens, and we do not care. "The hour of agony and the extremest conflict of the soul" is there somehow in those rushing words, and each soul recognizes as he reads. There is no myth that seems so direct an expression of Plato as this. At every step he explains about the philosopher with the most loving interest—that he sees most of truth, that his mind alone has wings, and that the life of philosophy is one of happiness and harmony. His doctrine of recollection is beautifully embodied also. It must have been a joy for Plato, who all his life long had been searching for the true knowledge, to write out a little of what it meant to him. There is a tone of almost

personal delight in the descriptions. It was happiness for him to even picture a soul that really beheld the things beyond, "Justice and temperance and knowledge absolute, not in the form or of relation which men call existence, but knowledge absolute in existence absolute." The whole myth shows the longing of the human soul to have its highest thoughts expressed in visible beauty. But is Plato carried beyond himself? As one reads the wonderful flight upon the lover and beloved, with its strange mixture of human and divine elements, it seems as if the philosopher himself had for a moment been carried away by the beauty of his conception. No; listen to the calm Plato: "After this their happiness depends upon their self-control." There is restraint here, but there is also the sympathy of one who had at some time been overcome by his emotional life. He writes as a lover and an artist, and he had felt it all so deeply that he could make us feel it too.

The myths are only part of the dialogues, and represent a certain phase of Plato's genius. To get any idea of it in its entirety some dialogue should be examined as a whole to see how dramatic scenes, sharp character sketching, poetry and philosophy are blended together.

The Symposium is as perfect a work of art as any. The setting is at a banquet at the house of Agathon—here reclining on couches after the feast, Socrates and others sing love's praises instead of drinking. Poor love is reckoned a little lower than the joys of intoxication—a little higher than the flute girls. With exquisite skill each speech reveals the man. It is a well-balanced question whether the dialogue is to express certain views on love or to show the different ways in which men get at the truth. Eryximachus, the physician, begins with the mention of animals and shows love in its relation to the production of the world. Agathon furnishes us with the idealized commonplace view, Pausanias and Phaedrus supply the conventional ideas with some show of learning, and Aristophanes roused from a drunken slumber, gives the most suggestive and idealistic explanation of love. Is Plato having his quiet smile at the man with the hiccough, who is forced to give his explanation—however beautiful—not clearly, but in a myth? Mr. Jowett considers Aristophanes' speech artistic simply as a piece of humor. To me it so strangely suggests the loneliness of human nature and its poor divided lives, that I see only sad comedy.

We smile at Apollo's giving man's neck a turn in order that he might contemplate the section of himself and learn a lesson of humility, but it is a sorry jest.

Socrates speaks last of all. He might have kept on in the common strain of the company and they would have been well satisfied. He does that in the *Phaedrus* and ridicules a conventional speech by a better one of its own kind, seeming to say ; " Well—if you like that sort of thing—I can give it to you ! " But Socrates was never afraid of casting his pearls before swine. After complimenting the company by taking out of each speech something for his own, he passes on to the most wonderful dissertation in all the dialogues on love and beauty. It is the " beauty simple and divine," the absolute beauty he speaks of, to which a soul mounts by the steps of earthly beauty higher and higher until he has become " the friend of God." The speech increases in eloquence, the wonder of the words entrance, the noble thoughts grow more uplifting, until you hold your breath at the climax. " Would that be an ignoble life ? " But as in ordinary experience the moment of ecstasy never lasts, so in the dialogue it is broken in upon. Alcibiades drunk with a flute girl and attendants, forces his way in. The thread of the discourse seems quite broken, but it is only turned, for Alcibiades begins and describes Socrates as the exact counterpart of the perfect lover he himself has been picturing. Here is a climax so subtle that we are likely to look upon it as a digression. The dialogue ends as it had begun in a drinking scene. Socrates could never have portrayed beauty and the lover so vividly if there had not been a time when his own emotional nature had responded to the physical beauty around him. The love of youths had led him to love of the absolute beauty, but he never forgets the early stage. The prayer of the *Phaedrus* is his own endeavor to reach the heights of the Symposium. No man who had not struggled could have written " Give me beauty in the inward soul and may the outward and inward man be at one. May I reckon the wise to be the wealthy and may I have such a quantity of gold as a temperate man and he only can bear and carry."

No one dialogue can be taken as representative, because each shows Socrates in a new relation. They illustrate each other and show important periods in his life. The *Protagoras* and the *Sophist* represent his attitude towards other teachers of his

time. The *Phaedo* and the *Crito* are his own proof of the principles of righteousness which he laid down in the *Gorgias*. The *Phaedrus* in its latter part defends his system of teaching. The *Crito* is the temptation, the *Apology* is the vindication of his life, the *Phaedo* is the tragedy.

We cannot know whether Plato gives us the real words of Socrates in the *Apology*. It may be possible for some of us to imagine that the words Socrates really spoke before the judges were greater than the defence Plato has attributed to him, but there are some who are still trying to comprehend the breadth and length and depth and height of this, and have not stopped to imagine a greater. If to-day our blood runs quicker as we read the lines, what must have been the effect when Socrates spoke those glowing sentences before an excitable Athenian audience? That was a true picture Plato drew of him in the *Republic*. "He is compelled to fight in courts of law about the images or 'shadows of justice, and is endeavoring to meet the conception of those who have never yet seen the absolute justice."

We are glad that his last speech was brave and worthy of himself. His final words are not said in irony, but they are the last expression before the world of the Socratic doubt about anything unproved. The great uncertainty of life and death was now to be settled. "The hour of departure has arrived and we go our ways—I to die and you to live. Which is better, God knows." But Plato takes Socrates up to the hour of death itself, and gives us the absolute test of philosophy. How real and vivid that last scene is! Xantippe's somewhat harsh dismissal, the rubbing of Socrates' legs after they are let loose from the chains, the stool on which *Phaedo* sat—no one of these seems like an invention. The disciples gather around, and there is the question and answer as of old. As often with last scenes, this is sad, not because it is so different, but so like many scenes that have gone before. Socrates is going to die in a few hours, but in "the interval between this and the setting sun"—it was indeed the "setting sun" to those men gathered around him—he discourses calmly on what comes after death. We feel the tension of the situation and the pathos of the argument when Socrates says every now and then a personal word. "Whither if God will my soul is also soon to go," and again that he would not be one of those "whose heart failed him before he had examined the reasons on every side." It is allusions like

these, or Phaedo's explanation—for example, "He had a way of playing with my hair,"—which heighten the effect. When the argument fails once, we feel as if we ourselves were sending Socrates' soul to annihilation. But we are sure that Socrates never doubted. His belief in the immortality of the soul is stronger than any of the arguments which he can bring forward in its favor. And Plato's strongest plea for the immortality of the soul lies in Socrates' own beautiful life. He impressed everyone who came in contact with him, from a Sophist teacher to a poor ignorant jailor. One closes the book feeling that some better thing must be in store for a man like that. His own indomitable spirit has bred such hope in us that we say with him, "Those who have once begun the heavenward pilgrimage may not go down again to darkness and the journey under the earth, but they live in light always."

But still, though one points out special beauties and explains the appeals of separate dialogues, it seems impossible to analyze a personal impression of the whole. There is something that becomes part of ourselves, intangible and inexpressible, as the influence of a friend. The Plato who felt that knowledge was like a person to be known and conversed with, has made of his dialogues a living personality. The quick changes on its pages, the playful tone, the vexation shown by a word, the sadness of one moment and sweet humor of the next—all the half lights of temperament and age and character stand here as the passing expressions of the human face. They are brought about well nigh imperceptibly—only Plato has used his words so that we feel them. It is because the impression the dialogues makes is one of personal contact that it is so hard to define its influence. Just as back of the human face there is the soul, the eternal part that causes the expression of the eyes and mouth, yet is more than these—so in the dialogues behind all the moods and phases of character depicted, the drifts of conversation, and what seemed to Plato sometimes the important deductions about government and education and art, lies the soul of the book—the eternal truths. It is these that come back to us, and stay by us, and take a hold upon us at every fresh reading with a power we cannot explain—that appeal to men now as surely as they did the day Plato first uttered them. "The thought of God made God." Have we gotten much beyond that? Have we found anything much better to say of love than that the earthly

should lead us up to the heavenly ? Or can we better define the soul than as a pair of winged horses and a charioteer ? When a man brings us thoughts like these we do not know how to account for them, much less to describe them ; but in a vain attempt to tell something of their power and beauty, we call them by two names which men have always used to express what is beyond them—a revelation and an inspiration.

ELIZABETH REEVE CUTTER.

TRANSFIGURATION

He strove to conquer ; strove from day to day
Himself to lose, above himself to rise—
That self he loved, yet ever did despise
Himself for loving, sought to cast away.
And so, with all his God-given power and will,
He gave himself, like Christ—to sick ones, health,
To sad ones, comfort, and to poor ones, wealth,
The needs of all with loving care to fill.
Death came too soon, he thought, for still within
He felt that self he could not, yet must win
To thoughts of greater things, not grief and sin.
But now he found, when all things were made clear,
That self, the image of his Master dear,
Whom he had loved, yet knew not while so near.

JOSEPHINE DEVEREUX SEWALL.

A STUDY IN CIVILIZATION

Japan has lain all alone by herself in the big blue ocean so long that her people have grown quaint and peculiar, like children who live to themselves, and see little of grown up people or of other children. Apart from our bustling world, the very faces of the people have grown gentle—placid—unanxious, and the rare sight of a European countenance seems so hard, so stern, that the little Japs cling to their mother's *kimono*, in fear. But Europeans travel little in Japan, and European methods have been introduced only within the last fifty years, and have made little real headway. The Japanese "Renaissance"—if it can be called so—is gradual, unconscious. The present stage is

ugly—and superficial, as well. But it has not gone far. Japan already had learning of her own—a rational religion and government; and the introduction of European ideas is not in the least necessary to her happiness.

She has railroads, yes, and electric buttons, dainty ivory buttons, with beautiful and cabalistic designs on a card below. She has absurd little telegraph poles. She has even machines, but they have not yet produced that “utilitarian ugliness” that we suffer from. She still owns her great, and small artists, who make everything by hand, and are not in a hurry.

She has her ancient and oriental religion, which is not to be sneered at, I assure you. The more educated and cultured Japanese may be Christians—in the radical belief of Christianity—as all thinkers from Socrates to Phillips Brooks have been; but most of us, and most Japanese do not think much; and most Japanese own to a childlike and simple polytheism which would do no harm to some of us pagans. They believe in hob-goblins, too—or at least they pretend to—just as some of us wish on the first star, or throw spilled salt over the left shoulder. Japanese ghosts are interesting. The most noticeable feature about them is that they have no feet, but float easily about, sometimes high up, sometimes near the ground; and they clutch at passers-by.

All life is open to the public gaze in Japan. The houses are made so that when the weather permits, they can be turned into out-of-doors; and the walls are so thin that it is impossible to knock before entering a door, for a knock would break something, and every slightest noise, of course, can be heard by every one of the household. In consequence, the Japanese never do anything of which they may be ashamed. Their attitude toward one another is so kindly, so courteous, so unselfish, that this publicity of life is possible to an extent incomprehensible to us of the West.

Can a people who believe in hobgoblins and who do not lock their doors, be in a state of civilization? Steam heat and bloomers do not make civilization, and in her own exquisite way, Japan has created her own civilization, as progressive and almost as far progressed, as ours. But at last the point has come where Japan must join the ranks of the rest of the world and march along to the same common end. Her way has long lain apart, but the roads have now joined. She sends her students to our great universities; she founds great universities

for herself. Her philosophy is becoming introspective and complex. She teaches the sciences, higher mathematics,—economics. She manufactures dishes with pictures of the Salem witches and the Boston state house on them. She has a society for the introduction of English lettering. But she does not yet understand what it is all about—and when she does, at last, may she still keep her oriental placidity and courtesy, and may she never, never be re-born enough to contract that disease which afflicts so many of us, and which keeps the wheels buzzing and whirring—Americanitis.

THE NIXY

They brought her honey and milk,
 They brought her curds and wine,
 "But oh!" she cried, "for the river side,
 And the rushes that were mine!"

They robed her body with silk.
 They filled her lap with gold.
 "But oh!" she prayed, "for the mossy shade,
 And the green depths, pure and cold!"

They kissed her ankles for love,
 They worshipped at her eyes,
 "But oh!" she moaned, "for the flood, deep-toned,
 And the sweeping spray that flies!"

They draped her chamber with black,
 They wept there at her bier,
 But her glad soul fled when her heart was dead,
 And flowed with the river clear.

JOSEPHINE DODGE DASKAM.

IS LURIA A TRAGEDY?

Browning writes "Luria, A Tragedy." The question before us is one of the justification of this title.

Those to whom any pathetic incident, any untoward circumstance or misfortune stands for tragedy, miss its real animus, and to them everything and nothing is tragic. By those others,

too, who pronounce an event, a play, a life "tragic" in proportion to the amount of blood shed, "*Luria, A Tragedy*," must at once be pronounced a misnomer. An estimate that grants the tragic element in *Macbeth* because of the number of murders, and so votes Richard III a higher place because of its greater bloodshed, practically makes an equation of tragedy and slaughter.

But that the tragic quality in *Macbeth* is felt to rest on another basis, is shown by the dissatisfaction expressed with Mr. Irving's new interpretation; the criticism is not only that Mr. Irving falsifies the whole character of *Macbeth*, but that he obviates the tragic effect as far as acting can, by making *Macbeth's* death that of insane uncertain cowardice instead of what it is, the desperate self-defence of a brave soldier whose bravery re-asserts itself and whose character is re-established in the final contest, thus giving to the play its intensely tragic pitch. Death is the most natural tragic end, but it is not the number of deaths that constitutes the tragedy, nor the means of death, but the forces whose conflict occasions the death and the interrelation of characters and the forces at work in them. The effect must not be one of hopeless bewildering ruin, each step and the final end must be in accordance with reason.

But for human frailty we would be right in basing our criticisms on our instinctive belief in the universality of our spiritual experiences. But just as Burke finds beauty in diminutiveness, and Hogarth in a certain curve, so there may be those who demand an arbitrary individual fitness in tragedy, and owing to some peculiarity of their personal psychological experiences, draw from them conclusions opposed to those of more nearly universal experiences.

So we may not say, *Luria* produces in my spiritual experience the essential catharsis through pity and fear—therefore *Luria* is a tragedy, and neither may we say, *Luria* does not produce this effect that is the end-aim of tragedy, therefore it is not a tragedy. Probably our judgment would be right, we must believe in the universality of our experiences common to our humanity, or lose all confidence; still we must, for purposes of criticism, adopt more objective grounds of determination than this much disputed effect that Aristotle first formulated, whose meaning has been inconclusively discussed for centuries. Let us keep in mind this effect of catharsis through pity and fear, as a feeling

allied to the sublime, a sense of reaction against circumstances that are fearful to our common nature although not personally feared,—and a sense of personal integrity and consistency as resulting from the reaction against pity and fear—a consciousness of oneself as part of an orderly universe in which even death is not chaotic, not unbearable.

From a study of the great tragedies of all times Freitag has given an outline of the correct tragic form, which has the authoritative weight of a classic, being as it is, not an arbitrary scheme of his own, but an induction from concrete examples.

The structure is pyramidal, rising from the introduction to the climax, and then falling to the final catastrophe. Between the introduction and the rapid rise to the climax, comes the first dramatic moment; and between the climax and the fall the second dramatic moment, between the rapid fall to the end, and the end itself, comes the third dramatic moment.

Let us compare the form of *Luria* with this scheme of construction.

The play is introduced by the conversation between Braccio, the commissary of Florence, and Puccio, *Luria's* chief officer, who formerly was chief commander, and discloses the jealousy of Puccio for *Luria*.

The first dramatic moment comes when Braccio destroys the despatch that Puccio has seen, and discloses the plot of the play in the treachery of Florence to her commander, when he says to his secretary, "*Luria* must win this battle. Write the Court, That *Luria's* trial end and sentence pass!" The whole effect is most dramatic, in Braccio's speeches, his half acknowledgment that he too shares the secretary's thought that *Luria* may be innocent, and yet relentlessly decides to compass *Luria's* destruction because "*Man* seeks his own good at the whole world's cost," and by an *à minori* argument he concludes that if successful Florentine generals have used their army popularity for self-aggrandizement at the expense of the state, surely the Moor will do so. Braccio's character is thoroughly consistent in his relation to Florence, Puccio and *Luria*, in his ability, true Florentine that he was, to believe in any one: *Luria's* unconsciousness was so foreign to his nature, that it inevitably seemed childishness, and the whole, a pose. And at the last when he too praises *Luria*, it is not the conversion of a cruel, suspicious man. The tide has swept back; he could not keep it turned into

the channels he had dug for it, so that it might destroy Luria, and so he turns with it and accepts the inevitable gracefully. But we cannot help feeling that he would soon have remembered the other objection to Luria, the statesman's envy of the might of force, the race prejudice that made him so begrudge a Moor the position of savior of Florence. The return of Luria's popularity does not mean that Luria died and the rest lived happily forever after, with changed hearts; there is no inartistic sudden conversion—simply the smooth turning of the accomplished politic Florentines. We did not need Monsieur Perrichon to teach us that man loves whom he befriends, not who befriends him.

The action rises rapidly through the disclosure of the determination of Domizia, the Florentine spy over Braccio procured by himself, to flatter Luria into expecting everything, and when he is disappointed, to turn his anger against Florence and so compass the revenge for the death of her family who had served Florence too well. There is a little slowing up of the movement in Husain's expression of distrust of the Florentines and the pathetic oriental way in which Luria objectifies little scenes and incidents of Florentine life; the longing he feels to live near the art that expresses a part of his own longing and so much more that is new and strange. Luria's attempt to meet the requirements of Florentine life, to make the necessary adjustment is symbolically given in his sketch of the Duomo with a Moorish front. He has all the savage pride, and with it the strange, almost worshipful love of the savage for the race of civilization and sophistication. After Tiburzio gives Luria the letter disclosing the intention of the Signory, and urges Luria to join Pisa, comes the climax in Luria's struggle and final decision when he destroys the despatch unread and sounds the battle.

At the height of his success, Luria hears surely of his trial, and the second dramatic moment comes in the distinct development of the counter-plots urged on him by Tiburzio. The action progresses rapidly. Domizia and Husain urge an attack on Florence. Then we have the fall in Luria's final struggle and decision, ending in his taking poison, for neither can he attack the city he loves, nor meet its disgrace. This final decision was foreshadowed in his first decision not to read the despatch.

The changed decision of the Signory, the return of all his

friends, and with this, one last apparent chance of happiness for Luria, forms the third dramatic moment, quickly followed by the final catastrophe, death.

We have seen that Luria meets at all points Freitag's formal requirements for tragedy, that it is structurally correct.

In any critical study of tragedy, reference is inevitably made to the requirements laid down for tragedy in Aristotle's *Poetics*.

To the French misinterpretation of Aristotle as insisting on binding tragedy to the Procrustean bed of the three unities, we need not refer, since Aristotle is not responsible for this error. When the *Poetics* is used as the basis for the criticism of a tragedy, it is not because Aristotle is a name to conjure with, but because the laws he formulates are inductively built up from a scholarly scientific study of the greatest tragedies of the Greeks; because his requirements are based on the qualities found to be common to the greatness of the different classic tragedies; because subsequent criticism and experience have found his analysis correct as to truth, unerring, unless it is in being at times confused and difficult to comprehend, and because individual experience sanctions it as universally true to psychology and to nature.

If, then, Luria meets Aristotle's requirements it will not be mechanically, by rote, but because, a tragedy itself, it naturally contains the essential characteristics for the tragic quality, naturally follows those rules which are not superinduced from without, but are the organic laws of the being of tragedy, essential to the life of the tragic animus that shall produce catharsis through pity and fear. Mr. Everett's treatment of tragedy is a modern and simplified adaptation of Aristotle's treatment.

"Tragedy, therefore, is an imitation of a worthy or illustrious and perfect action, possessing magnitude, in pleasing language, using separately the several species of imitation in its parts, by men acting, and not through narration, through pity and fear effecting a purification from such like passions."

The purification through pity and fear we must leave to the individual experience, not relying on the ideal universality of aesthetic judgment. It remains for us to examine Luria in the light of the rule that "a tragedy, therefore, is the imitation of a worthy or illustrious and perfect action, possessing magnitude, in pleasing language, using separately the several species

of imitation in its parts, by men acting, and not through narration."

"By men acting and not through narration" does not preclude the soliloquy, the method by which the author opens the soul and lets us see the passions at work within, the only means of making objective all the warring activities of the inner life, only some of which are ever clearly externalized in action. As we have seen in comparison with Freitag's analysis, Luria is a perfect whole, with a beginning, a middle and an end.

Mere physical suffering and death in themselves do not possess magnitude ; but the awful mysterious suffering of the human soul is great.

Luria's greatness as a poem, its "pleasing language," is beyond question.

The fable, which imitates actions, not men, is "the soul of tragedy," and "embraces manners on account of actions ;" that is, the tragic element depends on the nature of the action of the play, and the characters must be such that tragic action legitimately results from their conflicts ; for there must be conflicts, since the actions must be terrible to be tragic and this terror cannot be produced in isolation ; it needs the inter-relation of different activities.

There is no dependence on machinery in the incidents ; all rest as they should on the "necessity of the fable itself." Eager men are in conflict and their actions bring about all the incidents natural to the fable, with that note of the inevitable that tragedy so strongly demands and that is so often miscalled the external fatality of the Greek stage.

The requirement of discovery and revolution is doubly fulfilled when Luria learns of his trial and takes the poison, and when the Signory discover Luria's innocence and change the sentences in both cases, the revolution not only follows the discovery—it directly results from the discovery, but at the same time the nature of the revolution depends entirely on the character in question.

The fate in Luria is the inevitable necessity that his character shall work itself out, and the inevitable conflict that must result between his frank, candid honesty, and the world of policy and finesse and wire-pulling that surrounds him. That Luria, the savior of Florence, should meet his death as the result of the decision of the city he has saved, is certainly a

"dreadful and lamentable event." And Florence, too, in the death of this man who was nearer her than her sons, was left the poorer by the loss of a man full of the trust and disinterested honesty she so sorely needed. And yet, that eternal justice may be felt, we cannot but realize that had Luria lived, the end would only have been postponed. He represented too alien a character to win the sympathy or comprehension of Florence whose love he so hopelessly, blindly, longed for.

Indeed, the changed decision, due as it was to Tiburzio's pleading winning an unpremeditated change of action, is significant of how easily they might have been won again, to as sudden a condemnation, by another as sudden and wayward an impulse from without. Luria left to Florence the memory of his steadfast loyalty as one thing they need not doubt.

It is difficult to decide just where to draw the line between complication and development. Technically the complication extends until good fortune changes, and the development, from this change to the end. To the reader Luria's fortune practically changes with the opening of the play in the word sent to the Signory to pass sentence; to Luria it changes when he first is convinced beyond doubt that he has been distrusted, that in itself is a loss of good fortune to him, regardless of the outcome; from the point of view of the Signory the loss of good fortune to Luria lies in Luria's own final decision not to avail himself of the means to enforce his claims, and finally in his death which prevents his enjoying his restored popularity.

But the tragedy lies in Luria's life and character, and so we may say that the complication ends when Luria finds his situation intolerable, and the development continues from there to his tragic death in the midst of the messengers of his restoration to favor. We have a modern note in that the plot, the tragic nature of the fable, depends not on the discovery but on Luria's character, which remains unbroken by the shock; in the ancient tragedy a certain discovery was necessary, and a certain revolution as its result, and to these the character was suited, as a sympathetic instrument of the fable. In Luria we have the fable as the means of externalizing the tragic character of Luria.

"A character must neither excel in virtue and justice," nor be "changed through vice and depravity into misfortune, but by human error." Had Luria been all vicious he would have

united with Pisa against Florence, and had he been all perfect, he would have been more perfectly adjusted to the world, and able to bear whatever came—he would not have taken his own life.

An event to be tragic, must, as Hegel says, come “within the sphere of reason.” Luria’s death, had it meant only a cruel and unjust condemnation would have been merely pathetic, not tragic. By bringing a misfortune within the sphere of reason, Hegel means, as he says, that the misfortune “must be brought about by the free-will of the subject, who must be entirely moral and justifiable.” Now Luria’s death was not only something he brought on by his success as a general, his popularity with his soldiers, it was not merely something he acquiesced in as inevitable, but an event that he brought about entirely by his own free-will, not merely in that it was self-inflicted, but in that he refused the easy means of escaping it. His death fulfills all the tragic demands that the death of Socrates does, which Hegel pronounces essentially and terribly tragic.

But the power opposed to him must also be moral and justifiable. This power is the power of the city of Florence in its Signory, to protect itself against the danger of tyranny, and above all the tyranny of a foreigner. It had learned to expect such an attempt from victorious captains, and, informed by Braccio, expected this from Luria. Its duty was to protect its people. To await Luria’s presence would have meant to them to await Luria as a conqueror with an armed force behind him.

So, as with Socrates, Luria’s fate is not merely “personal,” it is also “the general fate in all its tragedy,” the fate of the savage before civilization, the tragedy of Florence, of Italy, as Socrates was of Athens, of Greece. The tragedy that exiled from Florence her best men, the distrust that destroyed all unity and strength.

Just as the judges of Socrates, those famous Dikasts, erred and do not escape censure, so the Signory and spies erred and deserve condemnation, for they were wrong in the specific case, but the principle behind them of the preservation of the many was right in its opposition to the preservation of the one self, which is also right.

Just as Luria did not accommodate himself for self-protection to the ways of scheming and mutual distrust, so neither did Socrates accommodate his behavior and words to the self-love

of those in power. Surely Luria had a right to protect himself by flight to Pisa, at least; just as surely he was right in being more than a son to Florence, the country of his adoption. His loyalty conflicts with his self-preservation, and death results. The Florentines realized keenly "How hardly can a man be good," especially when great, and in this they increased the difficulty by making their great men choose between disloyalty and their own death or exile.

The principles in conflict are both good in themselves, but in concrete judgments they disagree and conflict results. But these collisions result in leaving the fittest for that life to survive. The unsophisticated child of nature goes down.

To say that Luria's death is not tragic because it is self-inflicted, is the exact opposite of the fact. Florence's ingratitude is the first cause of his death, and its self-infliction in preference to meeting it at the hands of Florence and in preference to a life as the conqueror of Florence, is the very essence of the tragic. This is an important point, since "the end is the greatest of all things." Freitag makes the distinction between a tragedy and a spectacle play, that in the spectacle play the hero finds his situation hard, but endurable; in a tragedy the situation is intolerable. Luria's destruction is the externalization of the spiritual sense of the utter intolerableness of his situation.

We have used many of the criticisms and standards of the analyses that were made from Greek tragedy, but this is legitimate inasmuch as the spirit of tragedy, is, like the sense of humor, something innate, unchanging, however much it is conditioned by the characteristics of different times and peoples.

The ancient tragedy aimed to satisfy the moral mind in reference to an external justice, the chorus directing the popular emotion and explaining the tragedy; modern tragedy aims to reinforce the sense of personal integrity, of the existence of a rational order in the world, and soliloquy and minor characters act as the chorus.

Modern tragedy separates the moral powers, that were in collision in the ancient tragedy, into the elements of human character from which men originally evolved them, and emphasizes characters that stand for these complex principles, and many other unknown quantities, instead of the principles themselves. The modern principle of the value of personality has increased the complexity of the collision, the uncertainty of the nature of

the revolution. The elements of ancient tragedy all survive in its modern development; it is an illustration of Hegel's *aufgehobene momente*; the emphasis is shifted, the complexity increased, but the spirit the same. Both ancient and modern tragedy use episode, not for its own sake, but for the sake of the externalization of character; so the real nature of tragedy has not changed, although modern tragedy gives greater stress to the development of the inner life worked out in action, the ancient to the effect on character of natural forces working from without, inward—it is a change of order.

It seems strange to find Luria criticised as being not even dramatic, because it lacks "scenic display," in this day when the symbolists are emphasizing the drama for reading as equally dramatic with the drama of the stage; especially when Aristotle has so insisted that terror and pity must be produced, and that the fable must be so constructed that "events without sight may cause this." Then the Greek drama itself gives us scarcely any action occurring on the stage, and this is explained not from a Greek dislike of murder *qua* murder, but simply because it involved too much activity for the Greek conception of tranquil dignity as ideal. The "acts" of the Greek drama have been characterized as pauses in which the attitude is shown that is the result of action supposed to have occurred between the acts. Of course the immobility of the Greek masks and the size of the theatres which were most truly democratic in that a place was supplied for every citizen, show a subtle recognition of the narrative and educative functions of the theatre, that we have been forced to learn anew since the days of the Puritans.

Our tragedy has not these artificial conditions, and this fact in conjunction with our modern love of the active phases of life, gives us less of abstract principle, more of "the intense life of flesh and blood, of animal sensibility, of man and woman—breathing, waking, stirring, palpitating with hope and fear."

The Greek tragedy was retrospective; the modern tragedy is introspective. But both aim to show "a life within a life,"—a tragic life so circumstanced as to express in objective action the very essence of tragedy, as we would say,—a tragic fable in conjunction with a suitable character, working out a tragic catastrophe, as they might have put it.

The ancient poets, as Aristotle tells us, composed their most

beautiful tragedies about the few families of Oedipus, Orestes, Alcmaeon, etc. To these Greeks, whose ideal character was the most perfectly adjusted social being, the tragic plot was naturally the mark of tragedy. While we still demand for tragedy, a tragic plot and construction, we recognize certain characters as in themselves tragic, so that though circumstances might never force the tragedy of their attitude toward life, of their inner experience, to an expression in a marked catastrophe, still the tragic element is more than held in solution,—for tragedy is essentially active,—and finds its expression in the conflict of the inner life, which we must admit to be tragic, unless we would deny the legitimacy of all subjective art forms, the vital reality of the world within, which occupies such a large part of our modern verse and drama.

We have the unsophisticated character in its bewildered failure to understand and adjust itself to strange forms, and besides this, the tragic attitude toward life that distinguishes the organically tragic character, that is so distinctive of modern tragedy, in Luria's own words in speaking of the savage nature.

“—You have to learn that when the true bar comes,
The murk mid-forest, the grand obstacle.
Which when you reach, you give the labor up.
Nor dash on, but lie down composed before,
—He goes against it, like the brute he is :
It falls before him, or he dies in his course.”

Luria is a tragedy.

CONSTANCE PLUMER MCCALMONT.

CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

A QUESTION.

"The world is so full of a number of things,
I'm sure we should all be as happy as kings."
That's what the book says, but what would you do
If the number of things weren't intended for you?
If the skates that you wanted cost too much to buy,
And mamma wouldn't give you two pieces of pie?
The world may be full of a number of things,
But that doesn't make us as happy as kings.

A. H. Y.

A talent for mystery ! What is more exasperating to the part of the world not endowed with it ? But if patience is a virtue, virtue the first step towards Heaven, and Heaven the goal of every normal man, is it not rather our duty, to be most thankful to those people who exercise our patience so admirably, who keep us on the tiptoe of eager expectation, who walk with dignity through life, finger on lips and a superior air about them, implying,

Sir Thomas
Once More.

"I know something, and I won't tell?"

When we finally overthrow the citadel of their mystery, when by cajoling and humoring, by coaxing and wheedling, we win the secret from their unwilling lips, too often, alas, we find it like the other half of the nursery rhyme nothing more important than

"Three little red men in a peanut-shell."

This talent manifests itself in two ways, each equally beneficial to the man who is winning his laurels by the trials of this disciplinary planet. One way is by silence. "Still runs the water, where the brook is deep," says the credulous populace. "He doesn't say much, but he keeps up an eternal thinking," says a friend of the silent possessor of the talent for mystery,

and straightway there is gathered about him an admiring constituency that takes his simplest utterance for the philosophy of an oracle, and his reputation is established.

The other manifestation of this talent, is the opposite extreme of silence. Bursts of words that bewilder us by their loud sounds, and surprise us by their fluency, words so surprisingly like truth, that only when the noise of the explosion has died out of our ears, and we search for the thought behind it, do we find that it has all gone up in flash and smoke like fireworks. Yet the people who possess this peculiar phase of the talent, acquire a most astonishing reputation. It grows like the unbottled genius in the Arabian Nights, beyond all the limits of the imagination, until sometimes, but very seldom, one by chance, stumbles upon the cork, and putting it in the bottle again, reduces such a reputation to its natural proportions.

Of this latter class was Sir Thomas Browne. But he has the merit of being sincere, and if he has imposed upon the world, it is through no design of his own. In this, he stands head and shoulders above the petty contriving of the most of those who possess the talent, and try to fan its feeble spark into an imposing flame. It was the prerogative of Sir Thomas to do things as no one else would conceive of doing them, because of the oddity and queer complexity of his nature. When his country was beset with wars, and held out her hands imploringly to her citizens for aid, Sir Thomas was at home, experimenting with a ten-penny nail upon the digestion of his son's ostrich. But when his country was at peace again, and needed calm, steady hands to guide her aright, Sir Thomas roamed up and down the land like a ravening wolf, seeking what abuses he might reform, and keep himself unscathed.

Whatever he did, was pushed along with great momentum, with no thought of whether it was worthy of such force or not. He lays the product before us impartially. Profundity and frivolity, learning and vanity, follow each other in his work in close succession. On one he has put as much labor as the other, without thought of proportion or shading.

But whatever else Sir Thomas may have been, he was one of the votaries of this talent for mystery. If any one be inclined to question this statement, let him read the following sentence and doubt no more.

“Now the accidental occasion whereupon, the slender means

whereby, the low and abject condition of the person by whom so good a work was set on foot, which in our adversaries beget contempt and scorn, fills me with wonder, and is the very same objection the insolent pagans first cast at Christ and his disciples."

There was no "Ladies' Home Journal" at that time to tell us the innermost feelings of the wives of noted men, but our sympathy turns naturally to Mrs. Sir Thomas Browne, and we feel that unless she was endowed with wonderful patience, she must soon have become a second Xantippe.

Imagine her saying to her husband at breakfast:

"My dear, will you have a cup of coffee?"

And receiving an answer like this:

"My dear, the Platonicks, about whom and about whose subterranean deposition, whereunto I have been intending my mind, the observations about whom, you will find set down without the aid of any good book in my diurnal journal, in all probability, would not have considered it inconsonant unto reason, to fortify the harmonical nature of the soul, by this beverage with its saccharine flavoring, and my dear, not ranking myself above these worthy pagans, though they put the ashes of their dead to unreasonable expectations, I will accept a portion of this liquid circumscribed by the almost semi-spherical shape, of a substance partially transparent and at a former period, moulded and baked into its present appearance."

Yes, truly, Sir Thomas had a talent for mystery. He lures us through polysyllabic words without mercy. We look with wonder at the impressive proportions of his sentences, at their length and breadth and thickness. From a little distance they are even awe-inspiring, but when we come to examine the thought material of which they are made, then the mournful truth is forced upon us, that like the buildings of the World's Fair, they are only staff (?)

And yet, Sir Thomas, Sir Thomas, thus far you have deceived the sharp-eyed critics, and they rank you with the masters of English Prose. Will Charles Dudley Warner, Augustine Birrell, John Burroughs, and the other fascinating modern authors with a genius for the commonplace, will their "airy nothings," their nineteenth century whipped cream, be placed before weary schoolgirls two hundred years hence? It is almost too much to hope for. Perhaps after all, a talent for mystery is an enviable

endowment. It seems to be lasting. Yet we who think we see into the real hollowness of this most eminent possessor of the talent for mystery, we who are inclined to doubt the judgment of time, and the survival of the fittest, long to cry with patient Job, "How long ! alas ! how long ?"

A. K. F.

When we look along a shelf of new books, with their fresh colored linen backs and clever lettering, I wonder if we do not, many of us, belong to the land of the People
A Lost Art of Mingled Sentiments, that Frank Stockton has told us about. For our hearts ought to leap up within us at the feast of sweets that awaits us. We ought to be as pleased as a child with a pile of new picture books,—and so we say, even to ourselves, that we are. But really, in our heart of hearts, do we not feel somewhat appalled? Do we not have serious thoughts concerning the multiplicity of modern authors, and even perhaps meditate writing an essay at some distant period, upon the overstocking of the literary market?

Then, have we not all been guilty of sitting down to read some really charming story with the determination to finish it before bedtime, of finding our eyes travelling up to the number of the page in the most thrilling parts, and of finally closing the book with the sensation that our grandmothers must have had at the conclusion of a stent?

"There ! Now I can say I've read that !" say we to ourselves. Next, just as we are not satisfied with merely possessing a new gown, but make sure that it fits before we feel that we are well-dressed, we equip ourselves with an opinion concerning said book. Then a delightful sense of completed adjustment is ours. We feel that we have on our literary good clothes. For we would as soon wear tight sleeves as be ignorant of the works of Stevenson and Kipling ; we would as soon venture to an afternoon tea without gloves as with no knowledge of Hope's or Weyman's latest yarns.

Truly, although the ends attained by this method are not to be despised, is not the old art of reading fiction in danger of being lost ?

G. L. C.

Katie stood at the open pantry window kneading the bread. The sweet smell of the hay was wafted in to her by the fresh morning breeze, and she could see the long

Katie Mahone shadows cast by the early sun lying across the green grass. Her eyes seldom rested on her work as she kneaded the dough with a long slow push of her round arms, — she knew that it spoiled the bread to punch it — but she looked out over the meadow with a pleasant unconscious enjoyment of the sweetness and beauty of everything. Suddenly she stopped in the midst of patting and rounding a loaf as she heard a pleasant baritone voice singing with an Irish accent :

“Aw, Katie Mahone,
Oi’m yours alone,
Why kape me waitin’ for you?”

She turned to look at her reflection in the cracked piece of looking-glass by the window, and indeed very good reason she had for that satisfied little smile at what she saw. Pink cheeks and wavy black hair, gray, Irish eyes with black lashes. The eyes had a sparkle in them that told of good spirits and very likely a temper. In addition to all this the mirror showed her a disdainfully assertive nose, and a good-natured dimple in her chin, which contradicted flatly the eyes and gave the lie direct to the nose.

“Give me your heart,
As well as your hand,
And I’ll kape it safe for ye, Katie,”

the voice went on.

As the owner of it came around the corner, Katie was giving the last smoothing pats to a snowy roll of dough, with an air of perfect unconsciousness.

“Good avenin’ to ye Miss Katie, how’re ye feelin’ this foiné avenin’?” said Ike as he walked up to the window.

“Oi should think yez could see Oi’m sick abed wid a fever,” said Katie giving the bread a disdainful slap that had all the effect of being administered to Ike.

“Sure, an’ O’im sorry to hear it,” said Ike with a twinkle in his eye. “Just lat me feel your pulse wance to see if ye’re dang’rous.”

“Get along with your nonsense, Ike Malone, or ye’ll find out whather Oi’m dang’rous. I’ll be after siftin’ some flour on ye.”

After this passage at arms there was silence for a few moments while Katie worked steadily at her bread, and Ike watched her attentively.

"Katie," he said at length, "ye're moighty purty, an' to see ye kneadin' the bread is loike a sight av—" here he stopped for a simile sufficiently impressive—"a sight av the blessed Virgin," he finished triumphantly.

Katie smiled at the bread she was patting, but answered disdainfully, "If ye don't shtop talkin' sich nonsense Oi'll just go an' lave ye."

Again Ike was silent for a moment, then he began to sing in a low voice accompanied by expressive glances,

"Aw Katie Mahone,
I'm yours alone."

"An' who do yez think ye're singin' that to?" said Katie. "If ye think it's me ye're singin' it to, I'd have ye's understand me name's Katie Hennessy, not Katie Mahone."

"Katie darlin' if ye'd just change yer name to Katie Malone, Oi could sing it to ye beautiful. 'Aw, Katie Malone, O'im yours alone!' don't it sound swate?"

"Well, Oi'm not sayin'," said Katie, judiciously, "but what Katie Malone is a nice soundin' name, an' Oi'm not sayin' but what mebbe it sounds better than Katie Mahone—"

Here Ike's feelings got the better of him. Overcome by the kindness of Katie's words and the nearness of Katie's red lips, he made a sudden movement forward over the low window sill, and—but, alas, his coat sleeve brushed one of the pans of snowy dough, and it fell with a crash to the floor. Katie started back with a little cry, and glanced with an angry sparkle in her eyes from the bread on the floor to shame-faced Ike at the window.

"Ike Malone," she cried, "ye great lubbering thing, get away from here, an' don't let me iver see your face at this window again. Ye've made me spile a whole loaf av bread, and small thanks to ye the whole batch ain't on the floor. Don't ye say a wurrud," she said as Ike opened his mouth, apologetically. "I don't ivir want to hear ye spake again."

Silently, slowly, Ike moved away, utterly downcast and hopeless, but Katie did not let him go until she had shot one Parthian arrow. "If ye want to know what Oi was goin' to say when yer sthopped me, Oi'll tell ye now—Katie Malone may be purty, but to my thinkin' Katie Hennessy's purtier, an' I ain't goin' to change it in a hurry."

At this Ike's shoulders drooped yet more despondently, and he took himself off and sat down on a stump at a little distance with his back to the house.

Katie set about remedying the disaster with an angry light still in her eyes, and every time she passed the kitchen door from which she could see Ike's back, her head tossed disdainfully. But finally the bread was put right again and the oven was slammed shut. Then she went to the door and took a survey of Ike's back, at first she regarded it angrily, but gradually a little gleam of amusement crept into her eyes as she noticed his pathetic attitude. Then she went to work to clean the breadboard with her back to the door, but every once in a while she turned for a glance at Ike's forlorn figure. After two or three glances, all the anger left her face, and there was only amusement and a little pity in it. Finally, she turned clear around and looked at that interesting back, and this time when she turned again to her breadboard, all the amusement was gone too and only pity—and something else was left. One more hasty glance and she began to sing in a sweet clear voice and with great distinctness,

“Aw, Katie Malone,
I'm yours alone,”

This time she did not look round, not even when she heard quick steps behind her, and not even when some one's arms were around her, and some one said :

“Aw, Katie, darlin', do ye mane it ? Do you mane the ‘Katie Malone ?’”

This time she did not look round, but kept her eyes on the breadboard.

M. L. D.

Between level pastures white with snow, unbroken save for a few creaking trees, and dead rustling grasses ran a wavering line of frozen roadway. A few straggling

An Impression bleak-looking houses, and a few deserted sheds, marked the road's course from the clustering roofs of a village at one end to the dark grand mountain mass at the other. Close to each dark building, a brilliant sapphire lake, the shadow left by the setting sun, laughed behind the backs of the gloomy old buildings.

The gray of the sky overhead was shaded to a blue-green

where the mountain touched it. The golden but cold splendor of the sun shone over all making the snow dazzlingly white, and the great mountain vividly black, but there was not a touch of pink, a touch of warmth.

An old, gray cart came creaking along over the rough, icy ruts, the sound of a rough, deliberate voice was mingled with higher, softer tones, and the smell of bad tobacco permeated the scentless air.

The driver of the cart, an old man with a gray and red muffler wound around his neck, and great wool gloves on his mighty hands was rubbing his ears in a desultory way as he turned half round in his seat to talk to two young girls who sat in the back of the cart swinging their feet and smiling up at him.

"So yer thought you'd walk over to the foot of the mountain to see the sun set, did yer?" the rough voice vibrated through the keen air. "To see the sun set, land o' Goshen!" A series of chuckles followed. "I b'lieve if I hadn't come along you'd both ben a standin' there now a-freezin'—a-freezin' just to see the sun set." The bent shoulders shook with a silent laugh.

The creakings of the wheels grew fainter, the smell of tobacco was lost in the pure air, and the words "Land o' Goshen," which were wafted back seemed but the ghosts of words.

F. E. J.

"Oh dear," sighed the American College Girl, "Why doesn't somebody come? I am so tired of sitting here all by myself trying to keep off these dreadful tigers. Why,

"Knowledge is Power" my gown is actually dropping to pieces with age, and what is worse, I am forgetting all those things that I used to know. Presently I shall have forgotten them all, and then one of those awful tigers will spring at me, and where shall I be? Surely there must be some nice College Man who knows as much as I do—I mean did—who could come and help me keep them away. Then we could talk together about all those nice things that I used to know, and perhaps I could keep from forgetting any more, at least until I were old and grey, and it didn't matter. I never wanted to live to be older than fifty, but to die at twenty-four, ough!"

"Oh," purred the tiger on the bench to his comrades. "Oh,

I say do you hear that ? She says she is forgetting. Soon she will forget all, and then Knowledge will not be Power any longer, and we can spring. Oh, we shall have her yet. 'All things come to him who waits.' "

"Don't you fool yourself," purred the oldest and wisest of all the tigers from his corner, "Don't you fool yourself, my young friend. She may forget some things, but there's one that she'll never forget, and that's how to pretend to know more than she does. That is one of the chief objects of an education. She said so herself on one of the first days before she'd stopped talking of those theses of hers to us. She'd used up the best of them, and finally she got to 'The Chief Objects of an Education.' 'One,' she said, 'was the possession of the ability to discuss intelligently subjects of which you really know nothing.' That's what she said, and she never said a truer thing. You'll see. Whether the Man comes or not, she'll sit there just the same with those theses in her hand, sit there and look intelligent. She may forget everything she knows, but we shall never find it out, and so we shall never spring. Yes, it is true, every thing comes to him who waits, but everything does not come at once, and we shall come to the Tiger's Happy Hunting Ground long before the College Girl will come to us. You'll see."

And all the other tigers, hearing the verdict, and not daring to dispute it because they well knew who was the oldest and wisest among them, purred a long disappointed "Oh," which so frightened the College Girl, that she looked, if possible, more intelligent than ever, and wished even more eagerly than before, that the nice, wise College Man would hurry and come.

E. K. D.

EDITORIAL

We all deplore any attitude of affected or over-drawn seriousness, but genuine enthusiasm which seldom effervesces because it is too busy working, is a thing greatly to be desired. There are many channels into which it may be turned, the one, however, with which the MONTHLY is concerned most nearly is that of literary endeavor.

Those of us who are interested in literature and the making of literature cannot take the literary phases of our work with too much quiet seriousness. The age with its many problems demands that we should not trifle with our pen and ink. No matter how small we may be, we have influence somewhere, and there is danger that we shall hurt both ourselves and others if we indulge in misuse of our talents. We feel this dimly perhaps, it is hardly possible that we should realize it too keenly. The hours we spend in studying the art of criticism or of writing may be short, if we work as amateurs they probably will be, but their use must be intense. Whoever, on the other hand, intends to be an artist either in verse or in prose, should first of all seek well to discover the extent of his gifts, but having decided on his course he should consider no training too good to be his. Were it fit for the rearing of a genius he should appropriate it with confidence. The old Greek maxim, "Know thyself," cuts two ways, it means to acknowledge one's limitations, it means also to have faith in one's possibilities. This earnest view of life and art is optimistic and should be essentially cheerful. The Anglo Saxon race cannot do without its jest and its laugh, but we must remember that, as Mr. Jefferson told us, "Comedy is serious business." The wit whose appreciation of humor is most subtle, is often hardest to provoke to a smile.

An appalling amount is written nowadays, and it is to the advantage of the world that it should be written by practised hands under the guidance of minds healthy and strenuous in their attitude. There seems no reason why a woman should

not fit herself for a literary profession much as women study medicine. Few physicians have wide fame, some are unsuccessful; for the many, however, there is a success limited, but worthy, and within its sphere thorough-going. The College offers a scientific course adapted to the needs of those who expect to attend medical schools, and a corresponding course in rhetoric for those whose ambitions lie in literary directions. It is well to recognize the technical value of the training we may receive here, and to realize the benefit we gain if we study the art of writing from a professional point of view and not as an accomplishment. Some of our own graduates have set us an example by their work in the literary field. Miss Vida D. Scudder, '84, has written several books, among them "The Life of the Spirit in the Modern English Poets," and "The Witness of Denial;" Miss Cora M. Williams, '83, has gotten out a volume on "Evolutionary Ethics;" Miss Mary A. Frost, '90, is editing German classics with critical introductions; Miss Pauline G. Wiggin, '90, has translated Freytag's "Die Journalisten;" Miss Anna C. Ray, '85, has published a number of children's stories; Miss Adele M. Shaw, '87, writes both for the Outlook and for the Youth's Companion; and Miss Ellen B. Sherman, '91, is at present on the staff of the Critic. Literary culture is becoming more and more widely diffused. That it may not be superficial, that our neighbors and we ourselves may profit as much as possible by the life and energy that are astir in our time, we cannot do better than to study writing seriously both as a science and as an art, than to work assiduously in penetrating and sympathetic criticism of the books that have been written, and to think persistently over the papers we ourselves are writing, having in mind the papers, perhaps with some few of us even the books we are still to write.

EDITOR'S TABLE

We are likely to say that it is because we are in the midst of our busy college life, planning and shaping our lives from day to day, that we do not get the right sense of proportion, do not realize what is the fundamental gain from our work and what the superficial acquisition. When we are "out in the wide, wide world," we think, things will look different to us; at the proper distance from college the lines will fall into a better composed, clearer-cut image than we now get, with our lack of perspective. Perhaps it may be because we are still undergraduates and incompetent judges that "College Girls" by Miss Abbe C. Goodloe of the class of '89 of Wellesley, seems to fail decidedly to represent what we all know as college life. But we are slow to believe that to a graduate of seven years' standing, college can really stand for so little that is helpful and noble. For to us the sides of student life that she presents are the most unwholesome and the most superficial. There is too much idealizing of the sensible every-day student into a heroine of romance—romance plays so small a part in college life! Here we do not find any of the honest, fun-loving girls that we know, none of the earnest workers, who love dances and walks as well as though they were not working toward an ideal! We miss the loyal, wholesome friendship, the stimulation of mutual contact among women students.

Miss Bates, of Wellesley, has written a generous and fair-minded criticism of this book in a recent number of the *Wellesley Magazine*. She grants to Miss Goodloe an earnest purpose, clever treatment of material, and not a little literary and dramatic power. But she regrets with us her choice of themes and their inadequacy to present a well-rounded series of college pictures. Miss Goodloe has perhaps been too ambitious in her attempt to give variety in plot and interest to her stories. They will appeal more to the non-collegiate world, always too ready

to scoff, which will fancy it has gained insight into the true lives of the "victims of higher education." They would have a right to scoff were these "College Girls" fair examples of such education. To appeal to its legitimate audience, this book should give us stories of actual work and fun, of examinations, of basket-ball, of dramatics, all things which make our daily life so full, not cases of tragedy and deceit, of post-graduate successes in society or domestic life. As Miss Bates says, "The best of Wellesley has not been told," and we can as truly say that the best of any woman's college is yet to be told, in stories which shall interpret the college girl as she really is, a creature of sun and shadow, fond of play, and of work, earnest, self-sacrificing, and a loyal friend.

The *Harvard Monthly* for February is largely given up to fiction and poetry. "Kalypso," a poem worked out from the suggestion in a few lines of the *Odyssey* is a charmingly poetic glimpse of the beautiful nymph on her sea-girt island.

The *Vassar Miscellany* has a number of stories, of which the best two are a short sketch "From Home," and a well-told story of averted tragedy, "If." The article "On Shams" in the *Yale Lit.* for January has called out a flood of replies, and little commendation, and the leading place in the February number is given to a reply entitled "On Realities." It is spirited, but its arguments lack weight and as a reply it is quite inadequate.

We quote two stanzas of a poem in the *Yale Lit.*:

EXHORTATION.

She stands amid the daisies
Shining white beneath the sun,
Blowing, rippling, wanton as her hair.
And the glancing of her eyes
Laughs in sunshine as it flies,
Whisper winds! My love is fair.

* * * * *

The breakers toss the moonlight
Far adown the gleaming sands;
Steely clouds are scudding over, where
In two fearless, love-lit eyes
Swims a look that speech defies,
Shout it sea! My love is fair.

BOOK REVIEWS

* "A PRINCESS OF THE GUTTER," by L. T. Meade. The settlement idea is now so familiar that we are no longer surprised at the decision to which so many educated men and women come, to live among the poorest and most degraded people in our great cities in the hope of helping a few of them to lead better lives. In this new story we find a young woman who inherits a large fortune which has been largely acquired from the rent of tenement houses in London's East End. She feels her lifework to be the payment of the vast debt she owes to the victims of poverty and the sweat-shop, and goes to live in one of the worst streets in the East End. The story deals with her successful efforts to establish relations with the girls in the district, but its main interest is in the two mates, Martha and Lucy, whom she makes her special protégées. Martha is the "Princess," a girl of splendid physique, passionate nature and loyal heart. The influence of the rich girl's friendship and unpretentious life upon this girl — in the bitter tragedy of whose life we meet only one of countless such miserable stories — is the theme of the story. Though the course of its development is tragic, the girl's character at last emerges chastened and ennobled.

The story is fairly well told. It would have been more effective if shorter; as it is the narrative drags somewhat, especially in the decidedly uninteresting first part. But as the interest in the real theme increases the writer seems to have fallen in with the swing and rush of the life described, and the book closes strongly.

† "LOVERS' SAINT RUTH'S," by Louise Imogen Guiney. Hitherto the reading public has known Miss Guiney only as a writer of interesting and sometimes beautiful poetry. This book of four stories is, as she says in the preface, "apprentice-work in fiction." The first story is the least successful; it fails artistically in that it has no proper construction, wandering on into annoying details long after the story is told, and the reader's interest exhausted. Nor does this first story possess the graceful phrasing which gives a certain atmosphere of poetry to the others. "Our Lady of the Union," is the most pleasing of them all. It is the working out of a vision of mingled love and death, with a supernatural quality to which Miss Guiney's style is well adapted. When it comes to treating such subjects as poverty and hard work — as in "The Provider," Miss Guiney is again rather unsuccessful. There is an air of unreality about the whole situation which consorts ill with the Irish brogue and sordid home of the actors in the forlorn drama. Perhaps our criticism may seem ill-natured, but we have had so much tragedy served up in one

* G. P. Putnam's Sons.

† Copeland & Day.

form or another that it is rather discouraging to find an "apprentice" plunging into the depths of pain and woe that have grown so sadly familiar. For we look to new writers for at least a little of "youth's bright visions" and sigh to think that youth is too well trained nowadays to have any visions whatever.

* "THE SINGING SHEPHERD, and other poems," by Annie Fields. In this book we have no *fin-de-siècle* songs of passion, no subjective analysis of heart-beats, but the strong chords of one who sings the glories and the grand tragedies of war, the pathos of mutilated lives, the inspiration of nature. Mrs. Fields has had too broad and deep an experience of life to be confined to her own mental and moral performances for poetic material. There is a wholesome objectivity in her verse which shows not only a mind capable of intense enjoyment and sympathy in the experiences of others, but also a power of setting self quietly aside, which the writers of latter-day verse scorn to do. In this age of unreserve it is a pleasure to find a book full of charming poems which do not disclose heart-secrets or cry aloud against Fate, while yet disclosing the personality of the writer with her wide culture, her dignity of thought, and grace of fancy.

It is especially interesting to us of the younger generation to read poems of the war-time, throbbing with the vital interest and the patriotism which only those who have lived through such crises can really feel. Mrs. Fields pays her tribute to the poets she has known and loved in poems of much beauty, such as "The Passing of Tennyson," which opens with this stanza :—

"The king of song is dying while the moon
Sinks pale into illimitable space,
And the great Dawn stretches her golden wings
Once more about the world, as when Love cries,
'Be comforted, thy heart shall no more fret.'"

* Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

BOOKS TO BE REVIEWED.

REGENERATION, a reply to Max Nordau.

RENAISSANCE FANCIES AND STUDIES, by Vernon Lee.

JOAN OF ARC, by Francis C. Lowell.

IN NEW ENGLAND FIELDS AND WOODS, by Rowland E. Robinson.

BAYARD TAYLOR, by Albert H. Smyth.

VISIONS AND SERVICE, by Wm. Lawrence.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

PLACES AND PEOPLES, edited by Jules Laquiers. Ginn & Co.

ALUMNÆ DEPARTMENT

NOTES FROM DENISON HOUSE.

As our College Settlement movement here in the East expands, those who belong to it come to appreciate better and better the value of the titular adjective. Settlements without the adjective are springing up on all sides. Church Settlements, kindergarten Settlements, social Settlements—all and more are needed and welcome; yet, in the inter-action of College and Settlement, we may be permitted to trace especial advantages and an addition to ease and force in carrying out the Settlement idea. The College girl proves, in nine cases out of ten, a splendid Settlement worker. She comes from an environment where, if she has any natural power to do so, she has learned to “swing free” from various conventionalities and traditions. She has been trained in simplicity of life and luxury of thought. She knows how to emphasize genuine values. She has probably gone farther than her sister outside in instinctive democracy of attitude, for it may be remarked in passing that there is no better training-school in practical democracy than a woman’s College, and the student who fails to use it as such misses an opportunity. Above all, the College graduate is able to bring into Settlement life that intellectual impulse, that large conception of its aim and nature which, we may as well say frankly, is necessary to relieve the monotony of some phases of the work and uplift its manifold details above the level of philanthropy.

For all these reasons, those who have been scholars of books are welcomed to our Settlements as scholars of life. What do they gain? Ask our residents, past and present.

The work of the three houses under the control of the College Settlements Association goes on serenely. It is natural that their academic associations vary somewhat according to locality. Bryn Mawr and Swarthmore are more easily in touch with the work in Philadelphia, while Vassar seems to have a natural connection with New York, and Radcliffe and Wellesley girls are delightfully familiar figures at Denison House. Smith certainly should catch double warmth from the two centres of New York and Boston. The results of the Settlements are, as usual, mostly invisible, hidden in many lives; yet every now and then, some visible, significant fact will quicken our consciousness of the need which we may meet if we will. Such a fact is the response of the neighborhood of Denison House to the new Delivery Station which at our entreaty the Public Library has lately established on Harrison Avenue. Ours is not a reading district, one would suppose, though it devours large editions of “Globe” and “Rekkid.” Yet the question is forced on us lately whether our non-reading character may be due rather to circumstances than

to nature? The rooms of the Station are thronged; four hundred cards have been given out in four weeks, the shelves on which several hundred volumes are kept for immediate use habitually stand sadly denuded of available books, while a crowd of children eager-eyed and voiced, beg earnestly for "Cinderella" or "Jack and the Bean-stalk." Strong and serious books are read by the adults, but these children of the tenement and the public school crave intensely, and I think by right instinct, the fairy-tales which can bring a bit of dream land into their days of prose. On some days as many as 350 men have been present, though our rooms will at any one time hold a scant hundred. Best tribute of all, the two nearest saloon keepers and the owner of the pool room across the street are loud in their complaints that we are ruining their trade; and a passer by may often see our rooms packed with men, while a scant half-dozen wait at the neighboring bar. The Library gives us what books it can, but its powers are limited, and our friends could help our district in no way so effectively just now as by collecting for us discarded, good books: fairy-tales, stories of adventure, popular science, biography, history—and always fairy-tales.

Other attempts to bring good things to our neighborhood are, if more modest, yet very satisfactory. The girls in our College Extension classes are growing to care for their poetry, to travel in spirit through noble regions, and to punctuate with accuracy admired by themselves. With the enlargement of our quarters next autumn—an enlargement in which we trust Smith will have a share—we hope to multiply these classes, and also to start industrial work. More distinctly constructive efforts imply difficulty, yet are never wholly absent; just now we are questioning the feasibility of forming a Benefit Society among those employed in mercantile establishments; but the way thereto looks long and doubtful. Such enterprises demand clear thought. We would like more Smith College women in connection with Denison House, as teachers or as residents.

VIDA D. SCUDDER.

Denison House, March 4, 1896.

The Department thinks that the College should recognize the need for books in connection with the work of Denison House, and if students who have books that they would like to give, will bring them to the Alumnæ Editor, 11 Wallace House, they will be sent to the Settlement after the Easter vacation.

We quote the following from the Critic of February 15:

"A friend of the class of '95 of Smith College has offered to give \$25,000 for the erection of an Academic Building, provided the members of the class succeed in raising \$125,000. Of this sum, \$5,000 has already been given."

It would give us pleasure to know from those officially concerned what the facts of this matter are. We cannot, of course, tell whether the statement of the Critic is correct or not, and should therefore be glad to receive information on the subject.

Thirty of the members of the Boston Association of Smith College Alumnae were very pleasantly entertained at the home of the Misses Mason in Brookline, on Saturday, Feb. 29. The meeting took the place of the regular February meeting, and matters of interest and business were discussed.

- '82. Annie E. Allen has gone on a Mediterranean trip this winter, and will be away from home about eight months.
Alice Brown Jackson has been elected a trustee for three years of the North Adams Public Library. For ten years previous she had served on the book committee.
- '90. Mary A. Frost has edited *L'Arrabbiata* by Paul Heyse. Henry Holt & Company are the publishers.
- '92. Edith B. Brown is reviewing regularly for the Bookman.
Ruth Gilman Cushman was married in Providence, Feb. 17, to Mr. William Gardner Anthony.
- '94. Rena Schermerhorn is taking a library course at the Drexel Institute, Philadelphia, Pa.
- '95. Mary B. Fuller is teaching English and history in a private school in Kansas City, Mo.
Caroline E. Hamilton is studying at the State Normal College, Albany, N. Y.
Pauline C. Melius is teaching in the East Bridgewater High School.
Anna L. Moore is teaching Latin and mathematics in Housatonic Hall, Great Barrington, Mass.
Jean Richards is assisting in rhetoric in the Syracuse University, Syracuse, N. Y.
E. Gertrude Schleier is teaching in Englewood, N. J.
Ruth A. Warren is teaching in a private school in South Orange, N. J.
Josephine D. Wilkin is teaching Latin and mathematics in Miss Dana's school, Morristown, N. J.

Died.

Edith Edwards Gaylord, '86, at Easthampton, Massachusetts, December 23, 1895.

ABOUT COLLEGE

The following corrections are necessary in the list of Society elections published last month :—

For Margaret Rand, '97, read Louise Rogers, '97, as Recording Secretary of the Alpha Society; for Alice Kinsley Twining, '97, read Alice Kinsley Twining, '98; for Mary Morrill Bolster, '97, read May Morrill Bolster, '97.

Found—A Greek letter pin, believed to be a Smith College Society pin, on Boylston Street, Boston, near the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, Tuesday, March 3d. Owner of the pin will please apply *by letter* to H. L. M., 45 Upton Street, Boston, giving description of pin.

It is always good discipline to contemplate one's faults, provided they are not of so serious a nature as to seem hopelessly incurable, and the recent leading articles in the MONTHLY show that Smith College is not inclined to wink at her own omissions and commissions.

Then let us once more take up the mental mirror recommended by Ruskin, and use the pocket-comb for our improvement. The fault thus prefaced is this,—a growing inability to use English intelligently in our daily recitations, and common intercourse with one another. The reason for this is easily pointed out. It is not that we have no thoughts to express,—the general character of our literary work shows that our brains are not vacuous. The fault is a moral rather than a mental one—we are too lazy. Too lazy in class-room to find the fitting word for the thought, too lazy out of it to get anything to take the place of shop.

The Current Events Club is doing something to develop our faculties of speech, but all do not belong to the Club, whereas all should be made to feel their lack in this respect, and the need of improvement. We can all read newspapers and form independent judgments on national topics. We all wish we had when at vacation-time we come in contact with the world that knows nothing of our special interests and amusements, and is politely but none the less obviously surprised at the limitations of our knowledge. Returning with an awakened critical sense, suppose that we exercise it a little,—say at the table—and what are our impressions? Much pointless chatter, plentifully besprinkled with catch phrases and slang, has filled the half-hour, but I doubt if we could report anything heard as worthy the name of conversation. It is a pity that our humiliation does not last longer. But we drift back so easily into our old ways of living, and add our thoughtless contribution to the general stream of talk—*plaudern aber nichts sagen*, as the Germans say.

Now all this entails certain consequences. When we come to graduate and enter the world with our names dignified by college degrees, if we stand for anything we shall stand for liberal ideas, and furthermore be credited with

the ability to express them intelligently, a very natural assumption. But if we have not practised a logical and coherent expression of our thoughts during our four years of greatest opportunity, shall we be likely to develop that power suddenly in the fifth?

H. H. I.

If the dear old Gym. could speak, what tales it would tell of gala affairs within its sheltering walls; of Proms and dances when its rafters rang with the inspiring music of waltz and two-step; of other times when the music was possibly less aesthetic but none the less hearty, coming from the enthusiastic throats of excited basket-ball spectators. But despite the greatness of these occasions, the rally in the Gym on the morning of the "twenty-second" is the most unique feature of our college life.

We did not stop to "analyze our emotions" as we hurried down the walk proudly waving our banners of violet, yellow, red, and green, with an occasional red, white, and blue one fluttering above. Our feelings were such a delightful jumble of love for our class, love for our college, love for our country, that we did not know or care which predominated. Once in the Gym, chairs, stools, boxes and the much-enduring "horse" were pressed into service, and upon these we stood, lifted up our voices, and—sang!

Then came the mock solemnity of the debate in which the appeals made to our logical faculties satisfactorily convinced the "reverend Senators and Friends" that George Washington was a mythical character—"O Tempora! O Mores!" The speeches were bright and well-sustained, spiced with funny little "take-offs" and allusions appealing to a college audience, especially the one to the time-honored "coffee-jelly!"

The wisdom of each senator and speaker was emblematically expressed by cap and gown:

"The daintiest sight the world could show—
The cap aslant with mocking air,
The gown blown lightly here and there."

And when it was over we all joined in with a will and sang "Fair Smith" and "America."

Then, in the afternoon, there was a jolly sleigh-ride or brisk walk to the Bridge in the crisp, sunshiny air. And coming home in the early evening, with the tint of pink on the white meadows and mountains—I think we loved our country.

A. D. S.

In one of the articles in our College MONTHLY the writer speaks of the opening of this college year as giving evidence of a growing spirit of reform. It would seem almost as if she had read the future, for surely this has been a year influenced not by reform merely, but by radical reform.

"There is not enough class feeling!" we heard cried on all sides, and we joined in the cry, saying, "This must be remedied." The method of selling tickets for the Glee Club concerts should be changed. Our recitations must be better. Our social entertainments must be lessened, we ourselves as individuals must show more earnestness of thought and more real depth of feeling.

In our great anxiety to elevate our college standard and college work to our lofty ideals, I think that there has been and still is a tendency to see only the faults and defects of the situation and not to look on the brighter side.

Judging from some of our remarks, the college girl might indeed seem to a stranger a being sent to college either because she was too young to enter society, or because at sometime in her career she had woven for herself a fairy tale of the joys of college life and wished to enter the enchanted land; in any case hopelessly thoughtless, impulsive in the extreme, lacking the earnest depth of purpose which should characterize a college student, made to pass a comfortable existence in as pleasant a way as possible. This of course is not a picture true to life. There is not one member of any of the four classes who could recognize in it either her companion or herself.

The college girl is not frivolous by nature; she is earnest. This earnestness does not show perhaps directly in her everyday life. Who does not keep his deepest thoughts and feelings to himself? In many cases this college education with its searching into truth is changing our school-day thoughts. It is opening up to us something richer and deeper than anything that we knew or thought about before, and the breaking down of old ideals and the building up of new ones is a more real process than we could have supposed it to be. And these new thoughts which are building now our characters and helping to make our truer selves, these as yet are in the sculptor's hands, roughly hewn rocks, waiting still to be polished and joined together before the structure can be complete. We cannot give them to the world as yet, for we do not feel that they are enough our own. We can only wait.

The college girl is not devoid of class feeling. Which one of us does not feel thrills of pleasure when she hears her class work praised? And how we cheer and wave our banners at the basket-ball game! True, some of us fail to keep up our class standard, but is it because we do not love our class, or is it because we have not yet learned how deep and true our love for her really is, and how much we long for her glory and victory?

Are we selfish and unsympathetic? Nowhere in all the world do I think that we could find such a large community showing more true sympathy and self-sacrifice.

The world is full of beauty, so the poet sang, and there sings a response to-day in our hearts when we look out of our windows over the rugged mountains and watch at evening the glorious sunset. And so is it strange that many girls when they have completed their college course find that they have acquired a greater sensitiveness for beauty than before their college days? The remarkable advantages that we have here in art and music help to cultivate still more the love of the beautiful. Life, we cry, has never seemed so real and earnest before. Here amid the glorious hills which seem to ascend even into heaven itself, and with the music of great lives and high ambitions before us, can inspiration fail to come?

So after all, the college girl is very like any other girl, with her high ambitions and aspirations, with her great longing to put the best into life and to get the most out of it, with her victories shadowed by her defects; but she is a college girl, and that means that there is in her ever developing the power to search more deeply into truth and to make it a part of herself. A. J.

CALENDAR

- | | | |
|-------|-----|--|
| Feb. | 15, | Wallace House : Lecture by Prof. Lounsbury :
"Shakespeare's Dramatic Art." |
| " | 17, | Philosophical Society Meeting. Reports on Pleasure and Pain. |
| " | 19, | Current Events Club Meeting. Talk by Miss Moffatt : "Special Mental Attitude of Philanthropic Work." |
| " | 20, | Biological Society Meeting. Lecture by Doctor Minchel : "Bacteria, Their Life, History, and Growth." |
| " | 22, | Rally.
Alpha Society Meeting : "Some Phases of Japanese Life and Art." |
| " | 25, | Colloquium Meeting. |
| " | 29, | Phi Kappa Psi Society Meeting : "José Echegaray, Gerhardt Hauptmann, William Sharp." |
| March | 3, | Philosophical Society Meeting : Papers on Plato's Dialogues. |
| " | 4, | Current Events Club Meeting. Talk by Doctor Hazen : "Armenia."
Lecture by Mr. Burton : "George Meredith." |
| " | 5, | Biological Society Meeting. |
| " | 10, | Colloquium Meeting. |
| " | 11, | Washburn House Dance. |
| " | 14, | Open Meeting of the Alpha Society. Lecture by Professor Arthur Sherburne Hardy. |

THE
SMITH COLLEGE
MONTHLY

APRIL · 1896



CONDUCTED BY THE SENIOR CLASS

CONTENTS

A QUESTION OF VALUE	<i>C. P. McCalmont</i>	1
A COLLEGE ROMANCE	<i>A. H. Young</i>	11
VERSES	<i>E. R. Cutter</i>	14
PLATO'S DOCTRINE ON THE SUPREME AIM OF LIFE	<i>M. A. Goodman</i>	15
THE AVENUE	<i>H. W. Terry</i>	21
VERSES	<i>A. H. Branch</i>	23
GEORGE MEREDITH'S STYLE	<i>G. W. Hazard</i>	23
AS FAR AS THE EAST IS FROM THE WEST	<i>J. D. Daskam</i>	25

CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

HUMAN-DIVINE	<i>Amelia Dominique Smith</i>	26
FASHIONS IN BOOKS	<i>Grace Lathrop Collin</i>	26
A WORD PICTURE	<i>Frances Eaton Jones</i>	33
"CAN THIS BE LOVE"	<i>Caroline Roberta Wing</i>	28
AN INCIDENT AT SEA	<i>Florence Van Duzer Smith</i>	29
"WHEN IGNORANCE IS BLISS"	<i>Susan Sayre Titsworth</i>	30
KINDRED SOULS	<i>Mae Lucile Dillon</i>	32
EDITORIAL		36
EDITOR'S TABLE		38
FROM THE INSIDE		40
BOOK REVIEWS		41
ALUMNÆ DEPARTMENT		43
ABOUT COLLEGE		45
CALENDAR		48

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Vol. III.

APRIL, 1896.

No. 7.

A QUESTION OF VALUE

The object of this paper is not a further discussion of the much-discussed question of realism and idealism, but an attempt to determine the value of this discussion that for so long has been rife in all our magazines and in all treatment of art. We do not mean to carry the discussion back to the Platonic Ideas, which stood for an attempted reconciliation of the material and the spiritual, being, as they were, idealized forms of what Plato felt to be the essential being of material objects of nature and of thought, a synthesis of the Many and the One ; this half pantheistic idealism involves unquestionably, the most intense realism in its existence as an example of the sensuous tendency of the Greek mind to give objective reality to thought. The realism and idealism the value of whose discussion is the subject of this paper, are the realism and idealism of representative art ; the realism that starts with the hypothesis that nothing in life is empty of content, that all experience is rich, no incident, no life devoid of meaning ; and the idealism that postulates the necessity of a spiritual uplift as the animus and result of all art.

The fact that the very use by realism of elements in life that a certain school of idealists would consign to oblivion in art, is evidence of a belief in the reason for being of all things, that is

the mark of a lofty idealism independent of any basis on the much-disputed doctrine of final causes; and the necessity to idealism of using realistic elements,—arising from the fact that our loftiest thought experiences, our sense of the possession of the super-sensible faculty of reason itself in an experience of the sublime, are sensuously conditioned,—shows a basis of realism.

In philosophy, in logic, and in art, they are parts of a unity, and in reference to them we shall accept realism for what the realists offer it as, and idealism shall represent to us what it does to its supporters; instead of taking each from the point of view of the other, and so coming to a conclusion that reconciliation is impossible, that neither is art, we shall see that the discussion has shown us that reconciliation is not needed where there is no conflict, and that neither is all of art, but each a legitimate part of all art.

In view of this, the statement that realism sprang up with a recent school in France under the leadership of M. Zola, is amusingly inexact; as if Shakespeare and Boccaccio and all the others had never lived; though it is true that the French school of writers has given an additional impetus to the present discussion. The very form of statement in a large part of the material in this discussion shows the frailty of our common human nature; it is animated by a spirit of idealism versus realism, of opposition, of exclusion, a determination to accept one or the other, instead of a catholic recognition of their right to an harmonious unity. There is present in most of the papers a determined over-statement that apparently is the signal for a yet greater over-statement in reply. This, however, has the effect of attracting attention, as a counter-balance to the expenditure of time in recurring to the moderate statements necessary for any rational judgment.

There is, too, an unfortunate tendency to concrete illustration involving the spirit of strong personal bias, and by reference to a subjective appeal, a marked confusing of the principle which must be agreed upon independent of any special book or artist that the writer has in mind to cry up or cry down.

But in spite of the mistaken methods and position, and even, by the suggested contrast, through these very mistakes, the discussion has a salutary effect.

We must not overrate the rapidity of the development of thought; among the mass of mankind growth is slow, and often

necessitates a step backward to familiar ground as a recuperative preparation for a further advance. There are always those who are learning, those who have yet to learn, or to know that there is something to learn.

Those who have always recognized the legitimacy of realism, that there is no real conflict with idealism involved, can find their horizon widened, the content of their views increased, their position strengthened and established on a surer basis through the strength that comes through exercise in self-justification and defense; convictions that are only subjectively true when they are held intelligently, may be animated by a greater intelligence; and furthermore, since the few lead and the many follow, though it should not be blindly as having their work done for them, and advance more easily because they are following, it is only right that these leaders should renew their convictions in the light of further examination and reason. That such renewal is necessary the nature of these papers proves beyond a reasonable doubt; we see that it is not only public opinion that needs educating, that those in high places often need to learn that opinion in sarcastic wording, does not become argument, that discussion, as an ideal argument free from the animus of personal prejudice, advocacy and partisanship, should involve a dispassionate study of the question at issue, and a great deal of the "openness of mind and flexibility of intelligence" so dear to the heart of Matthew Arnold.

The question of the value of this discussion involves the question of the value of any discussion. To John Stewart Mill, to deny the importance of discussion, the appreciation of the value of which formed part of the basis of his wonderful candor, would have been to deny the importance of the greatest factor in securing liberty, in keeping one's own attitude fair, and in educating public opinion; a task he always felt important. At a time when nine-tenths of even the House of Commons represented the landed interests in favor of protection, it was discussion that began the free-trade agitation and that led to the adoption of free-trade in England.

If we find fault with a discussion because its productions are ephemeral, we are practically denying the right of expression to all but those few who can give their productions an imperishable embodiment, whose work is adapted to such embodiment; indeed in one aspect the question of the value of any discussion

becomes the question of the value of self-expression, to attack which is to attack democracy.

Without this means of adjusting, determining, modifying our point of view in reference to the products of master-minds, the benefit of genius would be largely the self-conferred one of the relief found in self-expression. The absence of discussion points to the absence of interest, and is indicative either of a wearied sophistication and pessimism, or of an unquestioned, settled opinion, that sure sign of an unproductive, stagnant intellectual life—for life of some sort there probably is.

Discussion is the sign of hope and energy and interest, of a conviction that there is a purpose, and a reasonable purpose, in the world. To us to-day, when the right of art to exist without the direct end of moral instruction is popularized, when beauty for its own sake does not need to be condoned, Sydney's *Defense of Poesy* may make us feel that the time that necessitated such a *Defense* is very alien to ours. But the same narrowness, the same philistinism exists to-day, as we see in the attack and defense of realism.

Yet few of us, however much we may feel ourselves above the necessity of defending our aesthetic interests, however free we may believe ourselves to be from the spirit of restriction that necessitated the *Defense of Poesy*, would say that the *Defense* is superfluous because the claims of poetry are now recognized, or would lament that the *Defense* was written, when we cannot be sure that the end would not have been attained without it.

It may be answered that its claim with us rests on its classic nature, its perfection of thought and form. True, but it rests also on another basis, the value of discussion. Had the *Defense of Poesy* helped to accomplish its end and then perished, we should still have been indebted to it; nor can we refuse to acknowledge this without robbing activity of its usefulness, life of its meaning, and denying the enrichment of modern life through the cumulative experience of centuries.

Shall we find fault with the steps by which we climb to higher positions, wider points of view, because the only way we could find or others could make for us, was circuitous; because human weakness, lost in the bewilderment of the many courses suggested, impressed by the difficulty of the obstacles to be overcome, was not equal to a straight, unfaltering ascent; shall

we complain because some of the steps were long in being hewn out and many workmen labored with only a little advance, because some of the steps are but sand and must be replaced? Let us rather be glad for the enriched lives of those who tried, for as has been said, sometimes, "Nothing succeeds like failure," let us remember that the longer way has touched more points, exhausted more possibilities, where yet possibility is exhaustless.

The confusion is still great, but through confusion the innate demand of the human reason for order makes itself felt, and from this desire for order, arises discussion; fallacious, unfair discussion it may be, but it proves both that the occasion demands discussion and that thoughtful, fair-minded discussion is essential to progress; and through this discussion comes a perception that ultimately the Many have part in the One and in each other, and that through the approximate comprehension of the Many and their harmonious relation, comes a faint divination of the unity to which we never attain.

When we hear the men and women of realism described as being so made up of details as to be only "manikins and milliners' signs, not men and women," we think of Browning's men and women and pass it by as an unfortunate extravagance.

It has been said of Mr. Howells in criticism of his attitude toward Hugo, Scott and Dickens, that "He is a genius, but a specialist all the same—he imagines that his specialty covers the world."

This discussion of realism and idealism has awakened us to a realization of the fact that no specialty covers the world, and that many of us are, in spite of our Platonic Socrates, dangerously near trying to stretch the scheme of art that suits our personal idiosyncracies into a mantle that shall cover the whole world.

The first step toward readjusting a false position is a realization of its untruth, for people naturally desire truth; and in this attitude attributed to Mr. Howells, we see one of the dangers of specialization, that a separation that was made in the interests of a clearer, juster appreciation of the component parts of a whole, may lead us to forget that the most perfect part and the one dearest to our hearts, can never be the whole; we need to remember that division is made to secure ultimately a more perfect coördination.

The discussion of realism and idealism is valuable for this emphasis if for nothing else ; for the fact that each can prove the other a part, and cannot do more than this, in spite of the occasional effort of each to arrogate to itself the impossible right to stand as the whole, to exclude the other part.

When a writer goes so far as to compare the methods of the realists to that illustrated in the story told of Giotto—that he fastened his model to a cross, and then stabbed him to death, better to paint a crucifixion—it taxes our belief in the value of such discussion ; but in the best of causes it “must needs be that offense cometh,” and in reaction we reëmphasize the truth that total moral corruption, the indecent, and the revolting, are not in the field of art at all, either of realism or any other school, that realism is not bound to take upon itself the task of accounting for and justifying any such hideous mockery of the representative process at the base of all art.

The illustration reminds us slightly of Mr. Charles Dudley Warner’s gentle characterization of certain writers as basing their popularity on an exact reproduction, for instance, of the way a woman puts up her hair, and on our recognition of the exactness of detail in the description ; but he does not go so far as to say that this is realism, its essence and its all.

Discussion brings out the fact that much of the dispute is a confusion of terms, that the man who attacks realism imagines himself waging war against triviality and animalism, and he who defends it is defending a realism, which is the realism under discussion, that does not lie in selecting the apparently trivial or the terrible, *qua* trivial and terrible, but with a thought of finding form here too, and through giving form to the characteristic, the expressive, in what passes usually for the insignificant and the horrible, to secure a beauty in this field that shall help to a greater beauty those whose task lies in the use of other material.

The same writer who makes an equation of Giotto’s murderous attack, and the methods of realism, goes on to say that these writers are “confessed time-servers, given to unblushing self-praise and to intemperate attacks upon every literary form save realism ;” probably we can adjust even this to our belief in the value of discussion, on the principle that the writer is giving us an object lesson in the “intemperate attacks” whose condemnation is so just ; or it may be that his not over-moderate accu-

sations are the sophistical over-emphasis that the cause of virtue, that is to him idealism, seems to demand as a defense from the "intemperate attacks" of these "time-servers."

The intemperance of attack, that discussion should ever deteriorate into attack, is to be regretted, but we can accept this lesser evil as a salutary warning, rather than lose the greater good of the discussion as a whole. It may be indeed that the benefit reacted upon the writer, and that having appeased his supposedly righteous indignation, he went back to the realists whose works we hope he had read, in a clearer frame of mind ; it may even be that he grew willing to grant to Thackeray an immortality of more than fifty years, among others than the realists alone. Even when we hear Trollope pronounced the ideal realist because he worked "by the job," putting art on a level with "house-painting" or "horse-shoeing," the effect is rather to amuse us than to damage the cause of realism. Indeed realism does not deny that both house-painting and horse-shoeing may be animated by the desire for excellence that is the impulse of artistic production.

At any rate, exaggeration in such a violent form does not permeate the whole discussion, and perhaps contains its lesson in itself.

George Sand has said, "*L'art n'est pas une étude de la vérité positive, c'est une recherche de la vérité idéale,*" and realism can gladly accept this ; art is indeed not a study, it is the search through the truth of the real world to catch and hold a part of the ideal truth ; study of the real world is not art, but the means to art, and the lesson of the search for the ideal truth through the real truth, is that truth is one.

Sometimes we hear in these discussions the criticism that the realist paints life "as it is to him ;" but surely idealism does not claim to look through the all-seeing eye of the infinite and universal wisdom. It seems almost a pity though to have dragged in anew the use of "imitation" in the outgrown Platonic sense, with a blind indifference to Aristotle and the progress of aesthetics ; to have made an occasion to make anew a misapplication of a misinterpretation, and to force realism, if it would seem thorough in its defense, to reproduce in its defense all the steps of progress in aesthetic development from Plato until now. But the misinterpretation proves the necessity of accepting nothing as settled, no conviction as an inheritance,

without an active understanding of its significance, and shows too that no process of education is ever complete.

But when realists and idealists confine their criticisms to what each stands for, instead of what the other has chosen to imagine about it, they find themselves at one in aim and end, in theory. This the discussion brings out ; and then, too, it emphasizes the fact that there is still work to be done in the sphere of the ugly, in concrete aesthetics, that no one has as yet worked out, in this field, the justification of the ugly that Kant determined on philosophical, psychological grounds.

All philosophy is "the search for the attainment of the self-consciousness of the spirit ;" all art is the aim to secure expression to this spirit ; and the most optimistic rational tendency is the one that grants this expression without excluding any phase ; it is again one function of art to emphasize the super-sensible rational faculty in man, and this it does by showing the superiority of the purposiveness of man's representative faculty, to what is ugly and forbidding, a reaction of the rational demand for order against apparent disorder, acting as the stimulus to show that all is form-full.

To deny meaning to a large part of our existence, to all that is not the story of lofty deeds or Arcadian innocence, is the only true pessimism. We cannot deny expression to a part without falsifying the whole : the requirement is that this expression shall be a real expression, that it shall not reinforce a transitory appearance of chaos, of irrationality, but shall reëmphasize the intensity of meaning in life, and by arranging forbidding material in art forms, prove that all comes under law and order, that the rational faculty is supreme, and through realism prove the ideal triumphant in the real.

Any expression in art form involves both the real and the ideal ; and the truest expression in art forms involves the synthesis of realism and idealism.

We know that the deaf and dumb are likely to become imbecile if no means of expression is given them, but that they grow wonderfully intelligent along the lines of expression that are open to them ; so those phases of life that are usually thought of as lacking the grace and finish of idealism, grow richer and sweeter, more full of content, through expression in art forms.

The antithesis of good and evil, of the beautiful and the ugly

is only one of temporary conventionality ; we read it into the world. The perception that is gradually coming to us that realism and idealism are not alternatives of which we must select one and condemn the other, the realization that each involves the other, that it is only through accepting what each man can give us, as that one part of the whole for which alone it is intended, that we can at all hope to reach nearer to the whole which no one man has to give us, is emphasized and reinforced by this discussion, and justifies the time and energy involved in it.

Indeed, in view of our own civilization, we cannot deny the value of any instance of that discussion, to the freedom of which we owe the evolution and dissemination of modern thought, political forms and social theories.

The very freedom of discussion in these articles contradicts the tenets of those who, while availing themselves freely of their right of expressing themselves through the medium of critical essays, would in these essays deny the artistic right, the value of a free contribution to the general possession, through the medium of the realistic poem and story. One man is not the world, but each man is a part of the world. The value of discussion and the value of the art expression of all life rest on this same basis.

Mr. Davidson writes :

“ He doubted ; but God said, even so
Nothing is lost that's wrought in tears,
The music that you made below
Is now the music of the spheres.”

We need to keep in mind that this discussion emphasizes the value of holding fast the right of expressing that large part of life that is wrought in tears, with always a thought that the apparent discords are in themselves only the incomplete part of the prelude that needs all its notes in order to lead up to the final consonance.

The artist has a right to say “ this one thing I do,” provided he does it well, and to say with Martin Luther, “ I can no other.” For self-expression, the expression of any one aspect of life, becomes, through the element of universality in human nature and experience, inclusive of an undetermined number of other natures and lives, a number great in proportion as the work is true to realism and animated by the spirit of the ideal.

No idealist exclusively interested in idealistic production need

feel distress about realism. If it could be proved all false, the reaction would doubly reinforce idealism. So let those who can not see that there is an ultimate synthesis trust to a rational order in the universe that works in accordance with the "one increasing purpose," or, if they prefer to put it so, to an evolution that leaves the fittest to survive; this fittest will be the two in unity.

"Whoso can look on death will start at no shadow." There is a thought of this too in realism, that if order, reason, and through them beauty, can make an art reproduction of sin, of sorrow, of death itself, full of purposiveness and beauty, this formfulness, this power of the subjective aesthetic purposiveness over such material, points to a still higher ideal, raises and broadens the whole tone of life and art; for neither life nor art is enriched by a process of exclusion; to narrow the field of art, to restrict unnecessarily its material, is to arrange the setting for a scene of actual paucity of experience in art. We must believe that to-morrow is the richer because to-day has been.

Diogenes of Apollonia said, "Human souls differ only in their different participation of life and knowledge"—all souls have the same right to life in art as to life in the world.

And this discussion again reminds us, that after all, as, in another connection, Herakleitos told us long ago, "It is opposition that brings things together.

CONSTANCE PLUMER MCCALMONT.

A COLLEGE ROMANCE

IN ONE ACT.

DRAMATIS PERSONAE.

JOHN CAMERON, Harvard '96.

HARRY SAYWARD, '96 (his room-mate).

NED JAMES, '97.

KATE BURNHAM WHITNEY, Smith '96.

ALICE LANSING, Smith '96.

SCENE 1.—No. 26 Matthews, Cambridge. HARRY SAYWARD
dozing in an easy chair.

JOHN CAMERON (*who has just come in, taking off his overcoat*).
“Well old man, I’ve had an adventure. Intend to look it up,
too. Mighty queer! Got a Smith catalogue anywhere?”

HARRY (*in sleepy tones from big easy chair*). “What in the
deuce are you up to now? Going to enter Smith? Catalogue’s
under that pile of books somewhere. Don’t bother me, I’m too
sleepy.” (*Sinks back.*)

John finds catalogue and warms his hands at the fire.

“I say, old fellow, doesn’t your sister belong to some society
or other, Phi Beta Kappa or—something of that kind, you
know? Rather pretty pin, white and gold, or something like
that?”

HARRY (*opening one eye*). “Well what if she does? What
in—what monkey tricks are you up to now?”

JOHN. “That’s like you. A man can’t have a purpose in
life, but you must throw cold water on it. No, I hadn’t thought
of entering Smith, though your suggestion is a good one. A
girl who wore one of those pins told me on Temple Place that I
ought to see Kate Whitney, she wore such lovely clothes. I
just thought I’d look her up. Don’t exert yourself.”

HARRY (*waking up*). “You were told by a girl on Temple
Place—Gad! are you crazy old man?”

JOHN (*turning over leaves of the catalogue*). "I swear that I'm telling it straight. She evidently intended to impart the information to another girl behind her, but her remark and her friend missed connections, that was all, and I got the benefit. Must be a senior—Summers, Smith, Smith, Smith, Thayer, Taylor, Ward, Whiting, Whitney—here it is: Kate Burnham Whitney, Brooklyn, New York. Pretty name, don't you think?"

HARRY. "Well I'll be jiggered! What do you think of doing?"

JOHN (*lighting his pipe*). "Calm yourself, my dear fellow. Nothing rash. Going up to a Glee Club Concert next month and shall look out for the 'lovely clothes' that's all."

SCENE 2.—*Northampton. Academy of Music before the Glee Club Concert.*

Mr. CAMERON and Miss LANSING have just been ushered to their seats.

Miss LANSING. "I suppose it seems as funny to you to see so many girls as it does to us to see the men here."

Mr. CAMERON (*condescendingly*). "Oh—we have Radcliffe, you know."

Miss LANSING. "Oh yes, of course. Do you know many Smith girls, Mr. Cameron?"

Mr. CAMERON (*doubtfully*). "Er—not many. I'm acquainted with Miss Sayward, my room-mate's sister you know, and some girls from home, juniors I think they are now."

Miss LANSING. "Then you don't know many Ninety-six girls?"

Mr. CAMERON. "No—that is—let me think. I—er—believe I met somebody who knows a Miss—Miss—Miss Whitney, in Ninety-six. Is she (ahem!) in college?"

Miss LANSING. "Kate Whitney? Oh yes, she's a great friend of mine. Why, isn't that nice? She has these next seats. Here she is now."

Miss Whitney and escort, Mr. James, take their seats.

Miss LANSING. "Kate, let me introduce Mr. Cameron. It's funny, but we were speaking of you just as you came in. Mr. Cameron was saying that he knew some one who knew you."

Miss WHITNEY. "I'm sure I'm very glad to meet Mr. Cameron. I think you know Mr. James, do you not? Harvard men always seem to know each other." (*The men nod.*)

Miss WHITNEY. "Now tell me who it is you know. I'm quite consumed with curiosity."

Mr. CAMERON. "Oh, it was a young lady, I met—where did I meet her? Well, that is immaterial. She said she knew you, that is she said that I ought to—"

Miss WHITNEY. "How very strange. And you don't remember her name?"

Mr. CAMERON. "I'm afraid I don't. Our meeting was very brief. I—I haven't a very good memory for names."

Miss WHITNEY. "Do try and think. Was it at a dance?"

Mr. CAMERON. "No—not exactly. It was—well it was—"

Just here the Glee Club begin Fair Smith and all further discussion is postponed.

Telegram to Mr. Harry Sayward, Cambridge, from the Norwood, Northampton: "Decided to stay over Sunday. Have met her."

J. Cameron.

SCENE 3.—*Commencement at Smith.* Mr. CAMERON and Miss WHITNEY
rowing on Paradise Pond.

Mr. CAMERON. "Let's float up beside the bank and rest under that tree. You look tired and it's too hot to row."

Miss WHITNEY. "I'm not tired, but it is rather hot. Did you think the exercises were pretty this morning?"

Mr. CAMERON. "Didn't I though! And the girls were stunning! Especially one—"

Miss WHITNEY. "Oh don't—it's too hot. That dress was only the simplest muslin."

Mr. CAMERON. "Can't help it, it was very becoming. I must say you have the knack of dressing well."

Miss WHITNEY. "Thanks. Do you know that's what one of my friends told a man in Boston last fall. I've forgotten just how she put it, but she thought she was talking to her sister or some-one, and she said something about my 'lovely clothes,' and then found that she had been talking to a strange young man. We were laughing about it this very morning in my room. It's funny that we remember such things, isn't it?"

Mr. CAMERON. "Very."

Miss WHITNEY. "I've always thought that quite a romance might be made out of that; but then it would have to be a story I suppose. Such things never do happen in real life."

Mr. CAMERON. "They do sometimes. Fact is I've known of cases where—"

Miss WHITNEY. "Really? Oh, tell me about them?"

Mr. CAMERON. "There's nothing to tell—except—well—except that—I was that man."

Miss WHITNEY. "What do you mean? You were that man? You don't mean that you—"

Mr. CAMERON. "That's exactly what I do mean. I was that man, and it was in Boston, on Temple Place. I should like to meet that girl and thank her. (*After a pause.*) And this is not a story. Shall we, shall we make it a romance?"

ANNIE HORTON YOUNG.

VERSES

I.

My friend holds careless in his palm
A glittering stone.
He does not know a jewel rare
Is all his own.

But in its flashing lights I see
A diamond shine.
And though he holds it in his hand,
The gem is mine.

II.

I know not if the time were long, dear heart,
Nor what the life between. But leave untold
The waiting days, for now through happy tears
I see your face once more. We stood apart
In some far other world. To-night I hold
Your hand in mine. There are no absent years.

ELIZABETH REEVE CUTTER.

PLATO'S DOCTRINE OF THE SUPREME AIM OF LIFE

The oneness of truth, or more accurately the unity of its conception by the human understanding is witnessed by the similarity of aim which the intellectually honest and spiritually great have considered supreme for the life of man. The Greek Plato, in seeking that the soul may gather herself more and more into herself until death releases her is not in the essence of his desire far distant from St. Paul the Jew, who waited with patient eagerness for the consummation that should change our vile body. Plato's philosophy, however, came to him not as a sudden revelation, but as the work of a lifetime. He set himself the task of finding the supreme good, and that he might never be deceived by a semblance of knowledge veiling mere ignorance he tested his results at every step of the advance.

With characteristic protest against the perpetual flux that he acknowledged pervaded the world of sense, Plato in his search for the chief good turned to the unseen, unchanging world,* and found therein the possibility of satisfaction. In the heaven above the heavens is the realm of the Ideas; there true knowledge nourishes the soul, and there has the soul of every man been nourished in that former life which is such a vital part of the Platonic creed, for "the soul of him who has never seen the truth will not pass into the human form."†

The theory of Ideas cannot be pushed to its ultimate conclusions, and Plato is himself aware of the gaps in its construction. The Ideas that he unhesitatingly affirms are the Just, the Beautiful, the Good, and all others that partake of nobility. That there can be an Idea for every visible thing he doubts, for naturally enough Ideas that are types of the foul and base are a hard stumbling block in his way.‡ This difficulty, however, appears only in the *Parmenides*, and by its opposition to the doctrine elsewhere declared, has led some to think that the dialogue is not genuine. Nevertheless it would perhaps have been remarkable had such a thinker as Plato failed to see the thorns that beset his path, and the single revelation of his sense of the

**Phaedo*, 79. †*Phaedrus*, 249. ‡*Parmenides*, 130.

unfitness of applying the theory of Ideas universally shows a conception of the fallibility and human weakness in the scheme that makes his unflinching faith in the transcendent and all important reality of the Idea of the Good the more sublime. In this belief he never wavers. The body has to him actually less of truth and reality than has the soul,* and the essential verities that are apparent only to the eye of the soul† concern man infinitely more than does the tangible world that is continually at hand to tempt him.‡

They concern man. Practically, however, it is only the philosopher who feels deep concern in them. In order therefore that the multitude may not be led by blind guides, Plato in the sixth and seventh Books of the Republic gives his attention to the qualities that make up a philosopher and to the training that he should receive in his youth.

Lovers of knowledge of the eternal nature, of all being and of truth; men who are temperate and the reverse of covetous; who have in their souls no secret corner of meanness; not boasters nor cowards; righteous and gentle; men who have pleasure in learning and are endowed with good memories; who are of well proportioned and gracious mind; these men are the philosophers. The Ideal State will single out all such as show a good measure of these traits, and will educate them to become its rulers. Not only will it train them in the ordinary course of music and gymnastics, but it will see to it that they are taught in all branches of learning that draw toward real being. The art of number, or arithmetic and calculation; the kindred science of geometry; the then unexplored region of solid geometry; astronomy if pursued by the method of problems,—also in Plato's time a mere vision; in short (together with something still more excellent which for the present we pass by) the severer side of all mathematics is fitting in Plato's eyes for a philosopher's education. Not a very practical method of training men in the science of government it would seem, especially when we realize that the main aim of it all is to turn their eyes toward the pure essence that dazzles and makes humanly blind, yet perhaps when the multitude consent to rear such rulers and be guided by them, they will need teachers of abstract reason rather than shrewd men of the world for their kings.

For it is abstract reason, a knowledge through reason of good

*Rep. IX., 585. †Rep. VII., 527. ‡Phaedo, 65.

and evil, of false and true that Plato is all the while exalting. Thoroughly a Greek he insists always that though it is for the welfare of the many that a few are made philosophers, yet philosophy is of importance in the State only because the knowledge which comprehends true existence is higher than all things else. While it is to be attained only in a life of strict virtue, of carelessness for things of the body and of the material world, conversely this sense of the just and the unjust, of the wise and unwise alone can lead to the unerring virtue of the highest life, is alone capable of fitting men to be guardians of the Ideal State. The State makes the philosopher, and while he, its highest product, has for his highest aim to gaze upon real being, yet justice demands that in return for the advantages he has received he should come back from the realm of things unspeakable, and fulfill his greatest earthly work in being the savior of his country. The Supreme Aim of Life in its fullest Platonic sense is not an aim for all men, some have forfeited it either in one period or another of their age-long existence. The eternally present Justice, however, which alone makes the noblest possible, provides also a chief end of life for the State, and for every individual who is a part of it as well. There is an unchanging right to be observed in the body politic in order that any may see ideal realities, and also in order that all may partake even blindly of the good. Every man in the ideal Republic from the philosopher to the artisan may live not unworthily, but always throughout Plato's writings he is most blessed who in successive lives has chosen that highest part by virtue of which he may best know how to keep his soul pure even when clogged with the body.

There is a wonderful attractiveness about the imaginary city of Plato despite its clocklike regularity, and its practical exclusion of all poetry worth the name. We may note in passing how the poetic nature of Plato touches this creation of intricate thinking with imagery, and makes parts of it poems in themselves. The picture of the den in which prisoners are chained who see nothing but shadows and know of nothing else until some escaped captive comes back to tell them of the light of the sun and of the sun itself; the likening of the sun to the child of the good, holding to sight and the things of sight the same relation that the good holds to mind and the things of the mind; and other passages that speak in figure bear no small part in

casting a glamour of beauty over that Republic in the bypaths of whose working out they are found. But the charm of Plato's treatment of the Ideal State rests on a deeper foundation than this. In spite of the inflexibility which necessarily accompanies any such plan of government, the sturdy, even stern justice desirable for man whether he be happy or unhappy, whether his righteousness be known or unknown to gods and men, makes the whole so virile that it cannot be repellant. With strong right for a corner stone, Plato builds up a fabric which if it seem at first machine-like, becomes infused with life when we examine the philosophy which is its crown. For if the outward poetry that adorns the Republic is beautiful, the inward spirit of its philosophy partaking in its mystical phases of the essence of poetry is yet more beautiful. Hardly any poem that has been written is more fascinating than are these strange problems, these extraordinary wanderings in the vague realm where the unthinkable has its being. The Republic is permeated with the philosophy it extols as its vision. Plato's conception of the Supreme Aim of Life not only dominates the work, but interwoven with it forms its greatest beauty.

So much for the glowing, mystical side of Plato's doctrine of man's chief end. There is also a scientific side of practical importance to Plato as a seeker, which shows itself in his method of search. The Idea was to him no mere dream to be contemplated in a trance, but a reality to be sought soberly, patiently, with the most careful and constant thought that man could give it. This most careful thought took with Socrates and Plato a particular form, and became to them the method of methods, namely the Dialectic. To be forever questioning and eliciting answers skillfully, to prove by division into classes and definition, and then prove again and again from various starting points, to agree two together concerning results, to be satisfied when the rational opponent is convinced and the argument established however the multitude may cavil, that was the Socratic way of finding truth and the way that Plato sanctioned. Dialectic from the end at which it aimed became almost holy. It was "the coping-stone of the sciences,"* the last and greatest part of the training of the philosopher in the Ideal State it was to gather up and make effective the results of his mathematical studies; it was the strong meat which should not be

*Rep. VII., 534.

given to him until he was of sufficient age to eat it soberly. Dialectic was the practical, working religion of Plato and Socrates, an intellectual religion that had for the mark of its effort a definite though hidden result, a religion thoroughly Greek in temper, yet so earnest that it is of universal interest. It aimed to lift man up where he might see Real Being, but its influence as we trace it now was to bring the region of the divine essence down to the philosopher making it of every day value to his life, even though the problem of existence was still unsolved. Gravity is one of its most noticeable characteristics. The whirl of enthusiasm runs at will through the speeches found in the Dialogues, but excitement never encroaches upon the questions and answers. With chaste persistence they deal with an almost unending range of subjects, all seeming to point toward the Supreme Good, and for the most part subjects of modern as well as ancient importance. We find as we read that in spite of the Hebraizing influences which have played so large a part in controlling the latter day generations we are not as different in our mental and moral structure to-day from the Greeks of Plato's time as might be imagined. With all the scientific accuracy that the dawning logic of his day gave opportunity for Plato worked toward real being through problems that are still unsolved.

Among the discussions which deal with the nature of the essential, none are more fruitful than those which treat of the relations of pleasure and knowledge to the good. Then as now the pleasant and the good were hard to distinguish. While in the *Gorgias** and *Philebus*† Plato through the mouth of the indomitable Socrates, fought against the tendency to identify them, in the *Protagoras*‡ he seems to count them as one. It is, however, in the effort to exalt knowledge as the mightiest of all things that he allows them to be confounded, and not this word but the one spoken in the *Philebus* must be regarded as final. There a three-cornered contest is carried on; pleasure and knowledge struggling for precedence, the one claiming the chief place of all, the other asking merely secondary rank, and not admitting the highest to be within reach of either; while the good, perfect and sufficient in itself, baffles both and keeps them at a distance by a statement of the insufficiency of pleasure without consciousness, or on the other hand of wisdom

**Gorgias*, 490-500. †*Philebus*, 18-22. ‡*Protagoras*, 351-358.

without enjoyment to make man's life desirable.* The clearest statement that we have of the bearings of the various forms of good upon each other and upon real being is the result of the discussion. A union of pleasure and wisdom is found to be higher than either alone, but (for Plato is full of intellectual asceticism and cannot allow happiness to dominate for its own sake) higher still is the cause of the generation of this mixture, this essence, and the cause lies in Beauty, Symmetry and Truth. Not in them, however, is the supreme good found, for above them Plato places "measure, and the measured, and the due"† as the first of possessions. Next below them in the scale he ranks mind and wisdom, the fourth place he gives to sciences and arts, while painless pleasures, "the pure pleasures of the soul herself" are assigned to the fifth.

Such an analysis of things unknowable might in seeming to stereotype them, appear to detract from the power that vagueness lends; but in reality it formulates nothing concerning the nature of the Ideas themselves. Should man discover that in truth a knowledge of Ideal Measure and Harmony transcends all other knowledge he could attain, it would yet be left for him to learn the nature of their being. Plato, however, with his many sided view and marvelous range of vision is not and could not be as unwavering in his classification as appears in the last few pages of the *Philebus*. His indecision brings back in a flood all the charm of the spiritual world as he portrays it elsewhere. It is of human mind and wisdom that he speaks when he modestly gives them an inferior place, the divine mind he has hardly touched upon except to turn away.‡ The most mysterious of the mysteries of heaven has after all been left with no account of it given, and we breathe more freely in the rush of returning uncertainty to feel that in no sense is this severe, cold treatment of knowledge, pleasure, and the good co-extensive with the ideal world of Plato. But the character of the divine mind, however much we might like to find it identical with the "good which is not essence, but far exceeds essence in dignity and power,"§ is, as Socrates breaking off says, "another story," and that story we are nowhere told except in terms of poetry concerning the highest heaven of all.||

A striking feature of the doctrine of the supreme aim of life is its entire independence of reward and punishment even while

**Philebus*, 20, 21. †*Philebus*, 66. ‡*Philebus*, 22. §*Rep.* VI., 509. ||*Phaedrus*, p. 246 et seq.

it rests closely on the truth of immortality. The end to which Plato looks is too high to hold out any hope for man unless his soul persists, if not everlastingly, at least through ages, but the attitude that it commands is equally good whatever the after destiny of mankind may be. The Socrates of the *Apology*, *Crito*, and *Phaedo* acts primarily without regard to immortality although he craves it keenly. He undertakes to prove its truth, and to show that his soul will soon be untrammelled in pursuit of philosophy, but he would prefer oblivion to unrighteous living. This stern, resolute figure stands, so far as man can stand, for the realization of Plato's true philosopher. Through him we learn of what unyielding metal the man should be moulded who would attempt to look upon real being. Plato himself, however, must always be to us the philosopher of philosophers in the ancient world, and while we read his character in noting what manner of man was his master, we find it also written on every page of the *Dialogues*. With indefatigable persistence, with faith in the necessity of the search even though the highest sought be beyond his power to reach in this life, with reverence to the gods he strives to penetrate mysteries that are impenetrable, to define the indefinable, to lay hands upon the essence of the essential. The eternal, unchangeable, and unmixed essence toward which he steadfastly looks and which it is his chief aim to behold eludes him with an appearance of fleeing away that seems to mock his conception of it until we remember that the body, partaking of the Heracleitean flux must needs drag the philosopher back from the attainment of his aim, and make the object of his aspirations for him a continual vanishing point. How sublime was Plato's Doctrine of the Supreme Aim of Life is perhaps in no way better shown than by the heroism it instilled into his intellectual manner of following it, the manner of a Dialectician.

MARY ALMÉE GOODMAN.

THE AVENUE

In a certain New England town there is a very wide and beautiful street, lined by long rows of magnificent elms, which, patient sentinels through the years, lift their stately heads high above the house-tops. It is always quiet on the avenue, at times

it is lonely. Only the occasional quick beat of horses' hoofs, as a handsome carriage is whirled over the smooth asphalt pavement, or the heavier, duller sound of a coal wagon's wheels, breaks the stillness of an early winter afternoon. Later on in the day the safeties begin to congregate, circling in and out of the little driveways in front of each house, or coasting gayly down the whole length of the street; and as dusk comes on, soft colored lights whiz by, and the sweet toned clangor of numberless little bells grows more frequent and more insistent; the avenue takes on the aspect of a fire-fly dance.

But usually there is little noise of any sort. People pass in groups or singly at long intervals, silent and decorous. A college boy occasionally hurries by to a recitation—a long-legged professor strides past with books under his arm and eyes on the ground. Old ladies walk a little there on sunny days, leaning on the arms of maids. Newsboys hurry from door to door. The postman bangs his letters down on front steps. But this is almost all. Only a little dog, twirling, like a dried leaf, on some frosty lawn, raises his tiny bark in impotent attempts to make a great noise in this little world.

But the avenue is not like this in all seasons. In the early spring, when the grass is growing green in patches, and the snow is half melted, when the tree-tops are turning a tender green against the radiant moist sky, and white haired men stop to point out to the children the squirrels that scamper through the branches, and when soft twitters of bird builders come from somewhere up aloft, the avenue begins, like a coy beauty, to display a few of its charms.

In Commencement days, when it is a long green aisle, down which the winds blow freshly all day long, it has a pleasant bustle of life and movement. In the tennis courts below the little bridge that halves it, boys play all day long, producing wonderful effects with invisible balls and semi-invisible racquets. Stately fathers and plump mothers are seen everywhere, piloted about by proprietor sons. Carriages, flying a blue banner on one side, and a crimson on the other, drive rapidly down the street. Crowds of students, headed by brass bands, march up the avenue to the house of an aged ex-president and demand a speech; the people across the way hear a cricket-like chirp or two, then an immense cheering; the band strikes up, and off march the boys, sometimes dancing arm in arm down the length

of the street. Grocers' carts dash past post-haste, leaving lusty echoes of "Little Annie Rooney" trailing after.

It is then, when in bright summer evenings all the dwellers on the avenue are clustered on their porches, when between the houses glimpses can be caught of masses of flowers, great red "jacks," forming rich contrast with the vivid green about them, when on one door-step a young mamma is displaying the charms of her first baby to its grandfather, and on another the dear white-haired grandmother is the center of attraction, when well-bred pussies hold serene converse on sunny walls, when the little dog is nothing but whirl and somersaults in the joy of possessing a tail to wag, it is then that the avenue is at its best.

HARRIET WADSWORTH TERRY.

VERSES

She lived in pleasant places all her days
Untaught of the fleet hours,
She looked for noons that never set—her time
Was sunshine upon flowers.

But I, who stood outside the garden wall
Through her long morning when she knew it not,
I saw the dusk of her sweet shadow fall
Across the dial in her garden plot.

ANNA HEMPSTEAD BRANCH.

GEORGE MEREDITH'S STYLE

Even while admitting the fact that Meredith is sometimes needlessly obscure, and with a haunting memory of relief felt when the periods of certain of his sentences were safely reached, one may have some comprehension of the power of that joy in mere word combination which must often drive into open mutiny the rhythmical instincts, usually subordinated, of such a writer. It is often hard for Meredith's Pegasus to pace calmly along confining prose highways. As the advance of this whimsical steed grows too much like some deliberate polka-measure, it can be seen that Meredith hates to clip his wings.

Meredith seems to love the clang of consonantal juxtaposition, and the sparkle and dash in alliteration. This does not argue that he is a poet. Like Carlyle, he has but partial ability in that line; his is a bold gift, but incomplete, even under training. But he has the sense of rhythm that Carlyle lacked, and knows proportionate arrangement. His word-painting approaches in vigor and vividness some passages in the "*Frederic the Great*," and his delicacy in the treatment of difficult subjects is a thing quite alien to the genius of Carlyle. A comparison of these two, however, is somewhat strained.

It is true, then, that in reading Meredith, there are moods when one believes that he conquers a temptation, in writing a simple sentence, free from any steel-blue flash or strange simile. But there is too strong a flavor of power in his word-revellings, for the term "rhapsodical" to apply to him in a derogatory sense. In his latest book, "*The Amazing Marriage*," his creation of Carinthia is in phraseology which has in it something of battle-field clangor, with undertones that thrill mellowly of Alps, and snow-capped peaks at sunrise. It is genius that makes Carinthia in a London drawing-room as truly of the mountains as the girl who reluctantly journeys away from them, near the beginning of the book. Meredith is more than clever, and words are his slaves.

In places where he is difficult to follow, it is possible that he is led into eccentric expression at times, through his love of contrast. He will dash umber across gold for the sake of molten intensity. His moon always edges on a cloud. When he looks upon rolling hills, it is as if through a dark-rimmed window which frames his picture; and its meaning comes home to him so much the more irresistibly. It is noticeable that he will even contrast chapters. Close upon some cynical "*entrance of Dame Gossip as Chorus*," will follow a nature-description of striking beauty. Now and then he imitates Shakespeare's use of the clowns; for instance, when he puts a philosopher into a carriage with a fool, and trundles them off together.

There are many characteristics of Meredith which are winning. A man who loves a northeaster, at least, who can let it tyrannize over one of his paragraphs, must have something of the old Teutonic love of nature in his make-up. His books give one the impression that the wind to him is more song than howling. He seems to have a sympathy for bold crags and rocky heights.

After all, his style is a kind of mountain style, bold and unconventional, and most powerful when it is free among Alpine scenes, or dealing with abstractions, or painting portraits not easily forgotten.

GRACE WALCOTT HAZARD.

AS FAR AS THE EAST IS FROM THE WEST

Heavy with their tears are my eyes, and aching,
Living is but longing, and my heart beats low ;
All my hungry soul is yearning for that land while I'm waking,
Where at night in my blessed dreams I go !

Sunny lie the slopes where the bees are hiving,
Greenly roll the Western hills 'neath skies of blue ;
But the amber haze of day time with the pearl dusk is striving,
In the East, where the night is cool with dew !

Patient are the eyes of the pale Christ, pleading,
Pleasant is the odor of the bread and wine ;
But the Buddha's mystic gazing all my tired soul is reading,
And my heart lays the lotus at his shrine !

Busy is the working and gay the playing,
Swift and ever swifter fly the keen, bright hours ;
But my heart it aches with longing for the old, sweet delaying,
For the lutes and the laughter and the flowers !

Stately like a queen is my gold-haired maiden,
Truth and faith and blessing in her gray eyes shine ;
But the flower-mouth of my Eastern love with life's joy is laden,
And her small feet they tread my heart to wine !

Heavy with their tears are my eyes, and aching,
Living is but longing, and my heart beats low ;
All my hungry soul is yearning for that land, while I'm waking,
Where at night in my blessed dreams I go !

JOSEPHINE DODGE DASKAM.

CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

HUMAN-DIVINE

A pearl-pink cloud a-floating
There in the blue—
By the sunlight kissed—a radiant thing
Over the mountains fluttering,
As if a young dove, poised on wing—
And the dawn shines through!

In fragrance sweet, as of lilies
In early morn,
A pure white thing tinged o'er with rosy glow,
Earth's touch on heaven's new-made snow
And yet, human-divine, may be more beauteous so—
The soul is born!

A. D. S.

Truly, there is a consistency and propriety in all things. When the ancients wore long straight robes, fastened with a girdle, the books that they read were long straight strips of parchment, fastened round a stick. When, later on, all life was full of color and glorious pageantry, and when people had time to enjoy such things, books were gorgeously gotten up affairs, with illuminations that were men's life work. But when men cut off their hair and the points of their shoes, and the earthly practical influence of the printing press was spread abroad, books became ponderous, dun-colored volumes. In the days when our great-grandmothers wore silks that would stand alone, and our great grandfathers built houses that are as firm now as then, books were also substantial structures made with an eye to future generations.

In recent times, when our fathers wore "roundabouts" and duck trousers, and our mothers frocks and pantalets, books appeared in tidy drab covers, with a design stamped in gilt on the

front and with only the impress, without the gilt, on the back. Within our remembrance when the craze for aesthetic effects (Heaven save the mark !) in the shape of peacock blue and olive green and old gold combinations, really respectable stories appeared in a wild blazonry of cheap gilt and elaborate ornamentation. When we emerged from that, preferring chaste combinations of white and gold, blue and silver, and the like, consider the books, how they grew. Those were the days of some really exquisite little volumes (which would show forever the effect of an hour's handling), but of innumerable cheap books tricked out in tinsel and imitation vellum.

Now, since bicycling and tennis have revolutionized costumes and we are beginning to feel at home in comfortable clothes, and to take into service once despised materials, durability being the best of excellence, the style of book-binding has likewise become plain and sensible. Nowadays a girl in a duck suit reads in a duck covered volume, or the tailor-made girl peruses one bound in linen.

But this movement, which we fondly called modern, is yielding to the pre-Raphaelite fad. While we attire ourselves with pictorial effect in view, our books appear with symbolic curly designs, or in self-conscious simplicity, with laboriously primitive printing and carefully ragged leaves. How far this style will be pushed, we cannot tell. But it is safe to say that wherever costumes tend, there also will book-bindings be found.

G. L. C.

A long sandy road running straight as a bee's line to the horizon ended in a gap between two low lines of sand dunes. On

each side of the road was a broad sweep of

A Word Picture marshes. The only moving object in the scene was a light beach-wagon drawn at a steady trot by a self-sufficient looking horse.

The last rays of the setting sun shone warmly upon the backs of the four girls in the wagon. Ahead of them in the gap between the sand dunes, a narrow strip of ocean came into sight which broadened and broadened as the strip of road shortened, until it swallowed up the road altogether and the horse's hoofs struck the hard beach sand. A violet sea stretched before them merging here into faint blue and there into pink. The violet

sky above was faint blue toward the zenith and toward the horizon warm pink.

The waves came rolling in with a gentle muffled roar and then broke into crisp white foam as the girls turned the reluctant horse and trotted over the smooth sand. Retreating, the waves left moist shining patches of violet sand, upon which some long-legged birds that had been hovering over the water settled quickly. They pecked at the sand with their long bills as if they were trying to drink in the beautiful coloring; then as another wave rolled in they flew off to another bit of soft color.

Every now and then as the waves broke beside the wagon the horse edged off, his nose pointed toward the shore, but he was always turned back relentlessly. Beyond them the sea curved in to a deep bay, making a misty violet world around them. High up in the sky was a vaporous cloud,—they watched it as it began to grow grey in the waning light. First one little corner darkened, then gradually the grey spread, struggling with the violet, until it overcame it. The girls gave a sigh, but the cloud had shifted a good deal any way. They would watch another, there had been a bright pink one close to the horizon. Where was it? And where were they? No wonder they had thought that the cloud had shifted, for they were jogging along with the self-sufficient horse headed toward home.

They turned and looked back—perhaps it was better after all not to see all the glory vanish. But who would have thought that a horse would have had so much less appreciation of the beautiful than the little birds that had hovered over the glowing sea and stuck their long bills into the shining patches of color!

F. E. J.

“CAN THIS BE LOVE.”

Dear little mother mine
Help me I pray
Nothing but sigh can I
This blessed day.

Dear little mother mine
All this day long
My breath sighed itself
Into sad song.

Mother mine, mother mine,
 What means this pain
 Throbbing across my heart
 Again and again ?

Dear little mother mine
 Since Carlo came
 Life seems all turned about,
 Nothing's the same.

Dear little mother mine
 Did you feel so
 When "Padre mio" came
 Long, long ago ?

Ask little mother mine
 Dear God above,
 I dare not question Him,
 Can this be love ?

C. R. W.

The "Berlin" was two hours out from Southampton and the first-class passengers sat at lunch, with that sense of infinite leisure already upon them, when fifteen minutes spent on the concoction of a salad dressing **An Incident at Sea** seems like a minute of an ordinary meal on land. There were all the other passengers to inspect and catalogue as interesting or uninteresting, and so animated was the conversation that the great engines of the steamer had stopped with a series of jars before the passengers realized that anything out of the way had happened. The green banks of the Isle of Wight seen through the port-holes were stationary and the great vessel rose and fell ponderously on the gentle waves of the channel. The stewards professed ignorance of the reason for stopping, but one or two passengers looking out of the ports on the starboard side saw, just below, one of the ship's boats, manned by eight sailors. The doctor and another officer were bending over a sodden figure in the bottom of the boat, raising and lowering the arms to restore breath. This glimpse was enough. The alarm of "a man overboard" ran through the saloons and the passengers hurried up on deck to learn what had happened. The boat rocked up and down at the foot of a rope-ladder which had been flung over the side of the vessel from the steerage deck. Slowly up the rope came a

strong young sailor carrying on one arm a limp, wet body. The doctor followed immediately and they carried the poor fellow to the doctor's own cabin. The passengers leaning over from the upper deck caught a glimpse of the young, rugged face, white and drawn, with leaden lips, and closed eyes. The soaked garments clung closely and outlined his relaxed limbs, one arm dangled loosely as the two men carried him across the deck. Then the men scrambled up from the life-boat, which was soon swung into place and the great engines began again the steady rhythmic throb which was not to stop again for nine days and nights. Everything resumed its normal appearance on the steamer and the passengers dispersed to their steamer-chairs or state-rooms. But down in the cabin the doctor had thrown off coat and collar and was working over the sailor who lay stretched on the narrow bunk. Only twenty minutes ago he stood on the upper-deck railing, fastening up the awning over the promenade deck. A rope broke and he fell backward into the sea which lay so blue and calm beneath the ship. He was sinking for the last time and was quite unconscious when the boat reached him. They worked over him for hours unavailingly and just as the latest passengers were finishing their Welsh rare-bits and ale in the saloon at eleven, the doctor saw some change in his patient which told him that life was gone.

Next morning at six o'clock, with a yeasty gray sea below, fog closing in on all sides and a cheerless dawn settling into day, the dead sailor lay in state on the lower deck covered with the English Union Jack. The other sailors gathered round, their caps in their hands, and stood with reverent downcast eyes while the captain read the funeral service over their comrade. This was very short, and when he finished, four men raised the plank on which the dead man lay and carried it to the rail. In a moment the body sank below the cold gray water through which the steamer plunged and tossed, while the fog-siren shrieked above it.

F. V. D. S.

When Bob came back to college from Christmas vacation, one year, he brought a new photo, and stood it up on his desk, with a sly glance at me. I didn't say
 "When Ignorance is Bliss" any thing at the time, but when Bob left the room I took occasion to examine it. It was a mighty artistic picture, of a mighty pretty girl, too, with big dreamy eyes, and

lots of hair, fluffy around her face, you know, and sort of shading off into nothingness, and a kind of an indistinct mouth. It was one of those indistinct photos, anyway, that make you think that the artist didn't know his business, unless the girl is pretty, and then you think he did. Well, when he came back, I attacked him.

"Say, old fellow," said I, "who is she, anyway?"

"Who's who?" asked Bob, innocently.

"The one on your desk," said I. "The new one."

"Oh!" said Bob. "Friend of mine. Pretty, hey?"

"Well, rather," said I. "Come, tell a fellow what her name is."

"Shan't," said Bob. "Don't be curious."

"Oh, don't be a clam!" said I. "Confess now. Who is she? Is she a relative?"

"Relative? Well, no, not exactly," returned Bob, with a grin.

"Going to be?" I asked sarcastically.

"Don't embarrass me," said he. "Can't you see you're getting on delicate ground?" And he turned around and began to write.

"None of your chaff," said I. "Come now, who is she?"

"Don't bother me," said Bob. "I'm busy."

And for my life, I couldn't get anything more out of him, then or afterward. Meanwhile there stood the photo on his desk, and Bob used to look up at it from his work, and then go on writing with a smile, as though it inspired him. But I didn't believe it was anything serious, for Bob was as good as engaged to a girl he met on the steamer, going across, the summer before, and he isn't the kind to go back on a fellow. He's old slow-and-steady, if any one is. I used to wonder how the girl he met on the steamer would like it, if she knew about this photo, and I used to threaten to write and tell her, if Bob didn't tell me the name of the girl in the picture. Bob only laughed, and said she knew all about it, which statement I found subsequently was true, though of course I thought at the time it was a lie. Well, the long and the short of it is, that I got desperately interested in that picture. I used to put it on my desk sometimes when Bob was out, and sit and smoke and meditate and look at it. The eyes had the faculty of seeming to look straight at you, don't you know, and if there was enough cigar-smoke in the room, you could almost imagine that the indistinct

mouth smiled. The boys used to guy me about my infatuation. They used to call her Miss Smith, and Bob only chuckled, and said that was as good a name as any for her. Still the beggar wouldn't tell us anything more about her, except that he met her at his uncle's in New York.

By Easter time, it wasn't any joking matter to me. I don't know what it was, but there was something about that photo that just fascinated me. The other fellows all admired it too, but I began to make an earnest fool of myself over it. Bob warned me it was no use, but the provoking chap wouldn't say why, and I finally became quite desperately smitten. Bob enjoyed it immensely for a while, and then he began to see that really I was rather hard hit, and one day, when he came in and found me in my office-chair, with my feet up and my head back, and the photo in my hand, he sat down on the corner of my desk, and smiled pityingly.

"Poor Fred!" said he. "Poor old fellow! What'll you give me if I'll tell you her name and address, Fred?"

"Anything," said I, "from my new mackintosh to my meerschaum. I'll write your Psychology theme, I'll make up your cut-overs in French—anything. Go ahead, old man, who is she?"

"Too bad to localize your divinity," said Bob, with a grin, "but if you must know, Fred, that's a composite photograph of the class of '87, Smith College. My uncle is interested in that kind of thing, and knowing your susceptibility, my boy, I thought I'd have a little fun at your expense. Don't get excited, Fred. I'll present the photo to you. There were about forty girls in the class, I believe," and Bob walked off whistling.

And I? Oh somewhere among my traps I have the photo yet. Those dreamy eyes, that fluffy hair, and the indistinct mouth that seemed to smile—well, there must have been a good deal of cigar-smoke in the room, or else I was a precious fool.

S. S. T.

He was at Amherst and wrote stories for the "Lit." They were strong and showed talent, but they betrayed his youth in their cynicism. They were vindictively.

Kindred Souls scornfully cynical. He would outgrow this phase, but now he called every man a fool and all women frivolous. He also cultivated a weary manner

and a cynical curl to his lip which was not naturally curly. He read her stories in the *Smith Monthly* and was pleased to be interested in them. Her stories were strong too, and well written, but in her the youthfulness cropped out in a morbid vein. Where he was cynical, she was morbid. No one was ever happy—the pressure of sordid circumstance always in the end overwhelmed the natural nobility of the hero or heroine, and everything ended in gloom. He was interested—the girl who wrote these things must have thoughts, feelings, emotions. He felt that he should like to meet her—she would be worth while.

As for her, she read his stories and liked them. They were not superficial, they went to the bottom and fished up the dregs, but they were truthful. She wished she could meet him—she felt that of him she could make a friend, one that would understand her thoughts and sympathize with them. It was the afternoon before the Glee Club Concert and she was at one of the many teas in progress. It was wonderful how much more interesting men made a tea, she thought as she sat with a cup in her hand listening to the tall, athletic looking man beside her. He had such a good humored twinkle in his eye and told a story so well that she found herself thinking him very amusing and good-looking.

“What fun it must be to be a man at college,” she said appreciatively of the story he had just told. “It makes our college life seem very stale and unprofitable.”

“Well we do have jolly times and we’re not half as bad as they make us out. I believe some people think college fellows do nothing but drink and swear.”

At this point a girl caught sight of them and crossed over. “Oh Helena!” she cried, “I’ve been looking everywhere for you. I want you to meet Mr. Bertrand whose stories you like. If he does scorn Society with a big S, he condescends to come to a tea when he’s asked. May I introduce him?” And without waiting for an answer she was off. Helena unconsciously gave an arranging pat to her ideas, she felt that with this man she wanted to talk earnestly and—well—she wanted to make an impression.

Mr. Bertrand was standing by a pretty Freshman who had enchanting, laughing eyes, a charming way of talking nonsense, and an undeniably frivolous gown and hat. He had forgotten the curl to his lip and he was smiling as he—yes—actually—

spoke of her hat. "Velvet and feathers and—chiffon—is that right? Now I should go away and say 'Miss Allison had on an awfully pretty hat, but as for describing it—'"

Just then Miss Vernon came up. "Mr. Bertrand, I'm going to introduce you to Miss Estabrook, you've often said you wanted to meet her and now's your chance." And she bore him off through the crowd to Helena. Mr. Bertrand took the chair left vacant beside her. He too was arranging his ideas, for he thought that now at last he had met an intellectual girl—and—well—he too wished to make an impression. After a few common-place remarks there was a pause—each was studying how to begin. Then as a good introduction, Helena mentioned "Degeneration." Mr. Bertrand said that degeneration was too high sounding a name to be applied to the fads of the age. Helena bewailed the general insincerity as a sign of degeneracy. They discussed the degeneration of morals. Mr. Bertrand said it seemed to him the degeneration of immorals. For hundreds of years people had had no morals. This was all very well, but the conversation languished. Ideas and epigrammatic statements didn't seem to come naturally, they had to be pumped up. Neither liked to fill up the pauses with common places, they were too fearful of not doing themselves justice. During a discussion on strikes, Mr. Bertrand's eyes strayed to a certain hat trimmed with "flowers, feathers, and chiffon" and Helena thought of a bright rejoinder she might have made to the parting speech of the athlete. Finally Mr. Bertrand excused himself just in time to get the owner of the hat another cup of tea—which she didn't want.

"Do you know," he said, "I looked at your hat clear across the room and found I could still describe it."

"That's nothing," she answered, "to remember a thing ten minutes."

"Well," said Mr. Bertrand, "if you'll let me call I'll promise to describe it a week from now." So she said he might try.

When Helena was again alone the athletic man came back. "The bad penny you see," he said, "but I thought you looked as if you wanted more tea."

"Oh please don't make me drink any more. I'll tell you a secret, I hate tea, and only drink it for appearances," and she looked up at him with a smile in which there was the relief of unbending added to honest liking.

Going over on the eleven fifteen train that night the athlete turned to the cynic. "I say, Miss Estabrook's an awful bright girl and what fine eyes she has!"

The cynic roused himself from a revery in which dimples, and laughing eyes and feathers were hopelessly mingled, long enough to say, "I don't remember, has she?"

The frivolous girl said to her room-mate as she brushed her hair, "I like that clever Mr. Bertrand. He's awfully jolly and not a bit overpowering."

With her head on her pillow Helena thought, "What a disappointment Mr. Bertrand was, we didn't seem to get into touch at all. But the athletic man was nice."

M. L. D.

EDITORIAL

The work that the Senior class leaves gradually to the other classes is not given up as a premonition of the time when college days will be over, but to allow time for the many interests that crowd into the last year, and to avoid any break in the college work.

During this year the students and alumnae have given the MONTHLY their cordial support, and while thanking them for this and bespeaking its continuance for the editors for Ninety-seven, the present editors desire to express their earnest and grateful appreciation to those members of the faculty to whose kind assistance and suggestions the MONTHLY owes much of any measure of success it may have won.

The attitude toward college life shown in the "Editorial" has met perhaps with the most adverse criticism.

But attention has not been called to what have seemed mistakes in the student life from any spirit of hyper-criticism. To ignore a fault is neither the quickest way of overcoming it, or of expressing loyalty and college spirit, and criticism of whatever has seemed mistaken has been evidence of the confidence we all feel in the predominant influence of the earnest work and wholesome atmosphere of our college life.

The first step in bringing our college life nearer to our ideal, and so advancing our ideal, lies in remembering that the real is not the ideal.

The literary material has been selected rather in accordance with the merit of each article than in reference to the interrelation of the different articles, because in the pressure of college work the best papers are written for the class-room demands, and so the subject-matter is restricted and the time of production not regulated by the needs of the MONTHLY. During this year an effort has been made to continue the policy that has always governed the MONTHLY, of affording room for the

discussion of college questions, of making the MONTHLY as far as possible representative of our college life, and a help to the development of all that is best in it.

This year the subscription price was raised from one dollar and a quarter to one dollar and a half, a step that the experience of past years had shown to be necessary, and any money that might remain after expenses were paid, it was voted to devote to a college interest. In this way subscription to the MONTHLY benefitted the college doubly.

If next year the work on the MONTHLY might be counted as one hour of college work, both the regular recitations and the MONTHLY would be improved. This plan should commend itself to the students in general as well as to the editors, for it would help to prevent the mistakes due to lack of time and to make our SMITH COLLEGE MONTHLY more the success that we all want it to be.

The MONTHLY takes pleasure in announcing the following editorial board for the ensuing year: Editor-in-chief, Anna Hempstead Branch; Literary Editor, Susan Sayre Titsworth, Contributors' Club, Edith Kellogg Dunton; Editor's Table and Book Reviews, Harriet Morris; Alumnæ Editor, Lucia Gilbert; About College, Alice Tullis Lord; Business Manager, Alice Weld Tallant.

EDITOR'S TABLE

Just before we parted for the Easter vacation the college was gratified by the announcement of the award of the Shakespeare Prize. The interest in this prize was revived by the class of '96 and the whole class and the individual members who competed for the prize, cannot fail to be highly satisfied with the results of their enthusiasm. Those students who wrote papers cannot help feeling that the knowledge of three of Shakespeare's greatest plays which they have obtained from their careful research and individual study must be a great gain to them. Our interest in Shakespeare is a refreshing sign in these days of literary upheaval, when novelty carries off the palm from worth, and smartness seems to be of more value than genius.

The splendid training in Shakespeare, the study of his comedies and his tragedies in the literary course at our disposal, give every student of literature a splendid foundation on which to build in individual or special work. It is especially gratifying to us to know that the prize was awarded for excellence and originality of thought and fitness of expression. To have an original thought on Shakespeare after so many centuries of thought and investigation is no small triumph for any student, and especially for an under-graduate. When one considers the number and size of the existing commentaries, the valuable editions, such as the "Variorum," the hand-books and libraries of information, of conjecture and conflicting theories about Shakespeare and his plays, it seems almost appalling to think of attacking a subject in the face of "so much that has been said and on the whole so well said." We must feel that this success is largely due to our training in literary criticism, in original study and presentation of material.

Further evidence of our interest in Shakespeare is the choice of "As You Like It" for our senior play this year. It does not seem to us presumptuous that after years of careful literary

training we do not fear comparison with professional players in so far as our intellectual interpretation of the play is concerned. And it is from the literary point of view that the play is to be taken up, rather than from the spectacular. While the "Midsummer Night's Dream," presented by last year's graduating class, depended more on spectacular effects than does "As You Like It," yet the intellectual played the leading part in the study of the play, and gave to the performance the peculiar strength which it was seen to have as compared with professional rendering of the same play. While scenic effects are to be carefully studied in the presentation of "As You Like It," they will not usurp more than their legitimate importance, serving only to bring into relief the careful interpretation of the characters of this most charming of Shakespeare's comedies. This seems a fitting climax to the work of four years, that after thorough class work on all the plays, after assiduous individual study of some two or three chosen plays, the students should close their college study of the greatest of English poets by presenting one of these plays, each girl for the time merging herself and her personality in a dramatic character which must henceforth be to her almost a living reality.

As the time for making summer plans draws near, how many of us long for a two months' trip in England or Switzerland. Any one who feels this desire strongly, but cannot gratify it, must avoid the March number of the *Wellesley Magazine*, whose leading article, "Wenn der Kuckuck Ruft," would only add fuel to the flame. It is a charming account of a pedestrian trip through Switzerland, undertaken in that irresponsible spirit which makes a real, care-free wandering so delightful. As we read of the country inns, the bright spring meadows, the gleaming Swiss lakes and the mountains towering above them, it is hard to suppress a sigh of envy. In this same number is a thoughtful paper on "Hardy's Women," a careful study of the "Noble Dames," of "Tess" and the other women whose passionate lives have formed the subject of so many of Hardy's powerful stories. The *Vassar Miscellany* has two very clever stories and a paper on "Matthew Arnold's Letters." Other exchanges were not received in time for review this month.

FROM THE INSIDE

It is spring term. The Editor doesn't give this as a piece of news, she says it because it seems to her the most delightful thing that any one can say. We have all been repeating it these last few days, as if a bare statement of the fact were enough to make one happy. We shake hands with the girls, tell them what a fine time we have had on our vacation, how glad we are to see them again, and then we draw a long breath and say, "Well, it's spring term." That's Happy New Year and Merry Christmas and many happy returns of the day all in one. We don't elaborate or explain—unless we are an editor—we know that it is quite enough to say the little sentence. It seems to express all that we feel in the air when we get back here after vacation, everything from sunshine and straw hats to—commencement.

It is spring term. That pushes out of sight all the "flunks" and failures of last term, anything that has gone wrong the whole year through, it suggests an endless number of good times coming, it makes one forget everything but the pleasure of being alive right here to-day. Is there anything new left to say about spring term? We talk of it all through the winter, sometimes we fear that we have anticipated too much, and then when it comes we know that the half hath not been told. As freshmen we hear of it before we have unpacked our trunks; as sophomores we boast of it; in junior year we enjoy it with the comfortable sense of there being more to follow; and in senior year we resolve to make it "the last the best of all the game."

The Sophomore-Senior entertainment and the Junior Prom. are just before us, but it is doubtful whether we anticipate the special festivities more than the every day good times which are everything in the doing, but not much in the telling. Perhaps it is because life is so immensely worth while living these days that books seem so little worth studying. It is the time of year when we remind ourselves that we didn't come to college for book knowledge only. Though we say this sometimes to stifle the pangs of conscience, on the other hand we really are learning the truth of the words in spring term more than at any other time. It may be because we are enjoying so many things in common, the sunshine and the beauty of "all out doors"—as well as the hammocks on the back campus—that we get better acquainted. There is a spirit of good feeling abroad as if all petty personal prejudices and ill will had been put away with our winter coats. We are all here for a common purpose, but it takes the spring weather to make us realize the common bond, and the good comradeship of spring term is the best thing about it. This comes home to the seniors especially, for they see good-bye ahead of them. The Editor knows that she ought to have written a farewell speech to-day, for it is now when the days are loveliest that they turn the Inside out. She might perhaps have looked ahead and talked of commencement, but that would have been stealing some one else's thunder—and rain. She hands over her key with all good wishes to the new editor and a fresh realization that—it is spring term.

BOOK REVIEWS

* "IN NEW ENGLAND FIELDS AND WOODS," by Rowland E. Robinson. Every lover of nature can find in this charming book some chapter which appeals to his particular interest. The wood-lover will read with delight of one who, lying flat upon the ground carpeted with dead leaves and staring up through the bare or budding branches to the sky beyond, notes the delicate etching of twig and foliage against the blue. The fisherman finds his joy in the rushing, breathless pursuit with rod and line, at the end of which tugs the trout or bass of his dreams. Who that loves birds will not follow with sympathetic caution the noiseless steps which trace the timid woodbird to its nest, and listen with a thrill to the first notes which mean that spring is at hand? All these sides of nature and others Mr. Robinson shows us, beginning his discourse with an essay on that most unpromising of seasons, which is neither winter nor spring, but "betwixt and between," and he traces the spring in its growing heat and richness to the full luxuriance of summer, which changes suddenly to glowing autumn and this to leafless winter. With the leisurely step of one whose life moves on at a very moderate *tempo*, Mr. Robinson leads us along the country roads, and through the fields, under the trees and by rushing brooks, talking meanwhile, with a charming unconscious egoism, of his experiences. None of these are exciting, but all are told with such a simple, yet keenly intellectual enjoyment, that the reader must perforce fall in with the author's mood and enjoy the country life with him.

† "HILLS OF SONG," by Clinton Scollard. The writer of these poems does not rise to the summits of the "hills of song" by any means, rather he keeps to the well-trodden, though often agreeable, paths near the bottom. Mr. Scollard's range of subjects is not wide: he treats of nature in various moods and seasons, of eastern subjects more oriental in name than in suggestion, of his reminiscences of Italy. Some of the songs of action have a good deal of swing and spirit. His style is pleasing and free from awkward or affected diction, but almost equally free from originality and virility. The first poem in the book, "Saillefer the Trouvère," is the one which remains longest in the memory of the casual reader, unless it be the disagreeable and rather inexplicable "Christmas at Marsaba."

‡ "RENAISSANCE FANCIES AND STUDIES," by Vernon Lee. In her second book on the Renaissance, Vernon Lee clings more closely to the actual period than is the wont of those who write on this elastic topic. The essays in this volume are five in number, including the "Valedictory," in which the writer

* Houghton, Mifflin & Co. † Copeland & Day. ‡ G. P. Putnam's Sons.

sets forth her aim in writing of the art-life of the past. Her creed is that every one of us needs to live in the Past, to come in contact with the universal soul of nature and to gain from this individual power and true proportion. The art of the past can most easily, or at least most satisfactorily, put us into relation with this past which we want to know, and for this purpose she urges the thorough knowledge of and acquaintance with some one particular artist and his school. And this purpose leads one naturally enough to the great Renaissance period, whose apparent conflicts and inconsistencies are resolved by study into the mere coincidence of contrary movements. Real art, she says, represents not the details of existence, but its bulk. Thus she explains away the difficulties which beset a beginner in art study, who is sure to run up against the stumbling-block of perfect art-form coexistent with great immorality and degradation. On this thesis Vernon Lee builds up her theories which she elaborates in the preceding essays. The first of these, on "The Love of the Saints," shows how the idea of love as we now hold it was a gradual growth in the Christian religion, which began by repressing all natural love and went to the extremes of asceticism and brutality, which found such horrible expression in early art. 'St. Francis of Assisi seems to be responsible for the turn of the tide toward modern ideas. The essay which follows, "Imaginative Art of the Renaissance," is the most interesting of all. It deals with the development of imagination in art conception simultaneously with the development of technique, and following this, individual art unhampered by laws and form, which aims to teach and expound, as well as to imitate. All these topics are treated with an exuberance of style and a liveliness which make them very entertaining and at the same time convincing, to the unlearned reader. Just what place in the world of art-criticism should be held by these essays we should not venture to say—they show careful study and intense personal interest, and surely entitle the writer to respectful attention.

BOOKS TO BE REVIEWED.

LIFE OF BAYARD TAYLOR, by Albert H. Smyth. ("American Men of Letters" Series.)

JOAN OF ARC, by Francis C. Lowell.

REGENERATION, a reply to Max Nordau.

LORENZO DE' MEDICI, by Edward Armstrong.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

VISIONS AND SERVICE, by Wm. Lawrence. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

ALUMNÆ DEPARTMENT

THE AMERICAN SCHOOL OF CLASSICAL STUDIES AT ATHENS.

The increasing appreciation among students of the classics of the value of the inspiration for work found outside manuscripts and essays has led to the establishment at Athens and Rome of American Schools for those who wish to have some supervision in working in Greece and Italy. The Athenian School, dating from 1882, has its place beside the older French and German Schools, and the younger British School. Under the direction of the Archaeological Institute of America, the school derives its support from twenty universities and colleges, whose graduates are eligible to membership, free of tuition, on condition of showing capacity to profit intelligently by the work. The resident officers are a Director, chosen for five years, and an annual Professor, each of whom offers work, to be taken by each regular student, in addition to the special investigation required under the supervision of the Director.

The most natural branches of study are Topography and Archaeology in its stricter sense of the study of sculpture, vases, etc. To this may be added Epigraphy, which here better than elsewhere can be studied from the actual stones. It has not been the aim of the directors to maintain a school purely for archaeological specialists, and in fact, the past sixty-six members have in the main belonged to the teaching body of colleges and schools, drawn here by the desire to gain side light on the general subjects of Greek History and Literature. To read Herodotus, seated where King Xerxes overlooked the fatal strait of Salamis, almost to see the Spartan camp-fires at Dekeleia, to climb to the deserted fortress of Phyle, is this not enough to enliven the duller of imaginations?

To the general student, the greatest benefit is in the line of Topography, particularly of Athens itself. The German School cordially extends a welcome to us at the Saturday afternoon lectures given by Dr. Dörpfeld, its director, who systematically sketches the history of the buildings and walls of the ancient city, while his audience gather on the very site described. To further the study of Topography, students are encouraged to travel in the interior of Greece, and the School in a body has made trips through Boeotia and Argolis. In the spring, many avail themselves of the trips of the German School, going through Peloponnesos, and making a tour of the Aegean coast and islands, including Troy.

Archaeological work may be quite elementary, or those well prepared may take up advanced work. Inadequate preparation is a serious drawback to appreciation of the opportunities offered, and an effort is being made to raise

the standard of membership by establishment of Fellowships, whose assignment is determined by competitive examination in the elements of the subjects most likely to be studied at Athens.

The American School has done its share in excavations, having conducted work in Eretria and Argos, as well as in less important sites. Permission has lately been granted by the Greek government to control the exclusive excavations at Corinth, and work will begin in March. Corinth, as a city of immense commercial importance, will be sure to yield rich finds. A fund is being raised in America, and appeal is made to every student of classics to aid in a work so important. In this branch of the work, the School gains reputation at home and abroad, and not merely serves individual members, but makes no small contribution to the storehouse of classical material.

ALICE WALTON, '87.

Athens, Feb. 12, 1896.

In response to a request made in the last MONTHLY for official information in regard to a statement published in the *Critic* of Feb. 15, we quote the following from a letter written by President Seelye: "Five thousand dollars have already been paid in to the treasurer of the college by the unknown friend of the class of '95. He says also 'If a sum with that already given sufficient to provide the Academic building could be secured from the other friends of the class, and they should organize measures to that end, in behalf of the class, I would promise to raise for them one thousand dollars for every five thousand they might secure, the entire movement to be distinctly one of and in the name of the class of '95, and to reach the sum total of \$150,000.'"

The above statement was very kindly sent us by Miss Martha Wilson, '95, chairman of the committee in charge of the money. It is understood, however, should the class fail to respond to such an offer, or should their efforts not be successful in raising the amount desired for the new building, the donor will allow the trustees to use his gift to encourage other movements in the same direction or to meet any other pressing need of the college.

The Tempest is to be given here by the Boston Alumnae Association, April 25, under the auspices of the Library Committee. The Sophomore class has arranged to secure seats in order that they may entertain the Seniors by taking them to the play.

Alumnae desiring to see the Senior Play at Commencement, are requested to send their names at an early date to E. H. Bush, 50 West Street. Tickets, which as usual are fifty cents, will then be reserved for them. The performance will occur Friday and Saturday nights, June 12 and 13.

Maria L. Riggs '82, Anna A. Cutler '95, and Anna H. Billings '91, are studying at Yale University.

'92. Katherine Keeler is teaching English Literature in Wells College.

ABOUT COLLEGE

The noise in the back of the chapel has become so noticeable that it seems time that some action were taken on the matter. Some of the girls who sit there seem to forget where they are and what they are there for, and instead of following the chapel exercises, spend the time as if they were at a social gathering. We have all heard President Seelye's suggestion that there be no talking before chapel or as the girls move out, but it seems that some, not content with disregarding this request, go so far as to talk throughout the exercises, if it suits their pleasure or convenience. Others read letters, and the rattling of paper is heard farther than they perhaps think. A girl has even been seen reading a comic paper during chapel, something which, it seems, might have been postponed until later without any serious results.

Another cause of annoyance to those who take any real interest in the chapel exercises, is the noise made in the halls and in the recitation-room next to the chapel. The girls who do not come to chapel are unduly careless in this respect. They come up stairs or stand in the hall talking and laughing, regardless of the fact that chapel is in progress and that their steps and voices, easily heard through the open doors, are distracting the attention of the girls within. Loud talking in the halls has been heard even in the transepts.

The chapel exercises last only fifteen minutes, and it seems as if for that length of time there might be quiet both in the chapel and outside. The girls who talk so busily during the exercises doubtless could find time to make their important communications to their friends at some other time during the day. At least they must not forget that they owe something to those about them. Those in the halls and recitation-room too could probably, without great inconvenience, step more quietly, and either postpone their talking or do it in some place further from the chapel. The whole trouble is doubtless due to the girls' thoughtlessness rather than to any other cause, and if they were made to realize what an annoyance their conduct is, it would surely be all that is necessary to put an end to it.

N. G. C.

It is very natural and proper that being an institution for higher education, we should ever be on the alert to discover tendencies and conditions in our life here that need improvement. When the more acute cases, such as the recent social discussion, fail us, we turn to those of less vital concern, as for instance the staircase in the gymnasium. This is indeed a standing grievance, if the pun be allowed.

When an evening's entertainment is over and some seven or eight hundred

people are desirous of leaving the building, it is no small matter to be forced to descend a narrow and circuitous staircase which scarcely accommodates two people abreast. To be sure, there is another exit, but how many disappointed ones there have been who suddenly remembering the fact have rushed the length of the hall and down the stairs only to find the outer door locked, and then have had to return to take up a position in the rear of the crowd torturing itself in its slow progress down to the door. Tall girls may take some comfort, for they have air to breathe the while, thin girls because there is less of them to be squeezed, and all may be comparatively cheerful in the thought that as long as the building is not on fire they will eventually be safe. But if such a calamity should ever occur and a panic ensue, there would be little chance of life.

I know of no better argument for the need of a students' building than the impossible exits in our chief place for large student entertainments. Whatever may be said of the present time is increasingly true of the future, for the numbers attending these entertainments are each year greater. These stairs can in a measure, we suppose, be changed, but the expense necessary to make them sufficiently commodious for a thousand or fifteen hundred people were better assigned to a new building, since some slighter change than that at present needed will ensure entire comfort when the gymnasium is used for its legitimate purposes. But until these stairs are enlarged or a students' building has taken the place which the gymnasium now occupies, Smith College will continue to endure martyrdom and court death. Let us hope that deliverance will come soon.

E. H. B.

The teachers and students who have recitations in the old gymnasium are constantly being disturbed by the noise in the carpenters' room, on the first floor. The German classes, just across the hall, are often so much troubled that it is hard to hear the recitations; and the noise of planing and hammering is very annoying to the Elocution and Bible classes, up stairs. If the college cannot have a separate building where all the carpenter-work necessary to so many houses can be done, we should like to ask either that the work be done in the afternoon or evening when few or no classes are being held, or that the carpenters do their work in the basement, where the noise would probably be much less noticeable.

R. B. C.

A day or two ago I heard a man say that he thought we had too many vacations. They distract our minds from our studies and make our work at college more a burden than a pleasure. Now I think very few Smith College girls will agree to this; in the first place, physically and mentally we need every vacation that we have. There is hardly one student who by Christmas time does not actually require a rest for mind and body, and how much more is this true after the tedious winter term. There is no denying that the winter term does tax our strength more than the other two, for more vitality is required to meet the cold weather and we use our brains more constantly and severely. It is a common expression that we will work well during the winter term to make up for a certain amount of laxity and inattention to duties during the fall and spring terms. Also it is a generally understood fact

that the faculty do require more work and better work during this term. Should we not then have a longer vacation at the close of this period than at other times? It would seem so, and yet—it is the shortest, for there are usually two or three extra days added to the Christmas holidays. It seems as though it would be much better to add the extra week to the end of the Easter vacation than to the summer, for this reason—that a week's difference when we have already had twelve in which to rest, does not amount to nearly so much as it would when we have had only two weeks, and those after the most exacting term of the year. March is a trying month, and two week's vacation at its close do not give the necessary opportunity for recuperation. The hot weather which the greater length of the summer vacation is supposed to avoid is surely less destructive to good work throughout the following term than is the mental weariness which our Easter vacation does not cure. The feeling of the college is overwhelmingly against the new arrangement, as was shown by their class voting when the change was proposed.

We live here under a constant and to a certain extent unavoidable nervous strain. Yet should there be sufficient opportunity for the lessening of this, there would be fewer cases of nervous prostration than there are at present. So long as we are to have another week added to our vacation, why not have it when we need it the most—at the end of the winter term? E. A. B.

CALENDAR

- March 16, Philosophical Society Meeting. Discussion of the Theories of Punishment.
- 18, Glee Club Concert.
- 19, Biological Society Meeting. Lecture by Professor Tyler of Amherst: "A Few Thoughts on Natural Selection."
- 21, Basket Ball Game.
- Open Meeting of the Phi Kappa Psi Society. Lecture by Katherine Lee Bates: "Symbolism, Old and New."
- 25—April 9, Spring Recess.
- April 11, Tenney House Dance.
- 13, Philosophical Society Meeting. Debate with the Biological Society on the Evolution of Consciousness.
- 14, Paderewski Concert.

THE
SMITH COLLEGE
MONTHLY

MAY · 1896



CONDUCTED BY THE SENIOR CLASS

CONTENTS

GHOSTS	<i>A. H. Branch</i>	1
A TRINITY	<i>E. T. Ames</i>	8
A WORD ABOUT BALLADS	<i>L. Gilbert</i>	8
AT THE BOAR'S HEAD TAVERN	<i>C. G. Eaton</i>	14
VERSES	<i>A. K. Fallows</i>	21
OSCAR WILDE	<i>B. G. Baldwin</i>	21

CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

VERSES	<i>Ruth Parsons Milne</i>	27
THE UPPER DOG	<i>Margaret Elmer Coe</i>	27
A LOVERS' QUARREL	<i>Margaret Ewing Wilkinson</i>	30
VERSES	<i>Alice Weld Tallant</i>	31
THE ARTIST OF TOUBOO	<i>Marian Edwards Richards</i>	32
A POET OR NOT A POET	<i>Mary Almée Goodman</i>	34
EDITORIAL		36
EDITOR'S TABLE		39
FROM THE INSIDE		41
BOOK REVIEWS		42
ALUMNÆ DEPARTMENT		45
ABOUT COLLEGE		49
CALENDAR		52

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MAY, 1896.

No. 8.

GHOSTS

I have long been of the opinion that not sufficient attention is bestowed on that invisible but none the less influential portion of our community which we call "ghosts." I am surprised that in these days of refuges for the weary, when brilliantly illuminated coffee houses decoy the night moths of the city streets and the veriest vagabond is provided with his two penny lodging, in these days of all embracing brotherly affection, I am really surprised at the inhospitable indifference with which we consign these inoffensive wanderers to the churchyard, ostracize them beyond the limits of respectable society, bidding them keep company with cranks and conjurers, with lunatics and magicians, and expecting from them nothing save to develop the profound sciences of spiritual breathing, spiritual sleeping, spiritual hysteria and spiritual quackery—in short, the whole spiritual rag-tag and bobtail which is being at this day preached and practised in the presence of credulous men and women. Our attitude is distinctly unphilanthropic. If these poor ghosts are indeed the feeble-minded and under-educated individuals which the majority of mediums would proclaim them to be, if they are so ill-bred as to thrum on the table and to slam doors in public, and are so devoid of resource

as to find this the only means of asserting their entities, then it behooves us as educators and philanthropists to institute for them schools and reformatories, or at least by serious discourse and expostulation, to endeavor so to convince them of the error of their ways that they will attain that cosmopolitan polish which is the requisite of all well-bred ghosts. But because they are yet unwonted to the usages of polite society, how unjust both to the erring ones and to their more reputable relatives, to consign them forever to the spiritual slums and to shun thereafter the entire brotherhood of ghosts; how illogical to presume that because they have not that delicate, illusory and unobtrusive deportment which we naturally expect from persons of their experience, they are therefore not, on the ground that good manners are necessary to existence. If they are not the feeble-minded and under-educated individuals which we might often suppose, if they are harmless and retiring and kind, with human feelings and affections yet warm within them—nay, if some of them are of that most sensitive and ardent, loving and lovable throng of radiant ones in whose existence the majority of us are credulous enough to believe, consider how sad is the estate of those who on the passing of a breath find the converse of defenseless souls belied by ignorant impostors, themselves aliens in their own homes and strangers to the hospitality of those whom they most love.

Poor ghost, say I, who invisible and unknown, flits across our threshold! What kindly offices he may perchance perform, what smoothing of weary brows, what ordering of disordered thoughts! The meadows of Paradise are a fragrant bidding place and the comradeship of saints and angels must indeed be sweet; but who knows whether the memory of old days may not linger in the soul as pleasantly as the petal of a shattered rose, and I doubt not that the ghost is grateful still for small, warm, human sympathies, the kind he used to know before he was a ghost.

I do not pretend to address myself to those who deny the existence of this people. I believe that they are few. It is hardly possible to attain the fullness of maturity, to comprehend the richness of human experience, without realizing that which is the most delicate, most penetrating, most exquisite of all, that which means the nearness of a departed spirit. I speak to those who have felt the ruffling of a spiritual apprehension, bitter

sometimes, but always sweet, like the troubling of Bethesda ; around whose souls lingers the fragrance of a mysterious presence, whose faith is sweet and strong and who have therefore felt, for these are the true lovers of ghosts. I also speak to those who while admitting ghosts to be a harmless and even amiable people, yet consider them so backward in practical affairs, such hopelessly inefficient co-workers in the pursuit for bread and butter, that reduced to terms of dollars and cents they equal zero, and are therefore not to be considered. I cannot but believe that these good people, who are so infatuated over philanthropic organization that they devote their united energies to the garbage question, comfit bags, Sunday School picnics, red flannel petticoat commissions and the like, who so strenuously consider how best to educate our girls and keep our boys at home, who have at heart the welfare of the infant Hindoo and the unregenerate Chinaman, I cannot but believe that these philanthropic souls, if approached in a judicious manner, could be moved to form a society for the amelioration of the condition of ghosts.

The ghosts we have always with us. Whether they be ghosts of days or memories or songs, whether they bring with them the poignance of an unrealized dream or the double poignance of a dream which realized is now no more, whether they are the phantoms of passions long since passed or the lingering reminiscences of love, or whether they be merely fragrances of old roses that some one laid away, they cling to us pervasively and are not to be escaped. There are also ghosts of fathers, mothers and children, of sweethearts, lovers and friends, who visit us oftentimes with hope of recognition. Have you never felt the fluctuation of a personal atmosphere, have you never felt that imperative strange presence, *I am here, I am here*, or the radiance of a love which passes like sunshine above the transparencies of your soul, in a word, have you had no slightest experience which inclines you either to believe in ghosts or to give a not intolerant hearing to those who do ? Proceed, my dear Sceptic, to steel your defiant soul in the armor of indifference. Like vulnerable Achilles, you are taken unawares. There is no barrier so strong, no indifference so great, as to forbid the presence of a ghost. Physical walls are to them as atmosphere and spiritual walls are soluble. Go into your closet and the ghost is there—plunge yourself into activities and in

the busiest moments be conscious of that illusory significance which comes and goes, you know not how. They watch our coming out and our going in. They visit us waking and in our dreams. Their wistful eyes look often into ours, their hands caress our brows. No privacy is inviolable to these unbidden guests. *The ghost we have always with us.*

It is my belief that we ought to preserve some pardonable discretion in these spiritual friendships, and refuse to expose ourselves to the familiarities of graceless intimates. I decline to receive into my coterie of friends any individuals who distress my slumbers by rappings on the bed, who misspell their messages on the Ouija board, or who are pleased to disturb the equilibrium of my table. Such pranks are intolerable. Our intercourse with disembodied spirits may be at once beneficial and agreeable, provided we seek the comradeship only of those who are courteous and refined, who come to us not because they desire to perform absurd antics, but because they are kindly affectioned, and who would fain disclose to sympathetic hearts some glimpses of the warmth and loveliness which are theirs. Those few ghosts whom it is my pleasure to know are eminently respectable individuals. Most of them are members of that spiritual aristocracy whose presence is sweeter than fragrances of flowers; the passing of whose garments is full of the delicacies of inaudible music; whose personalities shine in upon our souls like breaths of lingering color; whose very being is so flushed, so vocal, with light and sound that it is impossible for them to pass without leaving behind them a trail of blessedness, since whatsoever they do is a benediction and wheresoever they go is the clinging atmosphere of Heaven.

Dear wandering ones, who will not all desert us for their celestial friends, swift, passionate presences that poise around our souls like blossoming of sudden flowers, who croon us celestial lullabies and lean to us across the barriers of sleep, who dart into shafts of sweet ethereal light, piercing our eyelids as sunbeams pierce a flower that will not open, bending to us, smiling on us, putting warm kisses on our lips, unrecognized! What is this delicate barrier of the air, so intangible and yet so strong, that gathers betwixt thee and me, dear ghost? This inexplicable something which I neither see nor know nor feel, shrouding me like a winding-sheet, whose chill is impervious to warmth, whose folds transmit no pressure—for as yet the voice has not said “Arise.”

I speak to you who to-morrow will die. This matter should be placed on a strictly utilitarian basis. It should be our endeavor to ascertain as far as possible not so much what is the condition of disembodied souls as what are the relations between us and them, in order that we may supply them with that friendly human intercourse which many of them appear to crave, and that we may glean from them those bits of information which a well educated and benevolent spirit must from his peculiar experience be able to afford us.

This suggestion is neither irreverent nor illogical. The majority of us have either a lingering superstition or a profound conviction that in the spiritual world we shall continue to be those same Toms, Dicks and Harrys that we are in the corporeal; that although we may exchange our waistcoats and trousers for more ethereal raiment, and although sundry other changes will doubtless occur, not only in regard to our toilette, but in other respects also, still we shall comprehend within us those peculiar loves, longings and aspirations which make us these particular Toms, Dicks and Harrys that we now are. I doubt whether there is one of us who, when assailed with presentiments of annihilation, does not resolve to go forth hugging his identity to his bosom, feeling within himself the solemn conviction that nothingness shall shrivel before him and that uncreated chaos shall blossom into Paradise at the presence of his compelling spirit. We refuse to be affrighted at the assumptions of a denying fate. We possess the impulse and the audacity to plunge ourselves, if need be, so terribly into oblivion that we reach the very negative of annihilation, emerging from it with its bitterness perhaps clinging to our lips, but with the splendor of our individuality yet unabashed. For are not we ourselves in measure the offspring of fate—begotten of its substance? Sheeted in the flames of our vitality are there not sinews of an inexorable something, very fate of very fate? There is none of us who has not felt that superb and omnipotent tranquillity which appalls all things, who has not been conscious of the spiritual Gorgon of his individuality, sufficient to stare out of countenance oblivion itself.

Since therefore the majority of us cling to the more or less profound conviction that in the spiritual world Tom shall be Tom and Dick shall be Dick, it is fitting that we who are about to die should give this matter our attention and consider how

best to establish freer and friendlier intercourse between ourselves and ghosts. It is time that this subject were investigated with that coolness and impartiality with which we treat other subjects of scientific interest. It is time that we abandoned those ill-founded prejudices which our nursery tales instilled into us against this unappreciated people. It is time that we abandoned our deep-rooted disinclination to talk of death and so to bring ourselves into sweet and neighborly relations with the invisible world, that our passing may be less desolate and perhaps joyous.

For some years we have heard much of the planet Mars. We are informed that one infatuated lady who perhaps expected after death to be there in residence, left a bequest of several millions to be expended in establishing communications with this interesting body. So infected with excitement was the popular mind, that I myself in a fit of astronomical aberration purchased a copious note-book and proposed to take observations upon Mars. Innumerable plans have been suggested for communication with possible Martians. Enthusiasts have talked of Eiffel towers, of electrical kites, flying machines and sky rockets. Heaven itself appears scalable to these scientific Titans. This is the century of organization. We have societies for the pursuit of subjects possible and impossible. We read Browning and study Darwin, make shirts and save souls in company with one another and celebrate our success with social teas and theatricals. Nobody does anything unless he unites his efforts with somebody else. It is now suggested that with the earth and Mars as charter members, we form a select coterie of the Zodiacal planets, which poised gracefully in space shall gossip on the eternities and address each other by means of Edisonian ear-trumpets. In such a period of organization is there no one who will help me form a little club for the promotion of social intercourse with well-disposed ghosts?

Too long have we allowed these amiable beings to make the advances. It is time that their interests were acknowledged, their courtesies exchanged, and that we drop these attitudes both of unthinking indifference and purely scientific observation, offering them the hospitality not only of our note-books but of our hearts. My acquaintance with ghosts cannot be called extended, but such as it is, I have observed that they are at once fastidious and sensitive. They will not thank us for a

spiritual analysis, they will not be beholden to us for charity, they will be entertained by us as friends and equals or not at all. To him who desires to know what manner of reception is most acceptable to these critical visitants, I would suggest that he keep his interior guest-room swept and garnished, allowing no disordered thoughts to intrude therein, and opening it to Heaven's good sunshine, in order that the doubtful ghost may detect no alien presence, but feeling himself at home may hold sweet and pleasant converse with its owner.

We are a thick-headed set of individuals, but we mean well. It is ignorance rather than willfulness that inclines us to the neglect of these unassertive ones. We forget that cosmos which is the mind of each of us, those spiritual mountains, morasses, forests, trackless plains, those inhospitable cities and arduous ways which exist in our mentalities. Through these the ghost must seek us, faltering, oftentimes dismayed, his sensitive being wounded and torn, bleeding in hands and feet, wracked by the tortures of that black and horrible inquisition, which sits deep in the hearts of most of us, without sympathy, alone, leaving his bright abodes and suffering things like this because he loves us and desires some little sign of kind remembrance. I tell you that to find his friend the ghost must seek his way from the outermost limits of the individual cosmos, through the pathless ways of our unenlightened and disordered thoughts. There is not a day in which some tender woman on whom a short while since all care was lavished, does not wander through these deserts of experience ; not a day in which some little child who before death had hardly walked alone, is not affrighted from his pilgrimage of love by some horrid apparition. Our blindness gathers like a fog around the souls we mourn, and they cower in the lightnings of our own spiritual storms. Sad indeed is the lot of those who, having braved such difficulties, are stoned from us at last like the prophets of old. Most sad is the lot of him to whom our egotism proves a Calvary, where with arms outstretched on arms, mouth pressed on mouth, breast bleeding upon breast, he is crucified for the sake of man upon the one he loves. I speak to those upon whose souls linger such spiritual stains, to those whose want of faith has reared the cross, to the friends who mourn, to the lovers who go blind, to the great sorrowing throng of Marys who themselves crucify their sons.

If these remarks are in any way obscure or unsatisfactory, be

so good as to remember that my acquaintance with ghosts has been limited, and that as yet we possess no definite and scientific information in regard to these people. Moreover, in establishing social intercourse with our disembodied neighbors, it is necessary that each of us set about it in his own way, so that if my good friends are better pleased with some different presentation of the subject, or if certain mental conditions do not appear to them in precisely these semblances, I beg that they will not be backward in suggestion, but that they proceed in these investigations bravely, scientifically and reverently, and that they do not conceal in their bosoms any system of communication, telegraphic, telephonic, telepathic, or otherwise, which some spiritual Edison may see fit to invent.

ANNA HEMPSTEAD BRANCH.

A TRINITY

My little room hath windows three
 Like Barbara's, whom legends sing—
 And thro' one, I each morning see
 The sunrise, promising the spring.

And thro' one slants the sun at noon—
 I sometimes pull the curtain, there,—
 And thro' the last, the crescent moon
 Softens the purple sunset's glare.

The universal order so
 I glimpse at, from my windows three,
 But, unlike Barbara, long ago,
 I read the message haltingly.

EDITH THEODORA AMES.

A WORD ABOUT BALLADS

After reading modern poetry with its Impression of an Emotion and its Conception of an Idea, it is sometimes a real satisfaction to sit down with a book of ballads, and have something else to think of than one's own much-analyzed soul.

The word ballad applies to modern narrative song as well as ancient, thus including both "Danny Deever" and "Chevy Chase," yet when we speak of a ballad, we think first of the old traditional ones, and it is just that we should, since it is they which have given balladry its impulse and its most characteristic expression. They are vigorous and sincere. They have a naïve faith of their own and seem to "think of the world as all green and fresh with poesy, with Heaven above, and the hairs counted on every head." In form, they are neither consciously polished nor consciously unpolished. Appealing as they did, originally, to the ear rather than the eye, lines which look irregular and awkward to us, did not sound so when poured forth in enthusiastic song.

Apart from the interest which ballads have in themselves, they come to us with especial force when we think of them, not as the utterances of single men, but as the expression of the thought and feeling of whole generations of the common people—the voice of a multitude otherwise voiceless. Yet that phrase, "the voice of the people," has caused critics a great deal of trouble when they have come to examine it and see exactly what it meant. When in the early part of this century the enthusiasm for old ballads was revived, Jacob Grimm was the first to make a definite theory of their origin. He declared that "the folk," that is, the whole race, taken together, was the author of ballad poetry. "The general spirit of such poetry—yes. The words—impossible," we say. "It is a mystery," he says, "we must have faith. How does a race make its language? No one knows, but certainly it was not made by a few individuals acting for all the rest." "Nonsense!" break in the sharp opponents of dreamy Grimm. "Men do not think in concert outside of Alice in Wonderland. There is no art without an artist, no poem without a poet." A gentle voice of compromise is heard. "Yes, there must always have been an individual act of authorship, but the author did not write in his own separate strength. He was completely overshadowed by the Universal Mind." Skeptical modern critics have chosen to dispense with the services of the Universal Mind, and refuse to believe that folks, or folk, ever went about their daily occupations in a spirit of improvisation. Poetry, they say, is the same at all times. It is the times only which change. Oral transmission is all which separates the poetry of the people from the

poetry of the schools. "Oral transmission versus printers' ink—that is all there is to it." But, after all, let them not be too dogmatic. How can any one be sure how the ancient ballads were made? We were not there to see. None of us saw those flowers opening in the early morning. We woke too late.

However, after hearing what the critics have said, we may each have our own conception of how a ballad started. I imagine it was something like this. An inspiration came to an individual and he composed a ballad, but it came to him because the subject was in the air. He had heard it from many witnesses or many believers, and the ballad was taken up and sung by all, just because all understood the circumstances and were interested in them. Partly in the author's words, partly in their own, they passed it on to their neighbors. No one was careful to preserve the exact original words. It was the hero of the ballad, not the author, of whom all thought. Finally the changing came to a stop, either because some one at last sang the old ballad so perfectly that the very words were worth remembering, or because chance drifted it into a book where it was held fast and unchanging.

Doubtful as may be the share which the listeners had in making a ballad, we may be sure that the refrain at least is theirs. Even yet, it is a custom among Russian and Servian peasants to take part in the singing of ballads by breaking out in a chorus, which is a repetition of some of the singer's words, or a mere call of the hero's name. There is abundant reason to think that such is the origin of the refrain in our old English ballads, such, for instance, as "Edward, Edward." What we now read over hurriedly was once chanted with enthusiasm.

The sources of a single ballad are often widely scattered—a name here, a fact there, a trait somewhere else. Two fair maids are fused into one, or one gallant knight is given the credit of another's deeds. Sometimes this happened through carelessness or a change in the singer's mood, and sometimes through more definite purpose, as when a minstrel tactfully slipped a listener's ancestor into the place of the original hero.

The subject of a ballad may come from a local story, a national romance, a popular superstition, a legend of the church, or an old classic tale. Many themes have passed from nation to nation, appearing under different guises, in different lands, yet always essentially the same, thus binding all European balladry

together. Alexander the Great made conquests by song in many lands where his arms never penetrated. Arthur was the beloved ideal on both sides of the Channel, and some quaint conceits, connected with no great name, have shown remarkable persistency and ability to travel. Such is the story of Sir William and Fair Margaret :

“ They buried fair Margaret in the lower chauncél,
Sir William in the higher,
And out of her breast there grew a rose,
And out of his grew a briar—
So they grew and they grew till they reached the church top,
And then they couldn't grow higher.
So they tied themselves in a true lovers' knot
For all true lovers to admire.”

All sorts of nations have had ballads. The Hebrews had them, judging from apparent references in the Bible; the Greeks and Romans probably had them—there is still discussion on that point; the Franks had them, and so had the French, Spanish, Germans, English, Russians and Slavs. Even little Finland has lately been found to have a rich store.

Next to our own English ballads, those of France come nearest to us. The name, “ballade,” refers only to a certain intricate verse form. The French have their balladry, however, in their Chansons. Of course the glorious song of Roland is the chief, and is of such length that it might be called an epic. There are, besides, plenty of Romans d' Aventure, of which “Aucassin and Nicolette” is a most charming example. It is worth thought that the French ballads are all about courts and kings and nobles. The common people are left out entirely.

The minstrels of France we at once divide into two great groups, the Troubadours and the Trouvères. If we know nothing of a Troubadour but that he

“ Gaily touched his guitar,
As he was hastening home from the war,”

we have a good idea of him. He was fond of adventure, of pleasure, and of woman's beauty. He was light and gay, and *very* sentimental. The Trouvère, on the other hand, his brother in the north, was deeper, graver, more earnest, more respectful to women. When he fought, it was for some great cause. The prince of Trouvères is our old friend Taillefer, riding in front of the Norman host at the battle of Hastings, and

“ Chanting loud the lusty strain
Of Roland and of Charlemagne,
And of the dead who, deathless all,
Fell at famous Ronceval.”

English ballads began early. We have them in the most ancient Anglo Saxon tongue and there are traces of their presence among the Saxons after they came over to England. In the sad days following the Norman Conquest, the deeds of Hereward the Wake were lovingly recounted in song, while ballads about Robin Hood, dating from the thirteenth century, are of such importance that Robin Hood's name comes to our minds at the very mention of ballads. In Queen Elizabeth's time, it was the fashion for everybody to “make a ballad,” and very poor ones they were. By the time of Queen Anne, there was a complete change. Ballads fell utterly out of repute—even the fine old ones were despised. People were ashamed to like anything “vulgar,” so while they enjoyed some sedate poem forgotten now in its dullness, the rats nibbled old copies of Chevy Chase! Yet in spite of all this disdain, the Englishman could never quite conquer his fondness for his old home-songs. Every now and then, an apologetic editor put forth a collection of ballads, humbly begging the public's pardon for doing so, and asking them to observe likenesses of the ballads to Vergil! There were many such collections. Most of them have been forgotten, but one, not much better than the rest, has proved an “epoch-making” book. This is Percy's *Reliques*.

Up among the lakes, Coleridge and Wordsworth fell to discussing the *Reliques* seriously, and liked them so much that they decided to write ballads themselves. Wordsworth wrote his “*Lyrical Ballads*” and Coleridge, “*The Ancient Mariner*.” But it was not in the nature of these poets to be true balladists. While they sat reading and pondering, Scott was galloping about on horse-back at the head of his Regiment of Edinburgh Volunteers, singing, reciting, improvising ballad snatches to the rhythm of his horse's motion. Ever since that red-letter day in his boyhood, when he first opened the *Reliques*, they had become a part of his very self, and when at last he came to try his hand, his were ballads indeed.

There is a life and stir and heartiness about those old *Reliques* which catches our attention at once. The author hails us cordially and says he has something interesting to tell us.

He plunges at once into the story, and gives us full particulars. Evidently the idea that we may not care to listen never enters his mind. At the same time he lets us do our own thinking. The thing he does not say, the appeals he does not make, and the lessons he does not draw, make us feel that he gives us the credit of having common sense as well as sympathy. The story is told with simplicity. For instance, at the close of the *Lytell Gest of Robyn Hode* is the account of his death. After so full a recital of his deeds, we might expect an elaborate eulogy as conclusion, but no—

“Now Christ have mercy on his soul,
Who died upon the rood.
For he was a good yeoman,
And did the poor much good.”

The *Reliques* are not lacking in poems of genuine pathos. The desolate journey of George Eliot's *Hetty* is not more pathetic than that ballad beginning

“Waly, waly up the bank,
And waly, waly down the brae.”

And no matter how hardened we may be to the time-worn woes of the *Babes in the Wood*, we can never be quite unmoved when we think how

“Their pretty lips with blackberries were all besmeared and dyed,
And when they saw the darksome night they sat them down and cried.”

I know no stronger example of the ballad's power in leaving things unsaid than in “*Johnnie Armstrong*.” We are given a share in his adventures, and become well aware of his indomitable spirit. At the end of the poem, he and his men are fighting against terrific odds. The battle rages.

“Said John, ‘Fight on, my merry men all,
I'm a little hurt, but I am not slain;
I will lay me down for to bleed awhile,
And then I'll rise and fight with you again.’”

We are never told that he was dying, then. We know him well enough to understand without explanation.

It is often said that the day of ballad-making is over. Poets are too busy expressing their own thoughts and feelings, and making their own names great ever to lose themselves in the deeds of another, and so to make a true ballad. Yet it is generally agreed that side by side with this growing spirit of individualism, there is another spirit abroad in the world, never so

strong as now—the spirit of Sympathy. Why may not this make ballad writing possible again? If a poet's sympathy become perfected; if it is no longer a mere feeling *for*, but as the word implies, a feeling *with*; if the experiences of others are as real to him as if they were his own, why will he not be able to make a splendid ballad? He will not analyze, criticise or even admire his hero. He will be too near him for that. As to his own feelings, nothing is farther from his attention. Thus we come around to the old characteristic of the ballad, the impersonality of the author. Have we not found it again in a sense as real, and more beautiful? He is no longer self-ignorant, but nobly self-forgotten. He lives in his hero, in whose greatness he finds his own.

LUCIA GILBERT.

AT THE BOAR'S HEAD TAVERN

A PLAY IN ONE ACT.

Time, 18th century.

Place, London.

The host of the Boar's Head Tavern is standing, alone, in the large, public room of the inn, drinking with evident enjoyment a glass of his own beer. As he finishes the draught with a loud smack, he sets the glass down heavily on the oak table by his side and exclaims heartily:

An that be not the best beer in all England, I'll be drowned in my own hogsheads.

A man in livery, entering from the yard. "No fear of that, Goodman host, yours is no face for drowning. But come now, bestir yourself, and make ready your best chamber, for a lady who is coming in the Shropshire coach, with my master, Sir Harry Lenoir. And, while you're about it, I'll just step into the buttery for a glass of that same beer you were praising." The fat host bustles off in a great hurry, and the servant follows at his leisure. Immediately after, the coach drives up outside, with a great stamping of horses and blowing of horns. The door opens, and a gentleman and lady enter, as though just descended from the coach. The gentleman is dressed in the extreme of the fashion, and has a dissipated appearance. The lady is beautiful, but has

rather a rustic air. She sinks upon a chair, apparently exhausted by her journey, while he hastens to fetch her a small glass of wine, which she drinks after some demur.

SHE. Pray, Sir Harry, when will my room be ready? I am anxious to retire to it, for I fear that my dress must be much disordered by this long and wearisome journey, and I would not displease my brother by appearing in an untidy costume, when he first sees me after so long a separation.

HE, *with a bow*. I am sure, madam, that you could be nothing but charming in whatever attire you appeared.

SHE. Oh fie, Sir Harry! I like not these city compliments. In Shropshire when one says a thing, one means it, but in London, there's no telling.

HE. Indeed, madam, is not that rather a hasty conclusion, since you have scarce breathed the air of London for the space of half an hour?

SHE. True, my lord, but have I not been conversing with a London gentleman for the last three hours?

HE. But, madam, surely you would not judge all London by one man. And besides, that is a reflection on my honor. I swear, I have told you nothing but the truth.

SHE. Are you quite sure, sir? But, then, I am persuaded no one else in London could have been kinder to me. Had you not chanced to enter the coach and fall to talking with me, and then discover that you knew my brother, how should I ever have found him in this great and wicked city?

HE, *aside*. How, indeed, and how much better now? *Aloud*. Any service done for you is only a pleasure, I assure you.

SHE. You are very kind, sir, and I hope that some day my brother and I may be able to requite your kindness.

HE, *again aside*. Not your brother, but you yourself, my pretty. *Aloud*. Pray do not talk of requital. To have served you is sufficient reward. But now behold mine host, who comes to announce that your chamber is ready. May I have the honor of attending you thither?

She accepts his arm with a courtesy, and they go out by a door at the back. Other guests enter, and the room begins to fill. One of these is a gentleman particularly noticeable for the richness of his dress, and the haughtiness of his manner. From the extreme elegance of his attire, one might set him down as an exquisite, one of those brilliant butterflies that hover around

courts, but the strong character showing in his face, belies the effeminacy of his dress. He is handsome and his face might be even beautiful if it were not marred by the traces of dissipation. He seats himself at a table and orders wine. Lenoir returns, and is immediately greeted by the new comer with the exclamation,

Ha, Lenoir, where have you been hiding yourself this last fortnight?

LENOIR. What, Sir Charles Burgess, at this hour of the morning? Why, my lord, it lacks yet some hours to noon.

BURGESS. Faith, I might say the same to you. It is not often that Lenoir sees the sun thus early. But, indeed, I am up so early because I watched so late. In other words, I have not been to bed at all. And you?

LENOIR. Oh, I have been in Shropshire, where "To bed with the sun and dress with the stars" is a motto not yet out of date. I came up thence on the early coach this morning.

BURGESS. And pray what took you to Shropshire at this time of the year? Some pretty peasant, I'll be bound.

LENOIR. Begad, you're wrong! 'Twas the homeliest old dowager in England, or out of it, I swear.

BURGESS. Ye gods and little fishes, what the deuce has Harry Lenoir to do with homely old dowagers? Make love to them?

LENOIR. No, by George! I could do better if it were! But the truth of the matter is, this venerable lady is my much revered maiden aunt, who will leave me a pretty sum one of these days, if I do not offend her first. So to keep in her good graces, every year for a fortnight I bury myself in that cursed Shropshire and play the prodigal returned like the veriest actor in Drury Lane. Egad, the taste of the fatted calf is in my mouth yet. Here, you drawer, bring another bottle.

BURGESS, *laughing*. Faith, Lenoir, I should never have suspected you of it. But come now, tell me, are there no pretty girls in Shropshire?

LENOIR. Devil a one did I see till this morning, and that reminds me, I want your aid in an amour I have on hand.

BURGESS. With all my heart, Harry. Speak on and I'll do my best for you.

LENOIR, *leaning forward across the table, and speaking in a lower tone*. As I said, I didn't see so much as the shadow of

a pretty girl, till this morning. But then, O Charles, such a Venus, such hair, such eyes, such a waist !

BURGESS. I know, I know. Go on.

LENOIR. I found her in the Shropshire coach this morning, when I left my aunt's, and you can judge how I improved the opportunity. Inside of half an hour, the little dear was telling me all her woes. She has been living with some old relative down in that neighborhood, who has died lately and left my lady alone in the world, except for a brother in London. So what does madam do, but write that she is coming to live with him, and start off alone in the coach for London.

BURGESS. Poor little fool ! What was her name, did you say ?

LENOIR. That's the joke of it. I don't know.

BURGESS. Don't know ! Didn't she tell you ?

LENOIR. Yes, she did, but the coach was rattling so that I couldn't hear. However that doesn't make any difference. She told her brother to meet her at The Sign of the White Doe, but I persuaded her to come here instead, on the ground that it was a tavern which he much frequented and one much more suitable for a lady. Now, comes my difficulty. 'Twill be easy enough to say her brother has sent for her, on some excuse or other, but once she's ready to go with me, where the deuce shall I take her ?

BURGESS. Why, what's the matter with your apartments in Campton ?

LENOIR. Why the fact is, Charles, there are more bills out against me, and warrants to boot, than there are shops in London. Why, I dare swear there are half a dozen constables sitting in my hall waiting for me to get back from Shropshire. I'll have to keep out of that neighborhood, at least until I've had some luck at play, and meanwhile where shall I keep my prize ? She can't stay here, her brother might appear.

BURGESS. Oh, damn her brother, he's probably lying in some back alley. Shropshire youths don't fare well in London, without more to depend on than their swords. But come, I'll help you out of your quandary. You shall have my rooms.

LENOIR. Yours ?

BURGESS. Yes, mine. I've got to take a trip to the Continent for my health, sooner or later, and I might as well take it now. I find the air of London doesn't agree with me as well as

usual, since the death of the Right Honorable Lord Kay, some ten days since.

LENOIR. Ah, it went so then. The affair did not take place until after I left town, you know. Well, Charles, I am immensely obliged. If there's anything of the kind I can do for you, be sure my sword and my wit are at your service. I couldn't dispose of that troublesome Frenchman for you now, could I?

BURGESS. No, thank you, he has returned to his *cher Paris*, thank Heavens. But tell me now, Harry, have you enough sovereigns with you to keep your pretty poppet in good humor, when the truth comes out?

LENOIR. No, by George! The reverend lady wasn't as generous as usual this visit. I thought of going to old Isaac.

BURGESS. Begad, Harry, I wouldn't do that. Once in his clutches, you'll never get out. Let me lend you a hundred. I have just had a sitting with some country lambs, and my purse is heavy in consequence.

LENOIR. Charles, I'll never forget this. And I'll pay you, by Heavens, if I have to sell the lace off my ruffles.

BURGESS. Pshaw, it's of no consequence. Hasten now, and have your carriage ready at the door, that you may bring the lady down while the vulgar are staring at the mail-coach. You've no time to lose. 'Twill be here in some ten minutes. *Lenoir starts for the door.*

BURGESS. And, Harry, you must give me a look at her. Oh yes, you must. Begad, Venuses are as rare in London as anywhere of late. *Lenoir goes out.*

Almost immediately the mail-coach is heard outside, and the guests go out to see it unload, and to get the latest news from France. Sir Charles remains alone in the public room, leaning languidly against the wall, with his arms folded, and his eyes fixed on the door leading into the interior. This door opens, and Lenoir appears escorting the lady of whom they have been talking. She appears somewhat frightened and confused, and advances with down-dropt eyes, until within a few steps of Sir Charles, who appears changed to stone. Suddenly raising her eyes, and encountering his gaze, she utters a cry and throws herself into his arms.

SHE. Oh brother, brother, how glad I am to see you!

Sir Charles embraces her mechanically, without speaking.

He seems paralyzed by the surprise. Lenoir has fallen back a pace or two, and remains regarding them aghast. The young lady, now known to be Katharyn Burgess, is sobbing and laughing in her brother's arms, attempting incoherently to explain her unexpected appearance. At length, she becomes calm, and with a sudden recollection asks,

But, brother, how did you happen to come here when I wrote you to meet me at The Sign of the White Doe?

BURGESS. I heard naught from you, sister. An I had, think you I would have let you expose yourself to such peril as you have, by coming here alone.

KATHARYN, *with innocent surprise.* Sure, I have been in no danger. Forsooth, had I not chanced to meet this good gentleman, I might have run some risk through my ignorance of London ways. However, he has taken the greatest care of me. Indeed, he would hardly let me look at anyone, or anyone at me.

SIR CHARLES, *under his breath.* The damned scoundrel! *Aloud.* True, Katharyn, we have indeed to be very thankful that you encountered so polished and pure-minded a gentleman, *bowing to Lenoir.* *With gradually increasing heat,* When I think that you might have fallen into the hands of some smooth-faced, foul-hearted wretch, who, taking advantage of your youth and innocence, might have ruined you, body and soul, in a way of which I pray you may never know! Oh, the thrice-damned villain! I could tear out his black heart and lying tongue, and then throw them to the dogs!

LENOIR, *springing forward.* Sir, how dare you!

KATHARYN, *frightened and clinging to her brother.* Gentleman! Brother! I beg of you, look not so fierce and wild. Surely, you have forgotten the truth of the affair. Sir Harry is no villain, but the kind gentleman, whom you have to thank for his services to me.

BURGESS, *looking down at her with a peculiar expression.* Ah, little Katharyn, I had indeed forgotten.

LENOIR, *addressing himself to Katharyn.* Pray, madam, before I receive the unrequired burden of your brother's thanks, let me offer you congratulations on finding such a model brother at your journey's end, one so honorable and virtuous. 'Twould have been indeed a misfortune if, instead, on reaching here safely, you had been met by one whose ill deeds were the talk

of all London, in whose keeping the honor of no woman, the life of no man, were secure. The most notorious gambler, spendthrift, and dueler in all England, and worst of all, a hypocrite, who condemns in others what he practices himself. .

BURGESS, *with extreme coldness*. Your fancy, Lord Lenoir, is really quite remarkable. I had no idea that you could so well depict an imaginary character. Permit me now, as nothing is more sacred to me than the honor of my family, to express to you my deep and heartfelt thanks for the service you have done my sister, and still more for what you might have done had I not so happily arrived. Katharyn, make your adieux to Sir Harry Lenoir, and then allow me to escort you to a carriage.

Katharyn makes a deep courtesy and murmurs some words of farewell and gratitude, to which Lenoir responds by a low bow. They go out, leaving him alone, but Sir Charles returns immediately, and advances close to him.

BURGESS. Sir, there is one trait which the real, and the imaginary brother share. I am a good swordsman. Do you understand me?

LENOIR. I shall be most happy. At what time shall my second wait upon you?

BURGESS. As soon as possible, sir, and the fiend take care of his own. I have the honor, sir, to bid you good-morning.

Lenoir bows, and he goes out.

LENOIR, *alone*. The devil take him! And he will, an he take not me, before this day is over. Damnation, 'tis a bloody ending to a wild scheme. Why should I have this defeat, after so many conquests?

THE HOST, *entering hastily*. Oh the score, Sir Harry, the score. Who's to pay the score?

LENOIR. Oh, damn the score! *Exit.*

THE HOST. Damn the score, indeed, my fine lordship! We'll see about that. Folks can't have their fun without paying for it. At any rate, not at the Boar's Head Tavern.

CLARACE GOLDNER EATON.

VERSES

Come, little weary one,
And sleep awhile.
Come, eager feet, that run
So many a baby mile.
Come ! then be still.
Close like a star-kissed flower,
Brown eyes, until
This drowsy summer hour,
Has loitered past.
Then wake at last,
As fair and fresh,
As sweet and bright,
As when the moments thresh
The darkness of the night,
And leave it dawn.

The Lullaby—Hark ! the south wind whispers soft,
Wafting apple blooms aloft,
Whispers through the apple tree,
To the mother bird and me,
Listen ! for he breathes so low,
Rocking blossoms to and fro,
Listen to the song he sings.
“Rest is best for little things,
Babies’ thoughts, and a nest bird’s wings,
Rest, rest is best.”

ALICE KATHERINE FALLOWS.

OSCAR WILDE

Oscar Wilde has written some short stories, at least one drama, a book of critical essays, and a novel or so. In addition to the prose there are some poems not particularly remarkable for anything.

The book of essays which goes under the title of “Intentions,” is an attempt to depict Mr. Wilde’s views of art and art criticism in the field of literature. For the most part, they are in dialogue form—racy, chatty discussions between young

friends lolling in easy chairs in a luxurious library, the air heavy with cigarette fumes, and snatches of music, now and then, as some one whirls around on the piano stool to express some bewildering aphorism of Mr. Wilde's, and glimpses of moonlight now and then as "Ernest" or "Vivian" lifts the curtain to exclaim on the beauties of the outside world, as he is addicted to doing frequently in the course of the conversation.

The essays are altogether pleasant reading if you are in a thoroughly skeptical frame of mind and under no obligations to believe anything you are told. Or if you enjoy paradoxes and that delightfully humorous way of looking at life, which believes that you can see nothing truly unless you stand on your head.

Mr. Wilde, in a chapter which he calls "The Decay of Lying," bewails the loss of this fine art. "The ancient historians," he says, "gave us delightful fiction in the form of fact; the modern novelist presents us with dull facts under the guise of fiction." What has the poet and novelist to do with Life or Nature? They are restrictions on his genius. Nature is always behind the times. She is unappreciative, too. When Mr. Wilde walks in the park, he feels that he is no more to Nature than a cow on the slope or a burdock in the ditch. Nature is dull, monotonous, imperfect. Art is the protest against nature. One touch of nature may make the whole world kin, but two touches will spoil any work of art.

Nor is Art to look to Life for a guide—uninteresting, commonplace Life. To quote from Mr. Wilde: "If an artist is base enough to go to life for his personages, he should at least pretend that they are creations; the justification of a character in a novel is not that other persons are what they are, but that the author is what he is."

So far from Art's following Life and Nature, it is Nature and Life that copy Art. Art finds the form of expression; Life adopts this form. It is the same idea that some one advanced the other day that Gibson, instead of copying the American girl, had created a type which is now a well-known figure in our cities. But not only does Life copy Art, Nature follows her too. "Where," exclaims Mr. Wilde, "do we get these wonderful brown London fogs if not from Art? At present, people see fogs not because they are fogs, but because poets and painters have taught them the mysterious loveliness of such effects.

There may have been fogs for centuries in London, but no one saw them until Art had invented them. Now, it must be admitted, fogs are carried to an excess. They have become the mere mannerism of a clique and the exaggerated realism of their method gives dull people bronchitis. Where the cultured catch an effect, the uncultured catch cold"—and so on.

Lying, according to our author, is a great art, worthy of great devotion. So long as literature sticks to truth, it must be dull and prosaic. It is only the beautiful lie that can emancipate her and let her realize her fullest development. The unimaginative, material spirit of our nation—Oscar Wilde tells us—is due to the fact that we Americans adopted as a national hero a man who couldn't tell a lie.

In this astonishing, flippant, serious vein, Mr. Wilde works out his theory. It holds much truth if one has time to look for it: a spirited protest against the bondage compelled by realism; a plea for art as an independent expression of nothing but itself. Further on in the book, amid much that makes one smile, much that makes one frown, is developed in a charming way a really beautiful theory of criticism. The critic is as truly creative as the original artist. He stands in the same relation to the work he is about to criticise, as the artist does to his thought or passion. To quote directly: "The highest criticism is a record of one's own soul. It is more fascinating than history as it is concerned simply with oneself. It is the only civilized form of autobiography, as it deals not with events but with the thoughts of one's life." The meaning of the work is not to be found in the work itself, but in the soul of the critic.

To sum up Mr. Wilde's ideas on criticism, "All art is immoral and all thought dangerous; criticism is more creative than creation and the highest criticism is that which reveals in the work of art, what the artist had not put there; because a man cannot do a thing, he is the proper judge of it, and the true critic is unfair, insincere, and not rational."

After all these propositions one draws a long breath and wonders, if she is not too dizzy for even that mild mental exercise. It is Mr. Wilde's evident desire to startle, to make his statements forcible by their seeming contradiction to all established notions. His book abounds in paradoxical aphorisms. In his terse, pithy way, he tells us "It is much easier to do a thing than to talk about it." "Action—what is action? It dies at

the moment of its energy. It is a base concession to fact." "The only real people are the people who never existed." "Shakespeare is not by any means a flawless artist. He is too fond of going directly to life and borrowing life's natural utterances" and "Meredith is a prose Browning and so is Browning." Not infrequently there is a good deal of truth at the bottom of these statements, but it takes an elaborate disquisition to set it forth.

"The Picture of Dorian Gray," Mr. Wilde's novel, is an embodiment of the author's peculiar ideas and a successful attempt to revive the lamented art of lying. Dorian Gray is a beautiful youth of nineteen or twenty. An artist—Basil Hallward—falls in love with him and paints his portrait. Dorian Gray, realizing his own beauty for the first time when he sees the portrait, wishes that he might always remain young and the picture grow old and bear the marks of age and experience in his stead. His prayer is granted. Dorian Gray is always the beautiful, pure-faced youth; all the sins and wild excesses of his wild, sinful life are traced on the portrait. The strong influence in Dorian's life is Lord Henry Wotton, a man after Oscar Wilde's own heart, who always talks in paradoxes and is utterly fascinating because utterly incomprehensible. Lord Henry, with his skeptical, easy-going ideas and lack of principle, is the one who inspires Dorian Gray with a desire for perpetual youth and for a wide experience in life, which is the young man's final destruction. Dorian falls madly in love with a beautiful young actress. He becomes engaged to her. One night he takes his friends—Lord Harry and Basil Hallward—to see her play. She is lovely as ever, but her acting is a failure. Dorian is in agony. After the play—it was *Romeo and Juliet*—he rushes behind the scenes to demand an explanation. The girl tells him how it came over her that night that acting was unreal—was all a sham—the only real thing was her love for him—she could not simulate her passion on the stage, it would have been profanation. And Dorian turns from her in hatred. She has disappointed him. He leaves her, she weeping, protesting her love for him and begging him not to go. That night the girl takes poison. Then Lord Harry comes to console his friend. He congratulates him on the truly artistic form of the whole tragedy; begs him not to spoil his pleasure by vain regrets, but to come off to the opera. And Dorian goes to the opera.

So his life goes on. Wealthy and handsome, he is courted by society, but his secret life is low and foul. Many young lives are touched by his and blasted. Meanwhile, the portrait—his portrait—grows daily more loathsome in feature. Then in a fit of rage he kills his friend Hallward, who has discovered the secret of the picture. The murderer is never discovered and Dorian goes on with his sham life. At last, driven to desperation by the silent reproaches of his portrait, he seizes a knife and stabs the painting. There is a shriek, a crash. Later, his servants find an ugly, sin-scarred old man with a knife in his heart, lying at the foot of a portrait. The portrait is young and beautiful and pure-faced as their master had been when they left him a few hours before.

Oscar Wilde says in his preface to this novel: "There is no such thing as a moral or immoral book. Books are well written or badly written. That is all." Of the book's moral influence, then, I will say nothing except that the cold-blooded philosophy of Lord Harry and the hard, selfish crimes of Dorian Gray, make one shudder even in the writing of them.

There is the same attempt to startle the reader by paradoxes which may account, in a measure, for the artificial atmosphere of some parts. You feel that Mr. Wilde is experimenting on you. To quote a phrase from Mr. Wilde which he evidently values since he has put it in two different books, "Cigarettes have at least the charm of leaving one unsatisfied." Dorian Gray, then, ought to have a certain charm, for it leaves one unsatisfied, though just why, one may not be able to say.

Nevertheless, there are delightful things in the book; charming glimpses of nature; graceful sketches of men and women; strong scenes powerfully done. Perhaps the most enjoyable element is the conversation of the delightfully, wickedly skeptical Lord Harry. He tells you that "women are a decorative sex; they never have anything to say, but they say it charmingly. Women represent the triumph of matter over mind, just as men represent the triumph of mind over morals." And so he runs on in his easy, fascinating way.

It should be said in passing, that Mr. Wilde is indebted to one of Hawthorne's stories for the idea of his novel. Indeed, originality is a sin of which Oscar Wilde can seldom be accused. The bulk of his work is but a clever rewriting of what he has found in his wide range of reading—the children of other per-

sons' brains, kidnapped and paraded before the public in new and striking Wildish costumes.

Then there are Oscar Wilde's shorter stories, all or nearly all symbolic in form ; some of them rather stiff and meaningless ; some of them little works of dainty grace. One is the story of the young king, who fell asleep the night before his coronation and dreamed of those who were toiling and dying to get the rubies and pearls and to prepare the robes for his coronation. And the next morning, when he awoke, the young king went to the cathedral to be crowned, without his robe of state or his jewels, but in a simple garment with a rude staff and a crown of wild brier, and "he knelt before the image of Christ. * *

And suddenly a wild tumult came from the street outside, and in entered the nobles with drawn swords and nodding plumes and shields of polished steel. 'Where is this dreamer of dreams?' they cried. 'Where is this king who is appareled like a beggar—this boy who brings shame upon our state? Surely we will slay him, for he is unworthy to rule over us.' And the young king bowed his head again and prayed and when he had finished he rose up and, turning round, he looked at them sadly. And lo! through the painted windows came the sunlight streaming upon him, and the sunbeams wove round him a tissued robe that was fairer than the robe that had been fashioned for his pleasure. The dead staff blossomed and bare lilies that were whiter than pearls. The dry thorn blossomed and bore roses that were redder than rubies. * * In the fair raiment of a king he stood before them and the organ pealed out its music and the singing boys sang. And the people fell upon their knees in awe and the nobles sheathed their swords and did homage—and the Bishop's face grew pale. 'A greater than I hath crowned thee,' he cried, and he knelt before him.

And the young King came down from the high altar and passed home through the midst of the people. But no man dared look upon his face, for it was like the face of an angel."

BELLE GERTRUDE BALDWIN.

CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

FRIENDS

She's my friend for to-day,
Will she be one to-morrow?
It's with pleasure I say
She's my friend for to-day.
I'll be glad while I may
And no trouble I'll borrow,
She's my friend for to-day,
Will she be one to-morrow?

A RONDEAU

Clarissa laughs. I plead in vain,
She hears my suit with sweet disdain.
When I remind her—speaking low—
That once she did not flout me so,
She asks me—do I think 'twill rain.
Then when in anger I am fain
To leave her, swear I've naught to gain
By staying, save th' increase of woe,
Clarissa laughs.

Yet when I beg of her to deign
To answer, give it joy or pain,
She smiles. So then I cannot go,
For with her smiles my love doth grow.
Yet when I press my suit again,
Clarissa laughs.

R. P. M.

One often hears it remarked of a man, as a praiseworthy trait in his character, "He always takes the side of the under dog."

That is to say, his sympathies are always
The Upper Dog enlisted on behalf of those who are struggling desperately on the losing side, who are battered and scarred and almost beaten in the fight of life.
While it is certainly a noble thing to uphold the unsuccessful

ful, yet, whether from a spirit of contradiction I know not, it is the character and fate of the upper dog that have long interested me. He is, I take it, worthy both of admiration and sympathy. For the upper dog in some measure deserved his superiority, and yet his very success proved his destruction. He ought to have credit given him for strength, courage, bravery and determination,—instead of which, the very fact that he possesses these good qualities attracts the sympathy of the bystanders toward the miserable adversary who is destitute of them. And how sad is his lot, when, even while he prides himself on his well-earned victory,—presto! the tables are turned. Through the intervention of a third person, magnanimously desirous of helping the down-trodden, the upper dog finds himself defeated and driven ignominiously from the field.

For it is a fact, I think, that the reactionary tendencies of the present time, with its challenge of long-established ideals and its championship of much that was formerly held in distrust and contempt, have gone near to converting success into failure, virtue into vice, and the upper dog into the under. Truly, in these days, the first have become last and the last first. Then do not the first deserve a double measure of compassion, since defeat is doubly hard after a taste of victory?

The extravagant lengths to which this modern spirit of reaction has gone are exemplified in history most thoroughly by the French Revolution, where the under dogs had their day of triumph and barked and bit with great effect. In literature even more absolutely, has the worship of power and success changed to the worship of struggle and defeat. William Watson makes the angels elope from heaven itself, because that atmosphere of victory was unendurable. The great master of English fiction has expressed the same general feeling when he declares as his platform: "I am not here to scourge sinners; I am true to my party; it is the other side this humble pen attacks; let us keep to the virtuous and respectable, for as for poor sinners, they get the whipping-post every day." But after reading Thackeray's scathing denunciations, do we not feel a sneaking sort of pity even for "the virtuous and respectable?" So with regard to the Philistine. He perfectly represents the upper dog—arrogant, successful, self-satisfied. Yet, riddled as he has been with merciless sarcasm, made to stand in the pillory of literature as an object of scorn and derision, surely his con-

dition is now far harder than that of the most miserable under dog that ever fought.

Then the old-fashioned hero, also, has had to pay the penalty for the eminent position he occupied so long. He is now called a prig, and forced to yield his place to the villain whom he once trampled under foot. Mrs. Humphry Ward, when she wrote "*Marcella*," attempted a reversion to the original type in Aldous Raeburn; and Raeburn has been declared uninteresting, because, I suppose, he is not enough of a "*Disagreeable Man*." His life is evidently not wrecked, nor does he often long to commit suicide. *Marcella*, on the other hand, takes such a challenging and restless attitude as to compensate for her lover's deficiencies. It is true, of course, that *Marcella* underwent a great deal of suffering—she would be intolerable if she had not—but she has her reward in being considered sufficiently complex and tempest-tossed to satisfy the requirements for a typical modern heroine.

Not only in literature but in life, the struggling, restless, moody temperament is defended and regarded as more interesting and worthy of sympathy than the simple, happy nature which accepts with satisfaction the existing condition of things. But there are two facts which should be noted by those who "always take the side of the under dog." One is that the ultimate end of all strife is victory. The restless, unhappy man is endeavoring to gain that contentment which his more childlike, uninquiring brother has already to a certain degree attained. Struggle and conflict cannot be in themselves desirable, for if so, they would nullify their primary object, which is conquest.

The other thing that I would urge in behalf of the commonplace, happy character is that such a man has in reality to meet, and either overcome or succumb to, a far more deadly temptation than that which assails his unsuccessful neighbor. It is the temptation to consider the battle won and victory achieved which causes so many final defeats. Phillips Brooks in one of his sermons says something like this: "Will you take the man who never had a disappointment, who never knew a want, whose friends all love him, and who, you say, goes safely and serenely up to heaven without a struggle anywhere? Do you suppose that man has never wrestled with his own success and happiness? For years that man has been looking his prosperity in the face and grappling with it, lest it should master and kill him."

So, while it is all right to kick the upper dog till he stops glorying over his poor opponent, let us not unduly exalt the other. They should both be whipped for fighting, and made to trot off side by side. "Comparisons are odious," and Browning tells us that "there is no last nor first." M. E. C.

Scene: A country road; a high cart, with two occupants.

Time: Dusk. Profound silence, broken only by the click of the horse's hoofs.

A Lovers' Quarrel MOLLY, *looking up*. Please take the nearest road home.

TOM. This one? It's a new road, Molly—er, Miss Harlow, and I've never traveled it before. I'm not sure—

MOLLY. Please take it.

A long silence. The road curves sharply up and down hill. The cart lurches. Molly holds on to the seat.

TOM. I'm afraid this is the wrong road.

MOLLY. I'm sure it's not. Please go on. I'm cold.

TOM *shrugs his shoulders*. Very well. *The cart bumps down a hill almost into a swift stream*: Why, here is the river, and there is no bridge. We shall have to ford it.

MOLLY, *shutting her eyes*. Oh! Is it very deep?

TOM, *gravely*. No; we probably sha'n't drown, but the current is very strong, and there are mud-holes. Get up, Solomon. *Cart lurches into the water*. Um-m. I'm afraid I shall have to put my arm around you. This bottom is very treacherous, and the break is so high we may upset.

MOLLY, *tosses her head, but edges closer to him, and draws her feet high up on the dashboard*. Please tell me when we get over, so I can open my eyes.

Long silence. The cart jerks, and the water swishes between the wheels.

MOLLY. Is the danger over?

TOM, *evasively*. Solomon doesn't like the water much. This takes very careful driving.

MOLLY, *closing her eyes tighter*. Oh-h, do you think you'd better—use both hands?

TOM. Oh, no, I can manage it. That is, I'll try. *The break draws upon the opposite bank*. It has grown quite dark.

MOLLY, *shuddering again*. Isn't it time to open my eyes yet?

TOM. Not quite. *He drives carefully out upon the grass, so that the wheels will not creak. The horse drops into a walk. Another long silence.*

MOLLY. I must open my eyes. Aren't we over it ?

TOM, *placing both hands over her eyes.* Not yet, Molly dear. Not till you've said it's all right.

MOLLY, *struggling.* What's all right ?

TOM. Why, *it.* You know. Us.

MOLLY. Oh, do tell me where we are. Yes, yes, I promise anything.

Tom releases her. She sits up very straight. There is no river to be seen and the city lies immediately before her.

MOLLY. Why, where are we ?

TOM. Oh, it isn't far home now.

MOLLY, *putting her feet down.* There aren't any more rivers to cross, are there ?

TOM. Not *this* time, dear. And—you promised, you know. *The cart stops before a house.*

MOLLY. Pooh! I knew there wasn't a bit of danger. *Guiltily.* There's father. Take your—, help me out. Yes, father, we are rather late, but we had to cross an awful river. *Sweetly.* Oh, good night, Tom. I've enjoyed it so much.

M. E. W.

VERSES

A stretch of sand and a barren sky
With the sharp, shrill note of a sea-gull's cry.

And along the beach the glistening shows
The beach-grass bayonets in martial rows.

At the meeting of sea and sky, afar,
Is a single sail like a snowy star.

A sea-wind cuts through the sullen air,
It sways the beach-grass and blows my hair.

The sea-gull flies on the wind, but I
Can only watch where the bird skims by.

'Tis a desolate picture I paint, you say,
And it dulls your heart, so you turn away.

Yet I am content that I loiter here—
Let the gull, if it list, fly far and near.

For me the wind blows fresh and fair,
The birds sing sweet in the joyous air,

For the ship that sails on the shining sea
Is bringing somebody home to me.

A. W. T.

A cold, damp wind was sweeping through the street of the little fishing village, and the rain poured down with dismal monotony. A curtain in a window of

The Artist of Touboo the house across the street flapped out on the wind as the gusts passed.

Perhaps it was this that called my attention to the house itself. Although small and brown like most of its neighbors, something about it, possibly its very ugliness, aroused my interest, then my curiosity. But for that flapping curtain, it might have been deserted, and haunted. Very romantic! But the curtain made this theory impossible. Who then, were the inhabitants, and why this air of desolation?

As my thoughts were beginning to wander to other subjects, footsteps were heard splashing along the street, and with new interest I thrust my head out of the window. Instead of the expected fisherman with his picturesque costume, I saw the rather unusual spectacle of a huge green umbrella, with only a pair of long, thin legs in purple stockings, visible beneath. As this combination drew near, even the legs became eclipsed by the green expanse. Under my window, it turned and crossed the street to the house that had been the subject of my meditation. "Aha!" thought I. "Now we shall see." But we did not see. The umbrella closed in such a way that again only the purple legs were visible; then the door shut.

This was the only exciting incident of my first day in Touboo. In a few more, I had found that it did not always rain there and that the many quaint nooks of the little village afforded numberless subjects for my pencil. I had supposed myself the only artist in the place, until one day when I came upon a green umbrella looking like some fungus sprouting out of the rocks. As I passed in front, I discovered a camp-stool, a large easel, and,

presumably, a man behind it, although nothing was to be seen except his legs in faded purple stockings. I recognized them at once, and a new feeling of interest, akin to sympathy, was aroused by my friend of the house across the way.

I made inquiries about him as soon as I returned from my sketching. The fisherman's wife with whom I was boarding, looked at me in astonishment at my ignorance. Didn't I know about him? He was The Artist. Everybody knew that. What did he paint? Why, neither she nor her husband had ever seen any, but she had heard tell that his pictures were marvellous. Did she know him? Why, no. Nobody knew even his name. He had been at Touboo for only a short time.

And this was all the information obtainable. I was again sitting idly in my window, watching the shadows on the house opposite, and pondering on the subject of my unknown fellow artist. Suddenly the door opened, and he himself emerged, this time wholly visible. At first glance I gave way to an explosion of irrepressible laughter. Every line and angle of his figure from the point of his sailor's cap to his elbows, from his elbows to his toes, was humorous. His knee-breeches, the inevitable purple stockings, and the scraggy locks dangling about his long face, were irresistible.

But what was the man doing? Apparently stationing himself behind a corner of his house, with an enormous fish net. From this position he cautiously poked his head around the corner and looked up the street, then quickly drew back, and smiled to himself. Once more he gazed intently up the street. I looked too. Nothing was to be seen but a fat youngster with curly, cream-colored hair. He trotted along towards the artist's house. As he passed the artist, of whose presence he was wholly unconscious, the net suddenly descended over his head. It was one of those nets fastened to an iron hoop on a pole. With inconceivable skill, the youngster was turned on his back inside the net, and with his prize over his shoulder, the artist of Touboo disappeared into his house.

This extraordinary method of fishing was so astounding to me that for some time I sat unable to move. After the door had closed, some inarticulate screams could be heard; then all was silent. Was this an original species of kidnapping? Had the child been murdered? My alarm grew extreme, but I was helpless. The men of the village were away in their boats, and I

was alone in the house. So I watched and waited for further developments.

They came. Some half an hour later, the door opened and the child appeared, alive, smiling, smeared with jam, and a large cookie in either hand. The artist stood in the door-way beaming after him.

My curiosity overcame everything else. "Excuse me," I called, "but would you mind explaining your very extraordinary performance? I was so interested!"

He looked up and let forth one tremendous guffaw. "Explain?" he shouted up. "You mean my net? With pleasure! You see, I love the children. I love to paint them. They flee from me. I buy a net. I catch the child. I paint him. I give him jam. The child loves me. And now the net will no more be necessary." He was bowing himself back into the house, but stopped to add, "It was an—inspiration!" M. E. R.

It is almost impossible to do justice to those for whom we have a dislike. We may search diligently for their virtues, and catalogue them, when found, to prevent the possibility of losing sight of them again, we may own that they are witty, clever, or entertaining, we may sometimes even enjoy hearing them talk, but if there is at bottom an antipathy for their personality we find the prejudice unconquerable. There is an English verse-maker whose brilliancy I acknowledge, but whom I can hardly force myself to call by the sacred name of poet. His verses, to be sure, are turned with incomparable skill, but the endless rhyme of the couplets is enough to harden my heart to whatever charm they may contain. If there is any human sympathy in the lines, my feelings are steeled against it by the easy fluency with which each one leads up to its close. I do not like Mr. Pope. If I did I should drop the Mister, and say Pope. I pity his little, suffering body, I admire the bravery which helped him to work in spite of weakness. I can enjoy his pithy sayings, and the cold glitter of his wit and wisdom, but I cannot like him. I confess that I think I am in the wrong, none the less so that I believe not a few of my fellow beings share my antipathy to him. A fair critic would rate him for what he is, not for what he is not; he would say, "This man was not capa-

ble of lofty flights of the imagination ; we must not blame him because his work is not grand ; what was within his reach to achieve, he did achieve ; what perfection it was possible for him to attain, he attained ; he was clever, and a wit ; the place that he gained in literature he has kept deservedly." Justice and kindness would grant Pope all this, but there are some among us who, when we grant it, cannot rest there and hold our peace. We make the mistake of asking that he shall come up to ideals of our own rather than of his choosing. The polish of his verse seems almost to bristle before our eyes ; we cannot forget it and we do not forgive it. We are willing to be entertained by him, but having found what pleasure we can, we are mean enough to turn away and abuse him. He is justly famous, yet I venture to say that he provokes wide dislike. M. A. G.

EDITORIAL

It was a good day for the New York Tribune when the Reverend Mr. Lee of Newark disclosed through its columns the plagiarism of his clerical brother, Dr. Parker Morgan. It was with notable satisfaction that this gratified journal devoted to the subject the first column of its first page, offering to its subscribers a picture of the unsuspecting Morgan and presenting its information under the title of "A Dead Man's Sermon." It appears that Dr. Parker Morgan, who has for many years maintained the reputation of a respectable divine, devoted himself to his Lenten activities with such excessive energy that he had none left for his sermon and was therefore obliged to read and from memory intentionally to reproduce, a sermon that was not his own. Unfortunately for Mr. Morgan, he had overlooked the existence of that evangelical detective, Mr. Timothy Lee, and his astonishment must therefore have been great when he awoke one morning to find himself the hero of delighted journalism.

It is not probable that the public will come to any immediate decision as to the conditions of intellectual theft. Those delicate distinctions which constitute the literary patent are subtle in the extreme. When words cannot be defined as personal property and when thought is as universal as the air we breathe, when the association of these two is dictated by the consciousness of a harmony as righteous as it is irresistible, and particularly when every man has a right to the individual expression of the beauty that is in him, whether that beauty be inspired by art or artist or by Heaven itself, it is difficult indeed to estimate that unfortunate combination of thought and phrase which can properly be called plagiarism. Such matters are hardly to be judged according to accepted laws of morality. I would not be for one moment supposed to extenuate an act of deliberate plagiarism, nor in the slightest degree to undervalue

the importance of intellectual honesty, when I say that in the majority of cases an exquisite literary honor results from pronounced egotism, so thoroughly on the alert that an alien presence is intolerable and so delicately sensitive that it regards all things through the medium of its own personality. It is the result of that dignified but despotic self-consciousness which permeates each conception, which coerces every syllable like an imperious divinity, and which haughtily declines to contemplate for one instant a production upon which it has not set the stamp of its irrepressible self.

Yet whether Dr. Morgan is merely deficient in that intellectual independence which the majority of preachers possess, at least to the degree of writing their own sermons, or whether his moral sensibilities are not those which a credulous public ascribes to the traditional minister of the Gospel, it is noticeable that popular disapprobation is directed with no less severity against the Reverend Timothy Lee. Inasmuch as we are not upon intimate terms with Mr. Lee's very interesting psychology, we can only assume, with that mercy which the merciful deserve, that he has within himself good and sufficient reasons for suddenly and unexpectedly exposing to universal derision a man who, while unable to prove his innocence, might yet be totally guiltless of intentional plagiarism. Mr. Lee concluded his letter to the Tribune with the following sensible, but somewhat jocose exhortation :

"However great may be the temptation to pilfer," observed Mr. Lee, "although bishoprics and other prominent places do seem to lie along that road, resist the Devil—not the printer's devil, but the other one—when he calls out 'More copy.'"

When Mr. Lee reluctantly decided to discharge what he informs us was his unpleasant duty in this matter, it is a pity that he did not relieve his conscience in language more appropriate to the gravity of his disclosure. It is also to be regretted that while administering so gentle and so ministerial a rebuke he failed to remember that Mr. Timothy Jonathan Lee is not omniscient and that he might well dispense with what appears to the majority of readers an unwarrantable allusion to the bishopric.

"I haven't a remarkable memory," Mr. Lee assures us with becoming modesty, "but I don't see how a man can fail to recognize what he had read, else what is the use of reading?"

So humble a recognition of his intellectual deficiencies is by no means surprising in a man whose memory played him false on that important occasion some twenty years ago, when he delivered at the Yale Commencement a stanza written by Mr. Phelps, but which was supposed to be the production of Timothy Jonathan Lee. We congratulate Mr. Lee on the development of this valuable faculty and upon the ability with which he now detects similar delinquencies on the part of his clerical brothers.

It is from no desire to palliate the offence of Mr. Morgan that this editorial has been written, nor is it from that aesthetic satisfaction which one naturally feels in the turning of tables. It is because of a sincere conviction that the Devil was cruel before he told a lie ; that if the propensity for telling tales is a thing to be thrashed out of a boy while he is in school it is so much the more contemptible when it disports itself in the pulpit ; and that the gentleman in question was guilty not only of an intellectual but of a moral indiscretion when he delivered against his neighbor aspersions which savored of the glorification of Timothy Jonathan Lee.

It is with sincere interest that the representatives from '97 enter upon their editorial work. They realize that the responsibility of conducting the COLLEGE MONTHLY is a serious one and desire in every way to uphold the literary standard which has been maintained by the board of '96. The editors of '97 take pleasure in announcing that Miss Belle Gertrude Baldwin has been elected as Assistant Business Manager of the MONTHLY.

EDITOR'S TABLE

Cato stood up in the Roman Forum, some centuries ago, and shouted with a loud voice, "Carthage must be destroyed." One can fancy how the Romans smiled in the sleeves of their togas, shrugged their shoulders and said, "Foolish old Cato, stop your harangue; there is no danger." I wonder what would happen if a Cato should rise up in the market-place and cry out to our literary hierarchy to stop writing books, and let there be a time for digestion. The poor dyspeptic world needs rest, but knows it not. "Impossible," says the literary hierarchy, "stop the east wind from blowing first."

Whence and whither this vast array of books, magazines and booklets which are besieging us to-day; this wild rush into print of every thought, whether great or small; this theorem which says, given man and a thought, the product shall be a book? Is it the pure passion for self-expression, or a desire to be noticed like the Bandar-log; or is it the bread-and-butter principle which begets these swarming literary children? Have we not a fetich of the nineteenth century; and is it not the worship of words? Words are stroked lovingly, almost with idolatrous reverence; one is picked out for its beauty of tone; another for its gracefulness. And we almost seem to forget that words are not divine, but created by man.

Formerly, one man sang a mighty song. The rest of the world listened, then went back to the toil. Now-a-days, men say "We will not toil: we wish to sing our own little song, and you must listen." Thus we have many singers. At times, the melodies are very sweet; again they are confused. But we are still waiting for the master singer whose strains will help us with the toil.

Apropos of this same subject comes an earnest editorial from the *Harvard Monthly*. It deplores the callowness of much of our college poetry, and asks for more vital stuff. It is really

time that we rub the sand out of our eyes, and see that stringing pretty words together is not making poetry. This same Monthly has two substantial articles: "Francis Jeffrey as a Critic of Romanticism," and "A Suggestion to our English Department." The fiction in the *Vassar Miscellany* is good; one story, "A Romantic Departure in Philanthropy" is especially clever. The *Nassau Lit* has a strong and able article entitled "Evolution not Revolution." Its theme is the great unrest of our national life and the strife of parties. An appeal is made for better statesmen, better citizens and a more loyal patriotism. The editorial is of interest to all the college world. It takes up the relation of the Faculty to the under-graduates, and asks for a deeper sympathy and interest on the part of the Faculty towards the student body. We certainly cannot have that ideal intercourse which Socrates had with his followers. In fact, it would be poorly adapted for our hurry-scurry nineteenth century life. But we do feel that there is great room for improvement.

We notice that the *Tech* has attributed to the Smith College Monthly a verse which has never appeared in its columns, and we feel compelled to disavow all responsibility for this effusion concerning Jim Sureshot who

"—found a rope one day
And picked it up of course."

FROM THE INSIDE

For the first time the Editor opens a certain locked door in the Old Gymnasium and goes Inside. It is with a trepidation which she does not like to acknowledge, that the step across the threshold is taken from the old, familiar Outside to the new, strange Inside. Added to the weight of the new, unaccustomed responsibility is a feeling that she is passing from one circle to another, and she has thought that the circles fail even to intersect. But the Editor is fallible even as other mortals, and she finds that the new circle is within, not without the old; both have a common center, and the change, if there is any, is only that she is nearer the center than ever before, closer to the heart of things collegiate. Even as the circle of the outer widens with new interests, so does the inner circle change, but the center is ever the same. Together they make the whole, and it is the most earnest wish of the Editor that each day of this new year of the MONTHLY may see this whole more perfectly adjusted; this relationship and identity of the outside and the inside more firmly established.

With the Board of Ninety-six we share the distinction of being at sixes and sevens. Previous boards did not have to struggle against this bad luck tradition, and coming boards for a long time will have the benignant favor of the years. Still, can we entirely trust the tradition when the sixes have meant so high a standard? If Ninety-seven can conquer the difficulties which beset an editorial career with the success with which Ninety-six has met them, we shall distrust the influence of numbers. And we can further hope that the number eight which is now to be found in the organization of the editorial board will prove a good luck omen.

Though this month is to us the beginning of a new year, we find it impossible to feel it as such. The spirit of ending pervades everything at this time; not of final absolute end, like the Day of Judgment, but the end of an accomplished task. The year—the college year is fast drawing to a close. In the actual presence of the Sophomore-Senior entertainment, and amid the echoes of the Junior Promenade, we cannot feel that we are beginning. The blossoms on the apple trees, the hammocks on the back campus, the boats on Paradise, all tell of the rapid approach of June, which years of school and college life have taught us to regard as the time of ending. Spring term, with its long, pleasant, yes—lazy days, its musical, pleasanter and—lazier evenings, is a charming glass through which to look back at the sterner joys and labors of the autumn and winter—a most fitting finish to our college year. So, it is not in the spirit of “The king is dead. Long live the king!” that Ninety-seven assumes the management, with the pleasures and responsibilities of the MONTHLY, but in the belief that a task well begun deserves a fitting ending. We are simply finishing what Ninety-six has so ably and so well carried on this year, and in the future which belongs to us—our Senior year—we shall strive to realize the high hopes and aspirations which all preceding editors have entertained for the SMITH COLLEGE MONTHLY.

BOOK REVIEWS

*“REGENERATION: A REPLY TO MAX NORDAU. This careful, serious argument will probably share the fate of most answers to famous books. It will not be widely read nor long remembered. And this for no good reasons that can be easily enumerated or clearly distinguished. Perhaps the gist of the matter may be reached by saying that Max Nordau needed reply less than he needed careful reading when he would probably be seen to have replied to himself. In short, the writer of “Regeneration” stands accused before his readers of the very fault that he found with Nordau—a lacking sense of humor. In too many instances the painstaking writer of “Regeneration” slays the already thrice slain and fights to-the-death duels with wind-mills and straw-men. It will of course be admitted that Max Nordau’s books have interested a wide class of readers, it will equally be admitted that Max Nordau’s books are not eminent for their optimism, nor for their accuracy in discriminating shades of statement. I doubt, however, if any competent observer would admit that with all the interest and even mild sensation stirred by “Degeneration,” there has been any panic over it. No vested interests of mind or spirit have been threatened: on the contrary, the brilliant paradox and trenchant epigram have called our attention to many points in our property that we were in danger of forgetting or overlooking. “Degeneration” has done us the service that all clever attacks on conventions do. It has shown us how much more there is in what we have grown into the way of taking for granted than we had supposed. Among other things we are grateful to men of genius for the balance they have preserved in such ticklish conditions. We feel under personal obligations to them for displaying all the interesting qualities in their work that Nordau points out and for overlooking the logical conclusion which in his judgment leads straight to insanity. That they should succeed in thus eluding Nordau’s astuteness adds an unsuspected charm to their other interests.

We suspect that “Degeneration” is after all its own best refutation. But if any troubled soul needs help or consolation from the effect of its brilliant paradox, it may be found most tenderly and effectively administered in “Regeneration.” There the great reputations are all revived and presented in good order and excellent condition. Their fame is found to have undergone no serious eclipse. And when once this is certain, the reader is perhaps willing to follow the author of “Regeneration” through a reassuring, if somewhat tedious analysis of the source of the errors in “Degeneration.” These fall mainly into two classes—the idiosyncracies of the writer and his false inferences. Painstakingly and seriously the critic points out all the details of these extensive faults, and then with equal pains and seriousness defends the great artists from the charges Nordau has brought against them. Of course the reader who has not had his sensibilities troubled by Nordau’s contentions, sometimes feels that Nordau’s critic refutes too much and too hard. It seems

hardly necessary to prove that Ibsen is strictly true to the facts of Norwegian life and society in order to prevent him from being haled off as a degenerate. Nordau is by no means the most formidable critic Wagner and his musical heresies have had. So we cannot help feeling that the public of "Regeneration" should be understood to be strictly limited to the readers of "Degeneration" who need a counter-irritant, otherwise we fear that it will have the effect of any medicine on a healthy system.

* "THE PILGRIM AND OTHER POEMS," by Sophie Jewett (Ellen Burroughs)
In this book of lyrics one finds strong and simple verse unmarred by any straining after the unusual or the artificial. The writer has the unconscious mastery over metrical form which makes sonnet or rondeau a revealer of rich meanings and no mere trick of words. The poems reflect the most varied phases of nature with vivid fidelity; thus, following close upon a lyric which is musical with the "loud grief of the sea," comes this outburst of spring-time delight:

"All day the grass made my feet glad,
I watched the bright life thrill
To each leaf-tip and flower-lip;
Swift winds that swept the hill,
In garden nook light lingering, shook
The budding daffodil."

Yet the dominant note of the book is the sovereignty of spirit, not the mere richness of life, the eternity of love, not the "endless years" of nature; and even the lyrics which most clearly reveal the poet's keen sense of doubt and sin and sorrow are written in this major key of confidence. Quotation is difficult because one would gladly reproduce so much. The beautiful poem which lends its name to the volume is so condensed and so direct in its sequence that it admits no selection from its verses; the sonnets are many of them already familiar to readers of *The Century*, *Scribner's*, and other magazines; therefore, passing by regretfully such lyrics as "I Saw Love's Eyes," "Though Unseen," "Whitehead" and "A Smiling Demon of Nôtre Dame," we quote one of the rondeaus:

IF SPIRITS WALK

"I have heard (but not believed) the spirits of the dead may walk again."

— *Winter's Tale*.

"If spirits walk, Love, when the night climbs slow,
The slant foot path where we were wont to go,
Be sure that I shall take the self same way
To the hill-crest, and shoreward, down the gray,
Sheer, gravelled slope, where vetches straggling grow.
Look not for me when gusts of winter blow,
When at thy pane beat hands of sleet and snow;
I would not come thy dear eyes to affray,
If spirits walk.

But when, in June, the pines are whispering low
And when their breath plays with thy bright hair so
As some one's fingers once were used to play—
That hour when birds leave song and children pray,
Keep the old tryst, sweetheart, and thou shalt know
If spirits walk."

"To-day's Daughter" was written for the Smith College Class of 1885, and its last stanza ends the book :

" Who climbs life's mountain walks with tardy tread
For love of flowers that smile about his feet,
For love of pines that whisper overhead,
For love of wandering bird-calls, shy and sweet ;
Yet where the birds come not, beyond the pines,
Past rock and steep and cloud, the final height
Forever rises silent, stainless white,
Where shadow never falls, where latest shines
The lingering light."

* "BOOKS AND THEIR MAKERS DURING THE MIDDLE AGES," by Geo. Haven Putnam. It is natural that a member of a great publishing firm should regard books as literary property rather than as literature. From this point of view Mr. Putnam approaches his subject, expressing in his introduction the hope that his work may serve as an introduction to an exhaustive history of copyright law, whose author is yet to appear. The volume covers the period from the fall of Rome to the end of the sixteenth century. The subject naturally divides itself into the Manuscript Period and the Period of the Earlier Printed Books. In the first, Mr. Putnam deals with the making of books in monasteries ; the libraries of the monastic period : the making of books in the early universities ; and book trade in the manuscript period. The second period, the Earlier Printed Books, treats the Renaissance, the forerunner of the printing-press ; the invention of printing and the work of the first printers of Holland and Germany ; the printer-publishers of Italy from 1464-1500.

A second volume is promised. This is to have for its subject the work of Caxton, Erasmus and Luther and the privileges and restrictions of the book trade in European Countries till 1710, when copyright legislation began in England. It is also to have an index of the entire work.

The book contains little that is original either in thought or treatment. For his statements, Mr. Putnam quotes with great frequency the many authorities cited in his large bibliography, and his style is merely a clear setting-forth of facts. These facts are too numerous and too dry too suit the book for general reading. But doubtless this is not its aim. It is a scholarly, comprehensive study of the subject and must prove of great value as book of reference.

* G. P. Putnam's Sons.

BOOKS TO BE REVIEWED.

THE CAPTURED CUNARD, by William Rideing.

THE ROAD TO CASTALY, by Alice Brown.

IN THE VILLAGE OF VIGER, by Duncan Campbell Scott.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

LES MISERABLES, with notes by Sumichrast. Ginn & Co.

ARISTOPHANES' PLUTUS, by Nicholson. Ginn & Co.

ALUMNÆ DEPARTMENT

"THE TEMPEST" AT SMITH COLLEGE.

On April 25th, the Boston Association of Smith College Alumnæ repeated their presentation of Shakespeare's "Tempest" at Northampton. They had given the play once before, in Boston, on February 3, for the benefit of the Library Fund. In spite of many difficulties attending this first production, the play was felt to be a great success, both as a dramatic production and as a highly enjoyable method of raising money. Soon after the performance in Boston, the present Sophomore class in college opened negotiations with a view to securing, for their customary entertainment to the Senior class, the reproduction of the play in Northampton. For a while it seemed impossible to make the necessary arrangements. All sorts of rumors floated around college, according to which now one member of the cast, now another, was said to be unable to come. One important character was said to have gone to Europe. It was felt that the difficulties presented by the plan were very great. It was a serious question whether the Academy of Music could be secured for both an evening performance and a rehearsal. The difficulty of bringing such a large cast with the necessary scenery and equipments was by no means small. Finally all doubts were set at rest by the definite announcement that the play was to be given on Saturday, April 25.

On Friday, the members of the cast and the committee on arrangements began to arrive. Miss Covell, '94, who acted with great efficiency both in Boston and in Northampton, as chairman of the committee of arrangements, reached Northampton Friday morning, and spent the afternoon in consultation with Miss Frost, chairman of the Library Committee. For a while it seemed doubtful whether the cast could have a full rehearsal. Sousa's Band had engaged the Academy for an afternoon concert, but the managers of the Academy had promised the house to the Alumnæ for the entire morning. Owing, however, to the illness of the soprano who sings with Sousa's Band, they demanded the house for half the morning in order to rehearse with the new soprano. Miss Frost and Miss Covell, however, insisted on their rights, and succeeded in retaining the house until twelve o'clock.

The members of the cast came to Northampton on the 4.20 train from Boston. Many alumnæ living near Northampton chose this occasion to revisit the college, so that the members of the cast met many familiar faces instead of feeling like total strangers, as they had expected, among the crowd of new students who had come since they left. Two of the women members of the Board of Trustees managed to combine duty and pleasure, by coming early enough to see the "Tempest" and staying over for the annual spring meeting of the

Board. The Trustees and members of the cast were distributed among the campus houses and with friends in the city. Miss Anna L. Dawes was entertained at the Hatfield; Mrs. E. Lawrence Clark was entertained by Mrs. Henry M. Tyler.

The presence in town of so many alumnae made it possible to give an alumnae tea to the Trustees in the Dickinson House from 3 to 5 on Saturday afternoon. The social element of the whole affair did not end with the tea; it was carried out at the evening performance by means of the careful arrangement of seats, friends and acquaintances being placed together. The patronesses sat in the boxes. They were Mrs. L. Clarke Seelye, Mrs. George W. Cable, Miss Bessie T. Capen, Mrs. Samuel Clarke, Miss Anna L. Dawes, Miss Charlotte C. Gulliver, Mrs. William J. Tucker, and Mrs. A. Lyman Williston. The Sophomores with their Senior guests occupied a block of seats on the floor of the house. The friends of the college from the city, the alumnae, and the members of the other college classes, were distributed through the house. There was only one man present, the violinist who accompanied the piano player.

The members of the cast and their friends had from the time they decided to come to Northampton, hoped that this second performance would be even better than the first, on account of their having had a longer time to get up their parts. They felt that they had been at a heavy disadvantage in being obliged to get up the first performance in three weeks. The cast was trained under the direction of Mrs. Emma Sheridan Fry. The audience was interested in seeing whether professional training would result in a different sort of acting from that which the dramatic training in college produces. A greater degree of perfection in conventional stage manners was noticeable than is customary in the Senior Dramatics. There were several changes in the cast. In this second performance, Miss Margaret Kendall Moore played Gonzalo; Miss Mary Fay Sherwood was Trinculo; Miss Ethel Frances Fifield was Stephano; and Miss Abbie Walker Covell took the part of Iris. There were also several changes in the personnel of the rustic dance.

The play was a great success. The acting was very even. The house was very enthusiastic, each player being greeted on her first appearance with a round of applause. During the play the amusing points were well appreciated, and at the end the curtain had to be raised again several times before the audience was satisfied. Miss Mark, '95, who played Ariel, and Miss Allen, '95, who took the part of Miranda, were the most enthusiastically received. The play was also a financial success. Between three and four hundred dollars was added to the Library Fund. The entire cast deserves great credit for its faithful work, and for its generosity in taking the time necessary to getting up and giving the play. Especial credit is due the chairman of the committee on arrangements, Miss Abbie Walker Covell, for her efficient and business-like work, and to Miss Mary A. Frost, chairman of the Library Fund, who was in sole charge of the arrangements in Northampton until the arrival of the committee and cast.

The occasion was one of great interest, not only as a social function, but also as an evidence of the interest the Alumnae feel for their Alma Mater. The play reflects great credit on the Boston Association for its energy and devotion to the college.

Miss Caverno, Secretary of the Alumnæ Association, extends to the Class of '96 the cordial invitation of the Association to join the ranks of its members. She wishes to remind all members of the class of both the duty and pleasure of belonging to the Association. Work for the college can best be done through it, and through it only is it possible to keep track of all one's former fellow-students. It may be truly said that those who belong to the Alumnæ Association never sever their connection with Smith College.

Blanks for entrance, circulars, and Alumnæ Registers are soon to be given to all members of '96, and Miss Caverno requests that those who wish to join will fill out these blanks and hand them in to her as soon as possible. It is not necessary to wait until after Commencement. There are no dues to be paid until a year from this coming June. The regular dues are one dollar a year. Those joining the Association from '96 are invited to be present at the alumnæ meeting, Tuesday afternoon, June 16, 1896.

The New York Association of Smith College Alumnæ gave a very enjoyable lunch, at the Windsor Hotel, Fifth Avenue and 47th Street, on Saturday, April 11th, at 12.30 P. M. It is hoped that this will be the first of a series of annual lunches given by this Association. There were forty members present. The guest of honor was Prof. Clark, formerly of Smith College, now of Columbia. There were short speeches after lunch by Prof. Clark, Dr. Robins of the College Settlement, Miss Sebring of the Teachers' College, and Mrs. Chubb, Vice-President of the Association. All present expressed themselves pleased with this new departure of the association. Under the auspices of the Association, a lecture was given in February, at Columbia College, by Prof. Porter, which was largely attended. We hope to listen to another lecture from Prof. Abbot, during May. The thanks of the Association are due to the able President and Executive Committee for the pleasant and instructive meetings of the year, as well as to the Luncheon Committee.

A meeting of the Boston Association of Smith College Alumnæ was held at Denison House, 93 Tyler Street, by invitation of Miss Dudley and Miss Browne, on Saturday, April 25. Miss Dudley gave an informal talk on the work of Denison House, and outlined the work planned for next year.

The class of '95 will hold a reunion in the Old Gymnasium on the evening of June 16, 1896. A tax not exceeding \$1.50 will be required for each member present. Please reply before May 20 to Amey O. Aldrich, Secretary, 8 Cushing Street, Providence, R. I.

Died.

Miss Grace Alma Preston, M. A., M. D., died at Pasadena, California, March 20th, 1896. She was born in East Somerville, Mass., November 1st, 1860. Her parents were in limited circumstances, but they gave her the best education they could afford, and she graduated from the Somerville High School in 1879 and entered college the same year, graduating in 1882.

During her college course she soon gave evidence of a strong character and unusual intellectual ability. Her interest in study was broad and deep, and she maintained throughout the entire course a high degree of scholarship. After graduating from college she determined to prepare herself for the medical profession, and entered the Boston University Medical School, from which she graduated in 1886 with the highest honors and an unprecedented record for scholarship. Meanwhile, in order to secure funds to continue her education she had taught one year at Laselle Seminary.

She then went abroad and studied in Paris one year. In 1887 she was appointed as resident physician at Smith College, where she remained until June, 1893. In 1889 she received from her Alma Mater the degree of M. A., and during the first years of her connection with Smith College she carried on a course of study in the College for Women in New York City, in order that she might become a regular practitioner. She received the degree of M. D. from the College in New York in 1890, and soon after became one of the consulting physicians at the Dickinson Hospital and a member of the Massachusetts Medical Society, where she was always welcome and highly esteemed on account of her professional ability.

She soon became favorably known outside the college, and her practice rapidly increased, until when she left Northampton she was one of the most successful and respected physicians in the city.

In 1893, in consequence of alarming pulmonary disease, to the great regret of the Faculty, students and her many friends, she resigned her position at Smith and went to Colorado, hoping by the change of climate her health might be restored. She selected Colorado Springs as her permanent home, built herself a house there, and succeeded in gaining a large and lucrative practice. At first the change seemed beneficial and it was hoped her life might be prolonged in a more favorable climate for many years. Last September, however, her old troubles returned with still more serious symptoms, and in January she went to California, hoping to find a more favorable climate, and there she remained until her death.

As a member of the Faculty of Smith College, Dr. Preston soon won the respect and confidence of her associates. She had a remarkably well-balanced and judicial temperament, was entirely free from envy and affectation, and invariably kind and unselfish in her official and personal relations. As a teacher she was clear, scholarly and inspiring; as a physician she was well versed in medical science, accurate in her diagnosis, and very successful in her treatment of disease; as a woman she gained the esteem and friendship of those who knew her.

ABOUT COLLEGE

One of the most interesting features of the play recently given by the alumnæ, is that it is another step in the Shakespeare movement so well begun last June. Considering the dramatic talent in college, and the interest in Shakespeare shown each year by the girls who compete for the Shakespeare prize, it is remarkable that such a tendency never showed itself before. When it was first known that '95 intended to give *Midsummer Night's Dream*, the college caught its breath and wondered at their temerity. But when we first heard of *The Tempest* it was with no such feeling. It was surprising that the alumnæ should band together and give any play at all, but—*The Tempest*? Well, why not? We remembered *Midsummer Night's Dream*, and wished we were in Boston that we might see *The Tempest*. So, when '98 secured the play for their Sophomore-Senior entertainment, it was with unfeigned delight that we looked forward to it. No one that saw the senior play last year could fail to anticipate with pleasure another treat of the same kind. Nor was *The Tempest* a disappointment.

It was a good play for the purpose; short, and of something the same airy, impossible kind that proved so well suited to the abilities of the actresses last June. That several of the same actresses appeared again in *The Tempest*, rendered the play doubly interesting. Miss Mark as Ariel was even more exquisitely dainty than as Puck. All the good humor and freshness of the charming little Puck that captured all our hearts last spring, were present again in "delicate Ariel" combined with an ethereal grace that exceeded our expectations. It was interesting to compare Miss Allen's Miranda with her Oberon, though between two such different parts it is hard to choose. Miss Franklin, as Ferdinand, was one of the best among the actresses, while Miss Van Everen, who took Miss Hyde's place, made quite an ideal Juno. The comic part of the play was also well done. It was funny without being coarse, and the character of Stephano, the drunken butler, was remarkably well acted. Caliban was not too horrible or disgusting to look at with comfort, but sufficiently grotesque to furnish an excellent foil for the other inhabitants of the enchanted isle. In direct contrast to Caliban was the kindly magician Prospero. This part was acted with great dignity and effect. He made an imposing central figure for the other characters to group themselves around.

The play was a good example of the right thing in the right place. As a Sophomore-Senior entertainment it was decidedly novel, and it had the added advantage of bringing us into a closer relation with the alumnæ. It made us feel that there is more of Smith College than is to be found every day on the campus, and that all connection with college life does not necessarily cease when we leave Northampton.

GENEVIEVE KNAPP.

CALENDAR

- April 15, Biological Society Play : "Reynard the Fox."
18, Phi Kappa Psi Society Meeting.
Alpha Society Meeting.
22, Current Events Club Meeting. Lecture by El-
bridge Kingsley : "Strolls of an Engraver."
25, "The Tempest."
27, Philosophical Society Meeting. Lecture by Prof.
A. L. Gillett of Hartford Theological Seminary :
"Modern Naturalism."
28, Colloquium.
29, Dickinson House Dance.
- May 2, Morris House Dance.
6, Junior Promenade.
7, Biological Society Meeting.
9, Open Meeting of the Alpha Society. Lecture by
Miss Emily James Smith, Dean of Barnard Col-
lege : "The Schism of Women."
12, Colloquium.

THE
SMITH COLLEGE
MONTHLY

JUNE · 1896



CONDUCTED BY THE SENIOR CLASS

CONTENTS

THE RELATION OF ANTIQUE AND MODERN ART	<i>E. F. Read</i>	1
VERSES	<i>G. Craven</i>	6
DREAM SONG	<i>G. Craven</i>	7
A QUESTION OF CARE	<i>E. R. Cutter</i>	7
IN THE QUEEN'S GARDEN	<i>A. H. Branch</i>	11
MISS PRISSY'S CHARGE	<i>S. S. Titsworth</i>	12
THE LITTLE BLIND BEGGAR	<i>J. D. Daskam</i>	21
SONG TO OPHELIA	<i>J. D. Daskam</i>	21
THE INTER-COLLEGIATE PRESS ASSOCIATION		22
CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB		
SPINNING-SONG	<i>Amelia Dominique Smith</i>	25
A SPIDER'S WEB	<i>Annie Horton Young</i>	25
PRESTO, CHANGE	<i>Jessie Walston Lockett</i>	27
AN OPEN SECRET	<i>Marian Hastings Jones</i>	28
WHITE LILACS	<i>Frances Eaton Jones</i>	29
THE PHILISTINES	<i>Grace Walcott Hazard</i>	31
JUNE	<i>Josephine Devereux Sewall</i>	33
EDITORIAL		34
EDITOR'S TABLE		37
FROM THE INSIDE		39
BOOK REVIEWS		40
ALUMNÆ DEPARTMENT		42
ABOUT COLLEGE		44
CALENDAR		48

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THE RELATION OF ANTIQUE AND MODERN ART

It is usual to consider the art that flourished at any period of the world's history as a thing in itself, that can be judged without reference, except for purposes of comparison, to the art of any other period. It is considered as a thing begun, perfected, and ended, in the one period in which it lived. It is derived from no ancestors, and no descendants are ascribed to it.

Take the Greek art, for instance. It is sometimes considered as an art that was attained, no one knows how ; that flourished as long as the Greeks flourished, and that died with them ; its secret was lost before the Christian era began, and all that the modern world can do is to sigh at the hopelessness of attempting to rival its simplicity and grace. There is no modern Praxiteles. No modern architect has built a Parthenon.

Similarly the Italian art has perished with its secrets. We cannot paint like Raphael or make statues like Michelangelo's. According to this conception of art, each stage of history was somehow possessed of ideas, which it worked out, and which died with it, thus imposing on the next period the necessity of discovering or inventing ideas of its own. No connection was evident between these different periods—the art of the Renaissance had no apparent relation to that of Greece.

Usually, too, it was held that the advantage lay with the ancients. Greek art was considered to be the result of the primeval freshness and vigor of a race that loved simplicity, that cherished lofty, poetic thoughts and ideals, whose whole life was in sympathy with nature. The modern world has lost all this ; it no longer possesses the power to be content with simple beauty ; the poetic thoughts have given place to the sordid considerations of life ; the sympathy with nature vanished with the belief in fauns and satyrs. That the Greeks loved beauty for its own sake has been so over-emphasized that one thinks of an ancient Greek as a lily of the field, who toiled not, neither did he spin ; whose beautifully developed body was clothed in a loose, beautifully flowing robe ; who lay on a blue hillside, with a white marble temple behind him, and a beautiful expanse of hills and valleys at his feet ; who drank in deep draughts of blue aether, and let his mind swell out in dreams of beauty. In contrast, the degenerate modern is a puny, sordid weakling, who cumpers the ground, who spends all his energy in taking thought what he shall eat, and wherewith he shall be clothed.

Art has shared in the general corruption and degradation that have overtaken the universe ; it can be only the imitator, and that afar off, of ancient art, unable ever to approximate to the perfection of its model, because it has dragged its ideals in the mire of realism.

Bosanquet, however, in his "History of Aesthetic," treats the matter in an entirely different way. He regards the different periods of art, not as independent, unrelated, finished epochs, but as stages in the development of the aesthetic consciousness. He traces the love for beauty and the desire to give it expression down through the Greek art, through that of the Middle Ages, down to the art of the present day, and finds in it all an essential unity underlying the most diverse forms of expression. Each stage is the outgrowth of the one immediately preceding it, and the foreshadowing of the one that was to follow it.

Modern art, then, is not necessarily inferior to antique. It stands to antique in the relation of descendant to ancestor. While it is the heir of all that is good in antique art, it has the additional advantage of having outgrown its faults. It is not a question of which is objectively better—each stage, in so far as

it was natural and sincere, was legitimate and therefore good. One might as well ask whether the man is better than the boy out of whom he grew. ' If the boy was a good boy, he is as good as the good man into whom he grew. It is true that we do not repeat the *chefs d'œuvre* of Greek and Italian art, but we are not therefore necessarily inferior to the Greeks and Italians. We do not make a Winged Victory or a Venus of Milo, any more than we write epic poems. The world has moved, that is all. The experience of the two thousand years that have elapsed since Praxiteles made his Hermes has not gone for nothing. Modern art, having had a longer period of development, is necessarily the greater, in that it is nearer to ultimate perfection. Those who regard the Greek statues as relics of a lost art, and who mourn over the degeneracy and inefficiency of modern art, are simply ignorant of the real values of the things they compare, judging each one absolutely, according to preconceived ideas, instead of with relation to each other and to their places in the general scheme.

In order to understand the relation between the two, it is necessary to examine each one in order to ascertain precisely what was the antique interest in art, and what the modern. The antique interest in art was simplicity. They demanded simplicity even at the price of intelligence. They realized that there were certain aspects of life that could not be reduced into conformity with their ideas of beauty. These they refused to consider. They recognized the fact that out of the confusion of the world a certain unity could be obtained by adopting a theory and throwing out of the question whatever could not be subordinated to this theory. For the sake of the satisfaction they could get out of this artificial unity they were willing to ignore the best of life. The problem of the ugly they shut out altogether. Vice for them had no artistic possibilities. Only the easily reducible, the obviously explainable, had a place in their scheme of beauty.

Having thus less material to consider, and fewer aspects in which to consider it, they could of course work with greater singleness of heart and concentration of aim. From this resulted that concreteness and directness of appeal which is what charms us in the Greek art to-day. The narrowness of their material and its openness to treatment inevitably ensured remarkable results. The man who undertakes to cultivate a square yard of fertile ground will naturally raise finer plants

than the man who attempts to subdue a square mile of all sorts of ground.

This attitude of the Greeks was stultifying and full of danger to the art that was to follow. Had they perfectly succeeded in their attempt, Greek art would have been perfected, but art in general would have been completely stultified. As it is, art was saved by their incompetence. The most admirable things in Greek art are the failures perfectly to conform to this theory, for by their inadequacy they kept alive the consciousness of something that had not yet been subdued to art.

This intellectual dishonesty of the Greeks is like the lack of moral straightforwardness in those of Ibsen's characters who live by a program. To avoid the perplexity of deciding each act of life on its own merits, they adopt a method of procedure, to which they adhere rigidly in all the acts of their lives. For the sake of the feeling of security and freedom from necessity to change that results from knowing exactly what attitude they are going to take toward anything that may come up, they are willing to run the risks of judging falsely and incompetently, because they have shut themselves out from knowing the real circumstances of each case.

The modern world however has acquired a conscience—a moral conscience, that will not let it ignore the claims of three-fourths of its fellow men, and an intellectual conscience, that will not let it take any satisfaction in a solution in which most of the factors are left out. We have no interest in a solution in which the troublesome quantities are quietly rubbed away. That the old solution would be satisfactory, if it took into consideration all the factors of the problem, is true ; but since it does not, why think of it any longer ? We prefer to get all the quantities together and see what we can make of them. We no longer limit our intelligence to that part of life which can easily be related and subordinated. The problem of the ugly, which, before Burke's time, was mentioned only by Aristotle and Plutarch, is now a part of every aesthetic system. The relation of the ugly to the beautiful, its place in the universe, are at present among the most important questions of art. The modern mind accepts it, as existing in a world governed by law, and therefore, though in a form less pleasing to us than other forms, still a manifestation of law, and therefore worthy of recognition. The Greek ideal was the typical ; the best queen, according to their

idea, was the one who was reduced to the typical, essential elements of queenliness. Our ideal is the characteristic; we prefer to know, not only that our queen possesses the essential elements of queenliness, but also that she has certain individual peculiarities that mark her off from every other queen. We have a feeling that nothing is too mean to be treated. The ugly and grotesque have piquancy and flavor; but even such a monotonous life as Miss Wilkins depicts, or the sordid life in the stories of Hamlin Garland is admitted as aesthetic material, because it is felt to be human experience.

Our interests are thus enormously wider and more comprehensive. It is evident that this attitude complicates the problem of art immensely. Instead of simplicity, we are interested in complexity. Complexity however often implies confusion. The material of modern art seems unrelated and amorphous. It is unfair, however, to demand a finished condition at a stage when more material is being added all the time. There must be a period of digestion, of assimilation. When these so different elements have acted and reacted on each other until they are completely fused, the resulting combination will be the greater for the number and variety of its constituent elements. The race that will eventually grow out of the fusion of so many differing race-elements in the United States will be more vigorous and powerful than a race that has always been kept pure from foreign intermixture. Just so with modern art; although at present, it, like the United States, seems to be suffering from its hospitality, and to be unable to digest the huge mass of material that has almost overwhelmed it, yet when it finally does succeed in fusing and co-ordinating its different elements, the resulting art will surpass any other the world has known. To doubt this is to doubt that the world moves.

Meanwhile, until this consummation arrives, there is a wrong and a right way of looking at the present situation. The wrong way is to consider it as a thing in itself, to say that, because, as it exists, it has many and apparent faults, it is weak, lacking in inspiration, and without definite principles. One might as well say a hobbledehoy boy has no place in the universe, because as he now exists, he is not an object one could contemplate with pleasure. Another common mistake is to look at art in some particular aspect, to treat a part as an index of the whole. The part may or may not be representative. To damn modern art

on account of some crude school, to damn modern literature on account of a brutally realistic book, is about as logical as to judge the American race by a Southern negro, or an Indian, or a Hungarian coal miner in Pennsylvania, or a Pole at the Mt. Tom saw mill. They are all parts of the American people, but by no means representative of it.

The proper way to regard modern art is as a stage in the development toward a perfection that as yet is far removed. We do not want our art to be perfect; there would be nothing left for coming ages to work at. Part must be treated as part; unity must not be demanded. It is too early to ask for the philosophy of modern art; the fusion of the different elements must first take place, and the working principles of the art be struck out in actual practice, before its philosophy will be apparent. In the meantime, our part is, not to decry the confusion of modern art, and the fact that it is not easily reducible to principles, but to maintain a tentative attitude toward the present, and, by consideration of the manifestations of the aesthetic consciousness in the past, to prepare ourselves for intelligent appreciation of the nobler art of the future.

ELIZABETH FISHER READ.

VERSES

A face seen in a crowd,
The memory of a dream,
A careless song, a spoken word,—
And Life,—how fair you seem!

A face just seen in passing,
A song's sweet sad refrain,
A dream and an awakening,—
And Life—you are all pain!

GERTRUDE CRAVEN.

DREAM SONG

At Eventide, at Eventide,
When the golden sun drops into the sea,
Then over the waters, deep and wide,
The little dreams wander so gleefully.
Some come on rafts, and some in boats,
Or anything else that sails and floats !

They moor their ships, they moor their ships,
Just as the stars begin to peep,—
And silently, each little dreamling slips
Through the nursery windows, where children sleep.
And they sit on the children's pillows all night,
Telling them stories till broad day-light !

They tell such tales, they tell such tales,
Of gardens as fair as the Paradise !
Of mermaids and nixies,—and giant whales
That live far north, midst the snow and ice—
Or of countries where always 'tis Saturday—
And children do nothing else but play !

But when dawn draws nigh, when dawn draws nigh,
The dreams flit back to their boats again,—
And the stars, one by one, drop out of the sky,
And the moon's bright lamp begins to wane.
Then they sail to the land of the rising sun
To wait there and play, till day is done.

GERTRUDE CRAVEN.

A QUESTION OF CARE

If there was any one thing Mr. Allerton prided himself upon, it was being able to pack up and go anywhere on an hour's notice. He saw no need for the fuss of preparation that some people make over travel. Any man who was clothed and in his right mind ought to be able to close his office desk, say good-bye to his family, and start off anywhere within an hour. It was

simply a matter of training. You must accustom yourself to deciding quickly and then you would make no more ado over going to Europe than taking the car down town.

"Why, I could pack up and go off to Gibraltar by ten o'clock," he remarked to his wife one morning at breakfast, "if it were necessary."

"You mean I'd 'pack up' and you'd 'go off,'" she answered smiling. One's family is never willing to leave one in possession of even an innocent vanity.

Mr. Allerton realized that Mrs. Allerton's remark was only a pleasantry, but he didn't like the spirit of it. "Why, don't I always lay out my things and —" he began. "And I put them in?" Mrs. Allerton ended. "Yes, that's just what I was saying."

"Well, well, it happened that you did last time," he admitted conciliatingly. "But, my dear," (Mr. Allerton always said "my dear" when a trifle irritated, in the same way that people put more sugar on sour berries) "you know it always takes a great deal longer when you and I go away anywhere than when I go alone."

"It takes longer to pack two bags than one," his wife answered slyly.

"I don't see the point of your remark," he ventured as he rose from the table.

"Because you don't have to pack the extra bag," said Mrs. Allerton laughing.

Mr. Allerton felt there was no use discussing the point further, because of course a woman doesn't like to be reminded that she cannot do the same things that a man can. And if Clara was a little slow and fussy about packing he would be the last one to remind her of it. A kind husband doesn't force upon his wife the knowledge that she is the weaker vessel. But he remembers it himself and treats her with chivalrous care. Mr. Allerton believed in chivalry—especially in discussion. Mrs. Allerton had gotten the last word but he did not care. When one is in the right one can afford to be generous. With a glow of righteous satisfaction he settled himself to read his newspaper going down in the car. Very shortly he was on his way up town again.

"There's a meeting of the Amalgamated Iron Company at Youngstown, Clara," he said as he entered the house, "at three o'clock. I can just get there if I catch the 12.20 train."

"Won't you have time for lunch?" asked Mrs. Allerton. "Do

run into the dining room and have Mary get you something, dear. I'll pack your grip."

"Oh! I'll do it myself, Clara," he answered on his way to his room. "There's no rush. I only want a clean collar and a toothbrush anyway. Do you happen to know where the last *Scribner's* is? I'll take that to read."

He was called downstairs in a few minutes to see a reporter, but he assured his wife that it was no interruption, as he was all ready. Mrs. Allerton sat at the table chatting with him as he ate a hasty lunch. She urged him to take dinner that evening at Uncle John's instead of at the hotel with the rest of the iron men, and he promised that he would. He would come home at noon next day if the morning meeting did not prove more troublesome than he expected.

"You haven't eaten a thing," said Mrs. Allerton as he started to leave the table. "Just let me put a sandwich into your bag—or something—" She seized his bag as she spoke and opened it.

"No, no, I don't want anything," he answered. "I put in an orange anyway." Mrs. Allerton handed back the bag smiling.

"Are you sure you have everything? Shan't I—?" she began.

"Yes, everything, dear. Good-bye." He kissed her and was gone.

There were plenty of iron men on the train and Mr. Allerton became so engrossed in conversation with Mr. Sholes, the great nut and bolt producer, that Youngstown was reached before they had settled the price of screws or elected McKinley. The Amalgamated Iron Companies took possession of a private parlor in the Wayne Hotel at three o'clock and had made the market by six. If their motto had been "By blood and iron" they couldn't have arranged prices better. They were still talking per cents when Mr. Allerton left them at the door of the dining room to go up town. He half regretted not staying with Sholes and the rest for dinner, but felt he had had enough "shop" for one day. Uncle John and Aunt Florence were glad to see him and plied him with questions about Clara. Why hadn't he brought her along too? They would have been delighted to have had her spend the day with them. "Well, you see this was a business trip, Aunt Florence," Allerton explained. "I can pack up and be off at a moment's notice—a business man has to, you know—but there really wasn't time for Clara to get ready. Where's my bag? I'm disreputably hot and dusty."

It was not until he was upstairs in his own room that Allerton noticed that the bag he held in his hand was not his own. It was small and brown but there was no silver marker with "H. B. Allerton" on it and the clasp stuck as he tried to open it.

"Pshaw! I must have carried off Sholes' grip instead of mine," exclaimed Allerton. "Darn the luck!" He opened it with a jerk. Inside there was a *Century Magazine* and a banana. "Well, of all the fool things to put in a satchel—" he burst out, but the dinner gong cut short his words. He hurried down stairs with the bag in his hand.

"Awfully sorry to be late to your dinner, Aunt Florence," he explained. "But the fact is I've run off with the wrong bag. I think I've taken Sholes' by mistake—and I'll have to trot down to Wayne's for my own."

"Oh! bother your bag, Harry," she answered "Uncle John will lend you a clean—"

"I know, but you see Sholes leaves on the seven o'clock train and I don't want him to carry off my grip with him. What do you suppose the fool man put in his own? A *Century Magazine* and a banana!"

At intervals as he rode down town Allerton repeated these words, as if to vent his annoyance on the innocent piece of fruit and the harmless periodical rolling around inside the grip he held. Having reached the hotel he found Mr. Sholes without trouble and handed over his property to him, receiving in return his own bag. It really was his own this time, silver marker and all. Mr. Sholes had not noticed the exchange and expressed his regret that Mr. Allerton had had so much trouble over it. "Fact is, Allerton," he said, "there wasn't much in my bag, as I expected—"

"Yes, I discovered there wasn't!" burst out Allerton in disgust. "*Century Magazine* and—but there goes my car!" He rushed down the steps after it and in half an hour he was once more walking in upon Uncle John and Aunt Florence. "I got it, Aunt Florence," he shouted as he hurried up stairs to his room. Once there he put the bag upon the bed and opened it. Inside there was a *Scribner's Magazine* and an orange.

ELIZABETH REEVE CUTTER.

IN THE QUEEN'S GARDEN

Queen—Who was it took my favorite rose—
So small and white none else I ween
Had loved her in her world of green
Save winds and all young things that be
As sweet and fine and small as she—
Prithee, who was it took my rose?

First Maid—Mayhap the little page?—
I found him crying at the door
Because an hour or so before
He ran ere yet the grass was dry
Into the garden, and the dew
Had spoiled the buckle on his shoe.

Queen—Nay, 'twas not the little page;
A child had never thought, I know,
To look into the grass so low;
A boy laughs and by he goes,
'Twas not the page that took my rose.

Next Maid—It was the fool, I guess!
I'll scold him for his wantonness.
“Merry men all,” I heard him sing
'Twixt his strange bits of chattering.
“Let's get flowers, though cold wind blows—”
The fool, dear Lady, took your rose.

Queen—No, not he! Fools look more high.
He would have sought the red one there—
Look you, it grows as tall as—I!
That little world all green and cool
Wherein my white rose sat alway,
Had he seen that, and her, I say
The fool no longer were a fool.
Who was that thief who liked my rose?

Third Maid—The Prince, do you suppose?
He gave me—no—I think 'twould be
Like him to choose a rose, and he—
Last night I saw him with a rose!

Queen—Oh! You saw him, did you, then?
 It was no page, no fool, I know.
 Who passed that red one, proud and tall:
 Only a princely heart, I trow,
 Would love my white rose first of all.
 You guessed him, you? You saw him, then?
 Roses and vandals, girls and men!
 Look, look you, sweet, the Prince is near!
 And I am gracious, and I ween
 He looks to find a loiterer here.
 I'll bid him to my garden, dear,
 To take her white rose from the queen.

ANNA HEMPSTEAD BRANCH.

MISS PRISSY'S CHARGE

I.

Miss Prissy had not seen her brother for twenty years, when one night he appeared on her modest door-step with his tiny daughter in his arms, and ordered Miss Prissy, almost before he had crossed the threshold, to put the child to bed. She recognized him immediately. The unconcerned greeting, the shifting of the sleeping child from his arms to hers, the masterful way in which he took the lamp from her hand and carried it into the sitting-room,—they were all exactly characteristic of the man John had promised to be, when a boy of fifteen, he defied his father's authority, and left his home.

Speechless, Miss Prissy put the child to bed, with her old-maidish nicety of touch—she was nearly twenty years older than John—and the little girl did not wake, only stirred restlessly with inarticulate murmurs and one sobbing cry for “Nanette.” As Miss Prissy tucked her away in her own four-poster, the troubled lines on the little tear-stained face smoothed themselves out, and she turned on her side and slept peacefully. She was not a pretty child, though she looked like her handsome father. Miss Prissy saw all this vaguely, but her mind was still too dazed to receive vivid impressions, and when she went out again to the sitting-room, leaving the bed-room door ajar, her one tangible thought was, “If she were only a pretty child, now, that would be something to say to John.”

Still, she was not quite sure that she would dare even thus to

break the silence which he preserved, sitting with his head thrown back against the top of the chair, and his eyes fixed on the Franklin stove. Miss Prissy sat down opposite him, her hands folded primly in her lap, and her thoughts taking a wide range back to the John she had known. In spite of the difference in their ages, she had always had a secret respect and awe for him. Now, of course, there was about him that intangible something which gives the city-bred man the advantage over the country-bred woman, and yet Miss Prissy knew perfectly well that she should have acknowledged his superiority just as much if he had lived in her house all these years, and that her brother was one of the men who are borne to command. So she sat there with folded hands, and these vague ideas made her mind ache, they were so at variance with her usual routine of thought. She hardly dared guess what John's purpose was, or what had happened during these twenty years of silence. Presently her brother raised his head, and looked over at the door from which she had come, some ten minutes earlier.

"How long have you slept in there, Prissy?" he asked.

"Six years; ever since father died," said Miss Prissy, with a sense of relief. They were the first words she had spoken to him, and the atmosphere seemed less charged with unfamiliar forces.

"Ah, yes," he said, carelessly. Miss Prissy's sense of propriety, inherited from her Puritan ancestors, was shocked at this carelessness. "Is the child asleep?" he asked next.

"She never woke," answered Miss Prissy, and added, "She looks like you, John."

"She is like me," he said in a concentrated way. "Thank the powers that may be! If she had been different, I should have left her to her fate." Miss Prissy unclasped her hands and clutched the arms of her rocker.

"Her fate!" she repeated, too stunned to realize that this, too, had shocked her. John took no notice of her exclamation.

"I want you to take care of her, Prissy," he went on. "I want you to bring her up as you were brought up. I shouldn't be disappointed if she grew up just like you, and lived here alone, after your death; as you do now. I confess I have sometimes planned a more brilliant life for my daughter, but that is all over. She is to be brought up like you, Prissy, for you are the type as unlike the type that she shall not be, as I can find.

I shall leave her here with you to-night. I must go back to New York on the midnight express."

"But John, it doesn't stop here!" gasped Miss Prissy.

"I have made arrangements for its stopping to-night," he answered, pulling out a roll of bills and counting them over on his knee. They were bills of large denominations, and Miss Prissy watched them fascinated, till John looked up and said,

"What did father leave you besides the house?"

Miss Prissy named her modest income—he had more than that there on his knee. At the same time it flashed across her—she was so bewildered now that her mind worked in most erratic circles—that the influence must be very great which could command the express to stop at a tiny village like Veteran, where there was no station, and whence it was necessary to go to Selden, five miles away, to take the very train that thundered so superciliously through the one street of Veteran. But John looked, as he sat there with his money on his knee, like a man who would not be satisfied with a moderate amount of anything, not even influence. He meditated for a moment after she told him, and then he separated one bill from the rest and held it out to her.

"I will send you that amount every month," he said, as Miss Prissy took it, with a mental protest which she dared not utter, against its value. "That is yours, quite as much as the child's," he went on. "I know her being with you will not make that difference in your expenses. You have enough to maintain yourself and her as you are living now, without using that, and for all I care, you may do so. This money is not to give the child any luxuries which might make her bringing-up materially different from yours, you understand. But if ever you want anything that you haven't been able to afford hitherto, that will give you the means. I don't want the child's life perfectly barren and cold, you know. It will of necessity be narrow, here in this place," and he glanced carelessly about him, "but I much prefer this narrowness to the breadth she would have under other circumstances. But there is no need for me to say all this. You understand me, Prissy, I know, and I shall trust you implicitly. I will give you my lawyers' address, and you will report to me every month, under cover of their name. As long as everything is satisfactory, I shall not interfere. Of course, if it is necessary, I shall write or come

again." He had written down an address while he spoke, and now he handed it to his sister. "There, I think that is all," he said. But a question had hung trembling on Miss Prissy's lips for some moments, and she asked it now.

"Is the child's mother dead, John?"

"No," he said shortly.

"Does—does she approve of this?" pursued Miss Prissy. He turned toward her and spoke very quietly.

"She knows nothing whatever about it," he said. "I have brought the child to you, because I think she has forgotten your existence, if she ever knew it, and so is less likely to find the child. Under no circumstances must my daughter ever see her mother again."

Miss Prissy had been receiving shocks all the evening, but this fell upon her like a blow. She crouched in the corner of her chair and held up her hands.

"Oh John!" she said, and the words were the death-cry of a part of her very being. He laughed.

"Poor Prissy!" he said. "Have I shocked you so dreadfully? I forgot how that might sound to a dweller in Veteran. You are fortunate, Prissy, in not knowing what trouble is."

"I have lost my father and my mother," said Miss Prissy, with a new-born defiance.

"Ah, that," he said, with an impatient gesture. "I spoke God's truth when I said that my child ought never to see her mother again, and if you knew how seldom I take God's name upon my lips, Prissy, you would understand how much in earnest I am."

Miss Prissy made no response, and after a moment he went on.

"I may as well tell you the whole thing," he said. "It will be fairer to you, though you may not look upon my innocent daughter with the same eyes after you have heard that my child's mother was an actress." He had not miscalculated its effect on Miss Prissy. Her face assumed a look of stony horror. "She is a French woman," he continued—"a French girl, I thought her, and you would think so now, though she is nearly five years older than I. She fascinated me. I thought I could take her away from her associations, and could make her happy. She said she loved me. I had money and influence, and as my wife, she had an enviable position. It was only five years ago that I married her. I don't think she disliked me

while my blind infatuation lasted and the novelty of her position interested her and kept her from imprudent actions, but I very soon found that her love for me was a fiction, or at least that it lasted only as long as I left her free to do what she pleased. Finally, things came to such a pass that in spite of my love for her—because of my love for her, I couldn't stand passive and see her compromise herself and our name, and I interfered. As soon as she realized that I was resolute in opposing her, she cast aside all pretence of affection for me, and has openly defied me ever since. This was just after the child was born, and the child has been the medium through which she has revenged herself. She has managed it so that my child has never had any love for me. This necessitated her being kind to the child herself, and though I knew that in that way my daughter received much more of her mother's attention than she otherwise would, it wasn't any easier to be patient when my baby refused to look at me, and cried for her mother when I took her. It was a very clever way of hurting me. I have been patient under very trying circumstances, Prissy, no one knows how patient. But things came to a crisis yesterday. Madelon and I have parted, and this morning I took my daughter from her nurse and brought her away. Guard her well, Prissy. Nothing ever came so near breaking my heart as her crying for her mother did, to-day, while I brought her to you. She was afraid of me all the way,—of me, her father, who would lay down —— ”

He paused. He had spoken rapidly, with a forced composure, and his face had grown dark and pale at the same time, but his voice had not faltered till the last. Then he sat silent, and Miss Prissy clung to the arms of her rocker and stared at him. Finally John stood up.

“It has done me good to tell you this, Prissy,” he said, putting on his overcoat. “I hope I haven't done you harm. The world seems very dreadful, does it not, my poor sister? I could tell you much more. I could tell you of some of Madelon's flirtations, the last one for instance, with Captain La Monte, which has been the cause of this introduction of my daughter beneath your roof,” and his voice took on a mocking tone. “But I will spare you. It would sound decidedly out of place in Veteran. Bring up my child to be like you, Prissy, and teach her, if you can, to love her father. She is young enough

for you to efface all early impressions, and Prissy,"—his face changed, and his eyes compelled hers to meet them—"I shall curse you with my dying breath if you do not keep my child from her mother !"

He watched her. She had been very pale, but the color crept up into her faded cheeks, and she was up and faced him.

"You need not fear, John," she said. "I would die myself before I allowed that woman to get possession of the child." There was a concentrated scorn in her voice that was the first intimation of a resemblance between them. Strangely enough he winced at her words, and turned away, picking up his hat.

"I trust you, Prissy," he said, "I must go," and his hand was on the door when she stopped him.

"John," she said, "you have forgotten,—you have not told me what the child's name is." He turned and confronted her with a new expression on his face—he looked as if he were both ashamed and proud of what he said.

"Her name is Madelon, too," he answered, "and I should like to have her called so, because in spite of everything, Madelon is my wife, and before God, Prissy, I cannot help loving her still !"

The door closed behind him, and Miss Prissy stood as he left her till she heard the shrill whistle of the express. She listened as with a shriek it paused for a moment at the crossing, and sped on again into the night. Then in a dazed way, she began to get ready for bed.

II.

The next two weeks of Miss Prissy's life never seemed real to her, either at the time, or when she looked back at them. It was the child, of course, who made the difference. Any child would have puzzled her, unused to children as she was, and this tiny girl had so much of John in her composition, and so much else that Miss Prissy decided must be her French mother, that she was a problem to her maiden aunt. At first she refused to be comforted, and cried for "Maman !" and "Nanette !" but soon she ceased to mourn so continually, and learned to cling to her aunt's finger, and to prattle in her baby talk, that was more French than English. It seemed to Miss Prissy inexpressibly shocking that John's daughter should speak more French than English, and she set herself to rectify this evil. She had hardly

had time to flatter herself that she was succeeding, when one day, about two weeks after John's visit, another stranger came to her door. She was watching her little niece playing on the floor, when suddenly the child scrambled to her feet, and ran toward the door, crying "Maman! Maman!" Miss Prissy turned in time to see a slender, black-robed figure kneel on the threshold and catch the child in outstretched arms, while a musical voice, the sweetest Miss Prissy had ever heard, cried,

"My baby! My little Madelon!"

Miss Prissy rose to her feet in blank astonishment. Immediately the other woman rose too, the baby clinging to her neck, and reached out her disengaged hand to Miss Prissy.

"You will forgive me?" she said, in her sweet voice, and her dusky eyes met Miss Prissy's inquiring face with touching appeal. "You do not know who I am? Cannot you guess? I am your brother's wife—ah! You shrink from me!" as Miss Prissy stepped back in dismay. "You did not think to see me,—me, who he has told you is a wicked woman, with no love for my child, my own little girl! You were to keep her—is it not so?—and I was never to know who she was. Ah! he is hard, unforgiving, and you—you have no child, else you would know, you would tell him that nothing could keep me from my baby, that I would move heavens and earth to find her! He believes no good of me. What has he told you of me, dear Miss Seymour? that I am a bad, heartless woman, is it not so?" She put down the clinging child, and held out both slender, gloved hands appealingly to Miss Prissy. She was the prettiest woman who had ever set foot in Veteran, Miss Prissy felt, as she saw the dark eyes, and the reddish gold hair under the big black hat.

"Dear Miss Seymour, listen," went on the sweet voice. "Do not judge me unheard. You heard him; now listen to me. Do I look like a wicked woman?" Miss Prissy felt herself weakening, but she set her teeth and by main strength of will kept herself from answering. But her brother's wife understood the change in her face.

"Ah!" she said, "I know! You are afraid of John, too! He has commanded you to believe that I am bad, and you dare not disobey him! You are hard, too! You are cold as a stone! You do not know what it is to have one's husband turn against one, and take one's child away." She picked up the baby again

and looked at Miss Prissy over the little shoulder. "You think I am an actress, and not of your country, and so I am not good. You do me wrong. I was an actress, but I am your brother's wife. He tried to make me good as he was. I am not a saint, dear Miss Seymour. I tried to be good. How can I be good as you are? What do you expect? But when he could not make me so, then he grew cold and angry, and I was unhappy. Then he was jealous of our baby. Should she not love her mother best? My poor baby! He was so stern he frightened her. And I was so unhappy! You cannot understand, you do not belong to our world. You do not know how hard it is when one has never been taught to do right, and one's husband is always angry. You at least have pity for your mother, my little Madelon," she said, turning away with tears rolling down her cheeks. "I may sit down and hold my baby for a little while, may I not?" she asked humbly, over her shoulder.

Miss Prissy pushed over a rocking chair, and John's wife sat down, with a graceful little bend of her head, and a whispered "*Merci!*" which Miss Prissy comprehended, though she had never heard it before. Then she took her own chair, and sat opposite, grimly watching the two, with the growing feeling that John's wife was a very beautiful woman, and much must be pardoned her for her French birth. Five years older than John. She looked hardly twenty, with her head bowed over the baby as she crooned a little French song. Madelon was going to sleep, and the musical words charmed Miss Prissy, too, though she did not understand them. Her face grew softer and gentler, till finally John's wife rose, and laying down the sleeping child, knelt at Miss Prissy's feet, and clasped Miss Prissy's folded hands in hers.

"Is not mine a sweet baby?" she whispered. "Do you wonder I could not keep myself away? Do you not love her?"

"Dearly," said Miss Prissy, speaking with her voice for the first time.

"I knew it!" said the woman at her feet. "Ah, pity me! pity me, dear Miss Seymour!" And the golden head went down on Miss Prissy's lap, and the slender figure was shaken with sobs. Miss Prissy's heart was touched. She took off the big hat and smoothed the ruffled hair.

"There, my dear, don't!" she said, wondering at herself. "It is hard, but—" She paused, something forbade her speak—

ing John's name to his wife. There was silence for a few moments, except for the sobs of the figure at Miss Prissy's feet, and Miss Prissy's soothing murmurs as she caressed the bright hair. She had quite forgotten that this woman was a French actress. She remembered only that she was John's wife, the mother of his child, and in great trouble—not wicked, as John had said—oh no! John must have been mistaken. But finally John's wife rose, wiping away her tears.

"You are good, good!" she said. "You have let me put my baby to sleep once more, and have comforted me, and I thank you. And now I must go. I am going back to my dear France all alone, as I left it, but I could not go without good-bye to my child. I do not ask you to give her to me. John would never forgive, and I will not so badly repay your kindness to me. But you will not let my child forget me, dear Miss Seymour?" She was taller than Miss Prissy, but she gave the impression of being shorter, so pitiful was the appeal in voice and posture. And Miss Prissy promised.

Then John's wife put on her hat, gave her baby's cheek a kiss whose tender intensity moved Miss Prissy beyond measure, and went swiftly out, leaving Miss Prissy standing with a kind of fierce pity in her heart, and tears in her faded eyes.

Suddenly the slender figure confronted her again, and the sweet voice cried in a wail of despair that went to Miss Prissy's heart, "Dear Miss Seymour, I *cannot* leave my child!"

Miss Prissy picked up the sleeping baby and laid her in her mother's arms. "Take her!" she said. "I have not the heart to say 'no.'"

III.

Miss Prissy wrote to John that evening. She waited a week for an answer, and when it came, she hardly dared open it. It was a brief communication from his lawyers, in which they begged to inform her that Mrs. John Seymour had left New York the day before for Holland on the "Maasdam," accompanied by Captain Henry La Monte, and that Mrs. Seymour's infant daughter, in charge of the lady's maid, had been sent the same day to Paris, via Queenstown, etc., on the "Servia." On behalf of their client, Mr. John Seymour, they reminded her of the statements he had made to her in his last interview with her, and begged leave to inscribe themselves her very humble servants, Lee, Miller & Jones (per S.).

Miss Prissy read it as the October sun was going down, and long after darkness had come and the fire had burned low, she still sat there, trying to reconstruct her faith in human nature out of the shattered fragments that remained to her.

SUSAN SAYRE TITSWORTH.

THE LITTLE BLIND BEGGAR

At the gate of the World where the travel flows
And the folk stream by full-tide,
A little blind Beggar sits in the sun
And shoots afar and wide.

He fits the arrow and twangs the bow
And low in his throat laughs he,
For well he knows he will hit his mark
Though never a face he see.

And never his stock of arrows fails,
For the pain of the wound is sweet,
And the stricken folk bring the arrows back
To pile at the Beggar's feet.

And he fits the arrows and twangs the bow,
And laughs till his fingers shake,
For well he knows he can never miss,
But somewhere a heart must ache.

And they who are struck, they keep still tongue,
But they carry the arrows back,
And they who are spared they sound abroad
The songs of the pain they lack.

But still or singing, and grave or gay,
Through the gate of the World they go,
And the little blind Beggar sits in the sun
And laughs as he lays them low.

SONG TO OPHELIA

Unto thy grass-hidden charms
Nature worketh no alarms ;
Changeth all thy breath to dew,
And thine eyes to violets blue,
Weaveth all thy waving hair
Into beams to light the air !
Thus the song—and yet he saith
“ Ah! how sad a thing is Death ! ”

Over thy earth-covered breast
Springtime snow doth lightly rest ;
Never hath been spun a sheet
For thy purity more meet ;
Lovelier the earth shall be
Now that it doth prison thee !
Thus the song—and yet he saith
“ Ah ! how sad a thing is Death ! ”

JOSEPHINE DODGE DASKAM.

THE INTER-COLLEGIATE PRESS ASSOCIATION

The meeting of delegates from the various student publications of the New England colleges, which was held in Boston on the twenty-second of last May, was well worthy of comment, not so much for the intrinsic interest of the proceedings at the meeting, though they were very interesting, as for what they signified.

Until three years ago, the student publications of the different colleges had been entirely independent of each other in any official manner. They recognized each other in exchange columns and editorials, and doubtless in many *ex-officio* ways were of mutual benefit and advantage. But it has been evident for some time that this benefit and advantage might be materially increased by an organized *rapprochement* of the editorial boards of these publications, when the questions of literary and business methods that confront every such board might be freely discussed and debated. In pursuance of this idea, there was organized about three years ago an association called the Inter-Collegiate Press Association of New England, which was to hold an annual meeting, and whose avowed purpose was to foster this spirit of mutual inquiry and recognition. Such an organization, meeting but once a year, of necessity labored under great disadvantages, inasmuch as the editorial boards of the various college publications change completely from year to year. It was of course wholly experimental, and a very short time served to show that while the principle was a good one, and met the approval of the student boards, the organization was too loose to admit the possibility of any effective work, and that until more definite constitutional rules were made, and

a more strictly business-like basis established, the collegiate interest in it could not be sustained, and its sole appeal is, of course, to collegiate interest.

The members of the executive board of the Association for 1895-96 felt this keenly, and took wise measures to set the Association on a more permanent footing. A new constitution was drawn up, to be presented to and acted upon by the delegates to the Boston annual meeting, and the attention of all the editorial boards of the New England colleges was called to the importance of this meeting, and their approval and co-operation solicited for the constitutional reorganization. The result was most gratifying. The student publications of a large number of the New England colleges were represented at the meeting by one or more delegates. There were in all some thirty young men and seven young women—the latter representative of Mt. Holyoke, Wellesley and Smith. Some papers had been prepared on topics that are of vital interest to the existence of a college publication; there was much free discussion of the different ways and methods employed by different boards, in the course of which most interesting statistics and comparisons were given. It was impossible not to be helped by such frank exchange of opinions and advice. The constitution was adopted, and as it now stands, embodies the aims and methods of procedure of the Association.

The preamble reads as follows: "In order to create a more perfect unity of interest, and to place the College Press of New England upon a firmer and more friendly basis, where mutual advantage and support may be secured, we, the representatives of the student publications of the New England colleges, do hereby frame and adopt this constitution."

The constitution is specific in its provisions for all transaction of business,—necessarily so, for except in the case of the officers of the Association, whose term of office holds over until the regular annual business meeting after the one at which they are elected, membership in the Association expires with membership on the respective boards. It also provides for a most efficient method of keeping the various boards in touch with each other by means of a system of correspondence and personal visitation that ought to increase perceptibly the inter-collegiate literary interest.

Altogether, this organized movement of the student publica-

tions toward a certain unity and fellowship is highly commendable. Our college press is a thing *sui generis*. Our college journalism and literary work will not bear strict business-like comparison with the journalism and literary work of the outside world. We strive after and achieve a certain resemblance, and in individual cases we challenge comparison rather successfully than otherwise. But on the whole our aims are very different; our standard not at all the same. The persons who are most interested in the college magazine or paper are those connected either in the past or present with other college magazines and papers. Our field is limited in other ways. There are certain subjects that have no place in the college press, and certain others that have no place elsewhere. We are subject to a kind of criticism that is also *sui generis*. Placed in such peculiar circumstances, we need each other's support and understanding; we cannot afford to be free lances.

This support and understanding can be achieved by the Inter-Collegiate Press Association better than in any other way. It is heartening and inspiring to meet other people whose ends and interests are identical with our own, but who may have such widely different methods of attaining these ends. Those delegates who met at Boston and inaugurated the Association admit this, and it is not too optimistic to expect even better work this year from the student publications of the New England colleges than before, since we are working as never before with a unity of interest and a feeling of fellowship.

CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

SPINNING-SONG.

Whirr-r ! whirr-r ! whirr-r !
Swiftly the spinning-wheel flies.
Fingers flashing out and in
Deft the filmy meshes spin.
Clickety-clack the shuttle goes,
Back and forth, as if it knows
How hid in the woof a secret lies.
And the maid looks out at the blue, blue skies
And croons her a song, with happy eyes,
To the humming and the thrumming of the wheel.

“ Sing ! sing ! sing !
Oh heart 'neath thy kerchief fair !
Robins warble in the trees
A tune that's caught by every breeze.
All the earth is whispering
Promise sweet of the budding spring,
When thy bridegroom on thy lips shall the lover's promise seal.
Sing, heart, sing ! ”

A. D. S.

A Spider's Web

SCENE I.

Place : A drawing-room in a private house.

Time : 9.30 P. M.

MR. WELLS. So you go back again to-morrow. Well, I suppose you will be happy to see Northampton again and the dear girls.

MISS WALLACE, '96. Of course I shall. I love every inch of the place, and you know how I dislike it here—not a mountain to look at nor an agreeable young person to talk to.

MR. WELLS. You are certainly complimentary, but I have heard that that is a characteristic of Smith girls. What do you do when you first get back?

MISS WALLACE. Catch a spider. I poured mine all over myself and my gown the last time I was in the laboratory. Unless you offer to catch one for me, that is. You might, you know, and send it up.

MR. WELLS. I suppose you mean to be sarcastic. I think I could on a pinch. Shall I send it cooked or otherwise?

MISS WALLACE. Really you are too kind. It would be too much exertion for you, I'm sure. *We* do not mind a little exercise, but——

MR. WELLS. I understand, you need not finish, but really, Miss Wallace, aren't you a little hard on a man? One can't go canoeing the first of April, you know, and that's all you seem to care for.

MISS WALLACE. Oh, don't let's discuss it. It's too late and besides you will need all your strength to catch that spider.

MR. WELLS, *rising*. Good-night. I hope you'll have a successful term and find Northampton as beautiful as ever.

SCENE II.

Place: Hall in Dewey House.

MISS WALLACE.

TWO FRIENDS.

MISS WALLACE. Why, here's a special delivery package for me, girls. What do you suppose it is? Wait a minute till I open it.

GIRLS. A birthday present, perhaps. Hurry up.

MISS WALLACE, *unrolling a bottle in which are half a dozen spiders*. Oh, that man. It's spiders. I told him—Mr. Wells, you know—he was calling the night I came up, and I said I had to catch a spider and asked him why he didn't catch one for me. I was horrid to him, but men do exasperate me so. I'll have to write to him and make up. Poor thing. He was awfully good, wasn't he? Just think of his catching so many.

THE LETTERS.

Northampton, April 8, 1896.

My dear Mr. Wells :

Well, you are a man of your word, aren't you ? Of course I know that you didn't catch them yourself, because one has to be something of an athlete to succeed, but you were very kind to procure them at all. Whoever was kind enough to catch them I consider a most honorable gentleman, and I should like to apologize for anything I may have said in the past to the contrary, and to invite him to Commencement and the Senior Dramatics in June. Will he come ?

Sincerely,

EDITH M. WALLACE.

Parkville, Mass., April 12, 1896.

My dear Miss Wallace :

Your note received. You were right in your conjecture. The gentleman who caught those spiders is an honorable man. It was Patrick Sweeny, our foreman, and he desires me to thank you for your invitation and to tell you that he is fond of plays, and will come without fail.

Sincerely,

ROBERT H. WELLS.

A. H. Y.

Among a merry party ready to start on a ten-mile walk through the blackness of Mammoth Cave, was one who, fifty years ago, would have been called a grand-mother. Her age was evidently that of a grandmother, she wore spectacles and her hair was snowy white as a grandmother's should be. But she wasn't a grandmother—not she !

No trailing gowns, lace caps and placid little shawls—no chimney-corner atmosphere about her. She wore her short skirt and blouse with the spirit of a girl, and took keen enjoyment in what would once have been the incongruity of a jaunty cap upon a gray head. She was as ready for the long excursion as any young athlete or pedestrian in the group and was not the least fresh among us when we returned to the light of day.

Shall we say, as at first, that she was not a grandmother ?

Was it of those gentle old ladies that it was spoken "and the place that knew them shall know them no more"? Is the grandmother species extinct, or has it adapted itself to its environments and become so changed externally as to seem a different creation? The alternative is the true view. Furnaces have done away with chimney-corners; factories have replaced the home-manufacture of hosiery and warm wristlets—which dear Willie appreciates more in his pockets than on his wrists.

So grandmother—for she is a grandmother in spite of change—busies her fingers with golf sticks and finds a wheel on good park roads quite as enjoyable as a high backed rocker. Willie does not find seed cakes in her pocket—she has no pocket—but he has jolly times picnicking and rowing with her. Her ears are as ready for his childish sorrows, her hand as tender in mending his broken heart as those of her ancestor. Far more deft and skillful is she in poulticing it when it is William's bruised one than the peppermint and cookie prototype from which she has evolved. So a long and happy life to the modern grandmother!

J. W. L.

AN OPEN SECRET

Does the clover know of the honey sweet
That the bee finds hid so well?
Is the secret breathed by the breezes fleet?
Or the sunlight, does that tell?

The sunlight knows—it surely does;
It has helped to hoard the treasure,
And its touch increases the golden bee's buzz
To a whirl of ecstatic pleasure.

Then doesn't the joy of its warmth impart
Some sense of the hidden blessing,
Some knowledge that rouses the flower's heart
To the beauty it's expressing?

Ah, over its petals the blushes rise
Like a maiden's, reading her lover's eyes.

M. H. J.

Susan Potter sat on the steps of the little white house with the green blinds which had been her home during the fifteen years of her married life.

White Lilacs Yes, it was fifteen years ago to-day since she walked, on her husband's arm, up the path between the white lilac bushes, into the dim hall, through the stiff, old-fashioned parlor and sat down to her wedding breakfast in the bare dining-room. There had been white lilacs everywhere. They had covered the mantel-piece in the parlor, had quite cast into the shade the globe of wax flowers on the little table by the window, and had even found a place on the loaded breakfast table. John had put a piece in her hair,—just here she put her hand up to the place—but drew it away quickly. The coils were so much thinner than they used to be. How heavy the air had been with the fragrance of the lilacs. The same lilac bushes were blooming a few feet away, the same fragrance was filling the air,—could it be fifteen years?

“Ma, ma, Johnny's took my dolly an' he won't give it back,” wailed a child's voice from the back of the house.

“Johnny Potter, you jest stop pesterin' that child. I warrant yer ain't got them chips picked up, an' if yer ain't you'll catch it when your pa comes.” Mrs. Potter was thoroughly aroused from her reverie, and walking down the steps and over to the lilac bushes with a renewed energy calculated to make up for lost time, she began cutting off the sprays ruthlessly with a pair of rusty scissors.

“Good morning, Mrs. Potter. Aren't you cutting those lilacs rather recklessly? You are not going to have company, are you?” There was no need for Susan to look up; that clear, refined voice could belong to no one in the little village of Hartville except the minister's wife.

Nevertheless Susan not only looked up but she walked over to the fence which separated her little yard from the road, holding up her apron which was full of lilacs.

“No, I ain't goin' ter hev no comp'ny, Mis' Wetherbee,” she answered hesitatingly, “but—well, I might's well tell yer, I've often thought I'd like ter hev yer advice. You know them lilacs was what was stuck 'round all over the house when I was merried.” Mrs. Wetherbee nodded encouragingly. “Well, ev'ry annivers'ry fur a while John an' I, we picked some of 'em an put 'em on the table, an' it kinder made things go smooth, you know.”

Here she looked up at the minister's wife. The smile of sympathy in her listener's face encouraged her and she went on. "Then John he got too busy an' I did it alone fur a while, but pretty soon he got so he didn't notice 'em none, so what was the use o' pickin' 'em? I tried him two or three years, but it warn't no use, so at last I giv' it up. 'Tain't that he ain't good to me 'n the children," she went on, "why he gave me the money for a new silk dress the other day, it'll be the first new silk I've hed sence I was merried. But I'd lots ruther he'd remember the annivers'ry," she added with a sigh. "You see I ain't got nothin' ter complain—" the sound of a head recording its passage down the steps and an accompanying wail interrupted her.

"There, there goes Lottie—it does seem as if that child was so fat she couldn't rightly stand up, she's al'ays on her head," exclaimed the mother, running to the child's rescue and picking her up in her unoccupied arm.

"But I am sure she doesn't cry very often, she is such a big girl and it is only babies that cry," said Mrs. Wetherbee diplomatically as Susan seated the weeping Lottie on the fence.

Lottie stopped crying and examined the pretty lady who always seemed to know so much about her, out of her round blue eyes, contenting herself with an occasional sob.

"Now John didn't even recollect Lottie's birthday this year, poor lamb," said her mother, trying to smooth down an obstinate curl on the child's warm forehead, "an' she's only had four of 'em. But land, I b'lieve that's John down the road an' I ain't got all them lilacs picked yet. I'm goin' ter try him again ter day," she said in an apologetic tone. "Good mornin', Mis' Wetherbee. Lottie, you come back here, thet's a good girl; your pa don't want to be bothered with you."

As Mrs. Potter put the roast pork on the table a little later and sat down opposite her husband she felt "kinder flustered" as she told the minister's wife afterwards. Mr. Potter threw himself into the chair at the foot of the table as the children scrambled into their places, and began to sharpen the carving knife vigorously. "Roast pork on a week day, eh? Aren't we getting kinder extravagant?" he said glancing over towards his wife, while the children drummed on the table impatiently with their knives and forks. What was his surprise to find his wife hidden from him by an immense pitcher full of white lilacs. He stared at them a minute in silence, then a light seemed to dawn upon him.

"Why, it's our annivers'ry ain't it, Sue?" he said. "Let's see, how many years is it? Fourteen, ain't it? What, fifteen?" Not noticing the cloud that this lapse of memory had sent over his wife's face, "Well, we've got plenty ter show fur it, ain't we," he went on jocosely, glancing at the five children, three on one side of the table and two on the other. "Guess we won't try ter balance the sides. You used ter put them lilacs on ev'ry year, didn't yer?" His wife nodded.

"But yer give it up arter a while. That's jest the way with you women. Talk about sentiment, it all goes before you've ben merried a year. I don't blame yer 'cause yer ain't done it," he went on generously, "'tain't in a woman's natur', somehow. Lottie you stop a poundin' the table." And Mr. Potter set to work eating his dinner.

On her next anniversary Mrs. Potter did up her week's baking and there were no lilacs on the table in the little dining-room, but out in the front yard the unclipped bushes reached out their pure white sprays to all those who were not too busy to stop and drink in their message of spring and of life's spring-time.

F. E. J.

I remember well the afternoon when I first met the Philistines. I had gone to the library with the intention of reading a certain essay on Browning, but found myself

The Philistines in a mood sufficiently irreverent to warrant my putting down the book. It was out of mere curiosity that I took up in its place from the table before me, a small, yellow-covered magazine. I opened it at random and remember feeling some pleasure at first sight of the clear print and smooth paper. It was a short poem to which I had opened, and I should certainly have put it down, had I not noticed the irregularity of the lines, and—oh, restful fact—the absence of rhyme. So I read it. Then I looked at the name of the magazine; it was "The Philistine," and beneath I saw these words: "A Periodical of Protest." I began at once to be interested, and it was not long before I was snugly ensconced in a quiet corner, with five of these miniature magazines in my lap.

The poem was by Stephen Crane, and I have since realized that in it and others of his, are embodied certain Philistine principles which seem to exist in an atmosphere of their own,

drawing therefrom a poignant force which can put to confusion troops of platitudes. Indeed, I have found that the true Philistine can spice a dose of conventional physic until it is almost palatable, but the effect when it is swallowed, is opposite to the one expected.

To speak more directly, the Philistines have made laws among themselves which grant them the common right of freedom in thought and expression, criticism of all things, even to God himself, and in fact, exploration and survey of all territory, provided a clever account thereof be afterward written. For you must be clever in order to become a Philistine.

They are candid enough. They inform the public that theirs is "a Periodical of Protest." They adorn the covers of their quaint magazine with such quotations as "Let there be gall enough in thy ink," and

"Some ha meat that canna eat,
And some na meat that want it;
But we ha meat an' we can eat,
So let the Lord be thankit."

One does not need to read many of their articles to discover their pride in their position; they are warriors of intellect, savage critics, armed philosophers; they care for no opinion but their own.

There is much that is good in their bold stand for freedom, and though their object in this fearless frankness may be a different one, they certainly do express the smouldering indignation of people more reticent or more cowardly than they. And some of their sarcastic mirth over the tendencies of the age, the weaknesses in men, and particularly in what men write, has so just a "reason to be," that one hopes their observations may strike home.

For a few minutes at a time, I fully believe that I have found myself in possession of the exact Philistine spirit; when I have looked at the verse published in the back of "Munsey's Magazine," for instance, or have glanced at the "Table of Contents" of the "Ladies' Home Journal," I believe that I have then heard Philistine war-cries in my ears. But when, in passing, they prophecy oblivion for Ian Maclaren, poke fun at Richard Harding Davis, and laugh openly at Lawrence Hutton or Dr. Parkhurst, I feel certain doubts. There is too much disrespect in all this, and although there is some truth in what they say, one finds in it hardly enough courtesy for a civilized age.

For many reasons, even if I were clever, I should not like to be a Philistine. It seems of little moment to them whether they are considerate, and certainly among other things they lack reserve. Then, too, freedom is a good thing, but not all men can be trusted with it. Since society has not reached a perfect state, patient consideration does seem essential; and if to Philistine literary ability, keenness and discernment, this could be added, if their satire could be tempered, if their criticism though fully as frank, were less flavored with cynicism, they would be a refreshing and delightful band. As it is, it is a question if happiness dwells in their tents.

There is just one thing about them that is puzzling. They publish, according to the words on the cover of their magazine, no longer "a Periodical of Protest," but one "For curious persons." I am considering possible reasons for this new and somewhat milder phrase. Can they be retracting? Is this in defence? Suggestions would be gratefully received.

G. W. H.

JUNE

The poet writes of lovely days
When flowers bloom and breezes blow,
With heat-betokening, gray-blue haze
Low on the hills; but did he go
To recitations?

How can we feel the joy of June
And write it down in fitting rhyme,
When, awful thought! so very soon,
Is coming on that dreaded time,—
Examinations!

Do breezes blow when days are hot
And work keeps weary mortals in?
To us falls no such happy lot.
The poet's Junes must all have been
But long vacations.

J. D. S.

EDITORIAL

In this period of innovation, when the youthful aspirant to fame so often takes upon himself the character of a literary iconoclast, forgetting in his fervent desire for originality that a Pegasus need jump no fences, and asserting his ego in the manner of an obstreperous colt, it behooves us in whom there yet remains some veneration for the institutions of the past, whose souls are yet touched with reverence for those forms which Shakespeare and Shelley and Milton and a great singing host besides, once rendered glorious, to lift up our voices in protestation against the protestants and to vindicate our old-fashioned but sturdy conviction in the excellence of rhyme and rhythm. I speak with special reference to the poems of Stephen Crane. Whether this promising young author is inspired by too close a study of Walt Whitman, whether his immaturity discloses itself in that morbid desire for notoriety which impels a man to cross Niagara on the tight rope, whether his soul is of that plebeian stuff which prefers intellectual brawn to the delicate but more effectual manipulation of the artist, or whether Mr. Crane actually labors under the delusion that he can express himself in a more fitting and dignified manner by the employment of uncouth forms, it is as yet hardly within our power to decide. But since it is better to credit a man with the highest of his possible motives, let us assume that Mr. Crane honestly desires a free and honorable self-expression, and at the same time remind him that it is not granted us to ascend Olympus by a series of somersaults. If Mr. Crane were possessed of that melody which alone entitles a man to express his thoughts in verse, he would not for one moment attempt to translate his inward harmony by means of rhetorical discords. There is no audience for a would-be singer who does not know his notes.

In these days when the dear old masters of thought and expression are accessible to us all, we are under no more obliga-

tions to a writer who, although he may be the happy possessor of a thought, cannot express it beautifully, than we are to the verse-monger who enhances a zero with the prettiest rhymed prattle that ever displayed the charms of absolute nonentity. When we have on our library shelves the highest achievements of vital, struggling, victorious centuries, heated by that same life blood which animates to-day, it were easier to find the needle in the haystack than to evolve an original idea. Unless, therefore, our thoughts can be expressed as fittingly as others have expressed these same thoughts before us, let us charitably refuse to inflict ourselves upon the much enduring public. But if by some extraordinary accident or by the insight of a genius which at present can hardly be called common, one of us should actually be so fortunate as to possess an idea of his own, let him hasten to lay upon it his seal forever, and to inform us of it so beautifully, so powerfully, and with a reverence so imbued with the solemnity of the occasion, that it need never be said again, but that posterity itself may worship before it in silence as at a shrine, feeling in it the inspiration to act, think and speak nobly and harmoniously, and drawing from it some consciousness of the perfection that is behind it. If a writer has not learned to express himself musically, graciously and effectually, if his ear is yet deaf to that imperious strain of poesy which comes to us as full of the sweet urgencies of rhyme as a summer wind is full of fragrances, which is coercive with the passion of an irresistible rhythm, and which, because it is a breath of that creative melody at the root of all things, will have its way, from the ordering of the spheres to the crystallization of dust, from the dancing of man's blood to the least true syllable that it is his lot to utter—if, I say, he has not yet become conscious of the vital essence of all song, let him not presume to elbow thus rudely into the gentle company of singers, but let him tarry by the roadside in all humility, petitioning in good honest, straightforward prose that the Lord vouchsafe him hearing, though deaf from birth.

These strange stanzas which at present flourish on the pages of the *Chap Book* and the *Philistine*, and which in the eyes of the uninitiated are so hybrid that they cannot be called good prose and certainly are not poetry, may possibly prove themselves pioneers in a hitherto untrodden world of literature. But since antiquity has bequeathed to us certain forms of lin-

ing and capitalization as the peculiar property of verse, and since these have become venerable to us as the attributes of all sacred things become sacred, it is almost as offensive to discover brusque and unmusical language bedizening itself in the adornments of poetry as to be proffered dish-water in a communion cup.

We are too much in need of Stephen Crane's strong and novel genius to tolerate for one moment his deficiencies. We want a poet whose soul is so enwrapt in the atmosphere of harmony that rhyme and rhythm, those most pleasant adjuncts of all verse, are in no wise a hindrance, causing no anxiety lest expression be trammelled, but wandering through his stanzas like a breeze in a flower garden, endowing every thought with a sweet and unaccountable vitality beyond its own, an elusive presence that is not to be detained and certainly not defined, bringing with it a very fragrance of significance and warm suggestion, and being of one spirit with that everlasting mind of melody, which comes and goes we know not how, but always from Heaven to Heaven, and which blows forever upon the hearts of men.

EDITOR'S TABLE

“In order to create a more perfect unity of interest and to place the college press of New England upon a firmer and more friendly basis, where mutual advantage and support may be secured, we, the representatives of the student publications of New England Colleges do hereby frame and adopt the following constitution.” Thus runs the preamble of the constitution of the New England Inter-Collegiate Press Association which the SMITH COLLEGE MONTHLY has recently joined. This is the great age of independence; but hand in hand goes an inter-dependence which is displayed in all activity from the vast economical world to the less substantial literary world.

The annual meeting of this Association was held in Boston, May 22, and was attended by three delegates from the SMITH COLLEGE MONTHLY. During the afternoon session, papers were presented on topics relating to college journalism, and were followed by open discussions on the literary and financial management of college publications—“How to Strengthen College Verse,” “The Short Story in College Magazines,” and “the Various Methods of Collecting Material.” During the meeting we were pleased to discover that with the exception of Yale and Harvard, our Alumnæ subscription is the largest among the New England colleges. Here, indeed, is a most tangible illustration of “Smith spirit.”

The dinner in the evening afforded an opportunity for meeting the representatives from the other colleges. Inspiration always arises from contact with fellow-beings; and a still greater inspiration ought to arise from contact with fellow-beings who are working for the same end; as well as a recognition that our own college life is but a phase of one great movement.

Here is a bit of real singing from the *Yale Lit* :

“ When the last light dim and still
Trembles on the western hill,

Margaret,

Do you yet

Stand beside the mossy rill
Dreaming else or singing low,
As I saw you years ago ?

When the shepherds homeward go,
Faring silently and slow,

Margaret,

Margaret,

Do you ever, ever know,
Any of the evening yearning
Or regret's relentless burning ?

Harboring, harboring
Melancholies in the spring

We forget

Margaret.

Peace dead memories might bring
Dear words whispered soft and low
In the very long ago.”

ROBERT G. MUNGER.

In the *Nassau Lit.* we find a poem whose curious and delicate rhythm we particularly like. We clip one verse :

“ The patrol fire-fly creeps about,
Flashing his dark lamp around
To watch a staggering bat ; the lout,
He sleeps, long ere his quarry's found.
The stealthy, grotesque shadows try
To creep back to their homes, unseen,
And through them hastes a dragon fly
Whose wings have lost their sheen.
O'er sleeping fields,
On baleful wings
The gray owl wheels and whirrs and reels
And sees through things unseen.

FREDERIC RIDGELY TORRENCE.

FROM THE INSIDE

Although the usual series of farewell meetings and entertainments to the Seniors has long been heralding the approach of Commencement, it was still with the sense of a distinct shock that the Editor heard a Freshman exclaim gleefully, "Two weeks more and we go home." It had not occurred to her that people could rejoice over the fact. Points of view change with advancing college years, and to us upper-class girls at least, Commencement has come to mean a time of sadness, an overhanging cloud which must break at last over the happiness of our joyous spring term.

We should certainly be unnaturally hard-hearted if we did not feel a throb in our hearts at the realization of all that Commencement means. For the Seniors there is the pain of parting from the dear old college which has sheltered them for four all-too-short years; the thought that they must leave the good times and firm friends to go out into the "wide, wide world," which sounds so bare and lonely after her protecting care; the feeling that another year will find their college opening without them, a new class entering who know them not. But for us who are left behind, is there not pain and parting for us too? True, we have another year before us, but we know all too well what empty places there will be, and how different will be our position with no one to whom we can look up for inspiration and guidance.

Yet there is more for us all in Commencement than sadness and farewells. It is not the end, even for the Seniors; it is their Commencement, the beginning of a new life where they can show what help their college training has been to them, by doing for the world work which shall make their Alma Mater proud of them. After all, college is but a period in our lives, however important a one, and it is left to our later deeds to show the development of the aims and aspirations which college has roused in us.

Yes, Commencement is the time of parting, but it cannot separate any one from her college. Few of us could help feeling in the spirit which pervaded all our Centennial Celebration, that we all, under-graduates and alumnæ, are children of our Alma Mater, bound to her and bound together by ties of loyalty and devotion. No matter where we are, no matter what we do, this is our college—we belong to her, and she has a right to lay claim to the best that is in us. Yet more than this,—are we not happy to have had our Seniors with us for so long, to give us an example of courage and steadfastness? Are we not glad and proud to give our Seniors to help and bless the world—our Seniors, surely the grandest and dearest whom the world can gain this year.

And Ninety-six, we shall do our best next year to discharge faithfully the trust which you have left us, if only to show what inspiration you have been to us, and to prove our love for you. Whatever our mistakes and failures, our highest desire shall be to serve our college as you have done. So good-bye to you, Ninety-six, in your journey to the wide, wide world,—and remember that through all the cares and trials which come to you there, you have us always ready to help and love you. And so, good-bye,—and God bless you!

BOOK REVIEWS

* "IN THE VILLAGE OF VIGER," by Duncan Campbell Scott. This series of stories, loosely strung together in the manner of the "Auld Licht Idyls," is almost as idyllic as these, but there is more stir of incident among the vivacious French people of Viger than among the slow-moving Scotch.

The setting and atmosphere of the pictures are truly poetic; they show a strong sense of color and are full of suggestion. It was Spring and "the leaves seemed to burn with a liquid green fire" when the old postmaster determined to woo and wed. And the fiery little French patriot died at the news of a French defeat "when the maples were stroked with fire." The figures are sharply drawn, but are sometimes too sketchy. Certain lines of interest that are barely implied might well be brought out more definitely. The sympathy that is excited is dissipated by too concise a treatment. This is noticeable in the one called "The Desjardins."

The last is a pure idyl, and is quite the best in the book. An old gardener, a seer of visions and a hearer of mysterious voices, devotes himself to a family of orphans whose father, dying of the disappointment of an unsuccessful inventor, had left them unprovided for. But just when they are getting independent once more, Guy, the oldest, who has his father's restless black eyes, gives himself up to the passion of inventing, loses his position, and they are plunged in poverty again. The old gardener came upon him one day working at his model, oblivious of everything around him, and there in the yellow sunlight beside him stood the figure of his father, leaning towards him with the old, eager haggard look, and he did not dare to remonstrate. He knew he could not stand between the boy and his rightful inheritance.

* "THE ROAD TO CASTALY," by Alice Brown. This little book of poems has much of the delicate aroma of the woods and fields. It is full of a devotion to nature which seems earnest and unaffected and is a great relief after the elaborate artificialities that so often take the name of poetry in vain. There is something extremely attractive about the delicate yet potent treatment. The nature-poems are too long to be quoted, but the following lines from that entitled, "Sunrise on Mansfield Mountain," are perhaps the most beautiful in the book:

"O swift fore-runners, rosy with the race,
Spirits of dawn, divinely manifest
Behind your blushing banners in the sky,
Daring invaders of Night's tenting-ground,—
How do ye strain on forward-bending foot,
Each to be first in heralding of joy?"

* Copeland & Day.

The best one of the poems not dealing with nature, many of which the book would be better without, is that "On the Death of Edwin Booth." This is very fine and the tone of lofty grief is well maintained from the first line,

"Now is the night, foreshadowed of our fears;"

to the last five,

"Take with thee, too, our bond of gratitude.
That in a cynic and a tattling age
Thou didst consent to write, in missal script,
Thy name on the poor player's slandered page.
And teach the lords of empty birth a king may walk the stage."

There are many others deserving, but too numerous to mention.

In her modest preface, Miss Brown calls herself "a wayfarer to Castaly," destined never to reach that eternal mount, but to sing on her way among the grasses and flowers of the roadside. And we must confess that she sings very sweetly and truthfully and her songs are well worth hearing.

* "LIFE OF BAYARD TAYLOR," by Albert H. Smyth ("American Men of Letters" Series). To give a complete account of the life of Bayard Taylor would require a much larger volume than the one mentioned above. For this reason the author has dwelt chiefly on Bayard Taylor in his literary life, merely touching on his travels and diplomatic service. Mr. Smyth has prefaced his work with a sketch of "Pennsylvania in Literature," giving an idea of the environment and influences of Bayard Taylor's early life. In the following chapters we have him presented as reporter, novel writer, translator and poet. In the latter character, while giving much praise, Mr. Smyth does not consider that he reached the highest of which he was capable, owing in great measure to the manifold cares and interests with which he was burdened. In spite of the limited space which prevents emphasis from being laid upon many interesting aspects of Bayard Taylor's life, the author has given a clear picture of the versatility, genius and beauty of character of the man in whatever position he was placed.

We have read with interest the Wellesley stories entitled "AT WELLESLEY," and regret that they cannot be reviewed in this issue.

* Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

BOOKS TO BE REVIEWED.

LYRICS OF EARTH, by Archibald Lampman. Copeland & Day.

SOUL AND SENSE, by Hannah Parker Kimball. Copeland & Day.

UNDERTONES, by Madison Cawein. Copeland & Day.

AUCASSIN AND NICOLETTE. Translated from the French by M. S. Henry. Copeland & Day.

AN ACCOUNT OF THE RELATIONS BETWEEN PRIVATE PROPERTY AND PUBLIC WELFARE, by Arthur Twining Hadley. G. P. Putnam's Sons.

AT WELLESLEY. G. P. Putnam's Sons.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

ELEMENTARY GERMAN READER. Notes by O. B. Super. Ginn & Co.

LE PATER. Notes by Sumichrast. Ginn & Co.

ALUMNÆ DEPARTMENT

The Vesper service on Sunday, May 31st, was a Memorial Service of Dr. Grace Alma Preston. Dr. Benson M. Frink of West Brookfield, Mass., her pastor, paid a tender tribute to her memory, and President Seelye added a few words of testimony to her high Christian character. The choir sang music especially prepared by Dr. Blodgett.

The Boston Alumnæ Association held its final business meeting of the year at Dorothea House Settlement, 13 Warrenton Street, Saturday, May 23d.

An even one thousand dollars has been realized for the Library Fund from the two presentations of the "Tempest."

The Western Massachusetts Alumnæ Association has contributed six hundred dollars to the Library Fund in the past fourteen months.

Tuesday evening, May 26th, the Smith Alumnæ in Easthampton, Mass., assisted by one of the local missionary societies, gave "A Man of Letters" in Memorial Hall of that town, for the benefit of the Library Fund.

Miss Halines, a special student of the class of '83, has given one hundred dollars to the Library Fund.

The Library Fund, now drawing interest, amounts to \$3,000. This does not include the receipts of this year.

It is expected that the "Collection of Smith Songs," mentioned in a preceding issue of the MONTHLY, will be ready for sale about the end of June. It will be a great convenience to the compilers if those who desire copies will send their names and addresses to K. Mann or A. L. Martin, 155 William St., Orange, N. J. The price of the book is \$1.

The class of '86 will hold its ten-year reunion at the home of Mrs. Dana Pearson, Henshaw Avenue, Northampton. The following members of the class are expected to be present: M. Adele Allen, Retta Duncan Demarest, Daisy Carter Duncan, Mary Eastman, Hattie Hill Elliot, Harriet Risley Foote, Marion Bradbury Hovey, Frances Goodwin, Abigail Howes, Kate Hurlburt, Margaret Atwater Jones, Bertha Chase Lancaster, Florence Merriam, Lucy Wright Pearson, Jennette B. Perry, May Peirce, Mary E. Rosebrooks, Zulema Ruble, Kate Haggett Warren, Charlotte Wolcott.

The class of '89 has a reunion this Commencement.

'82. Miss Sophie Clark will spend the summer studying in Germany.

- '83. Alice Ward Bailey has written a novel entitled "Mark Heffron." It is published by Harper.
Caroline E. Hilliard has published "Lessons in Botany."
- '88. Caroline C. Jameson sailed for Europe, May 30th, expecting to be gone three months.
- '89. Ella Scribner was married to Mr. Sheldon Hopkins, May 9th.
Miss Elsie Atwater and Miss Agnes Carr will spend the summer in England.
Miss Alice Buswell has returned from six months of study and travel abroad.
Elizabeth Paine was married last October, to Rev. Francis L. Palmer, and lives in Walla Walla, Washington.
Miss Almira Swan is traveling in Europe for five months.
- '90. Nancy J. B. Brayton was married to Mr. James M. Morton, Jr., June 10th, at Fall River, Mass.
Anna S. Wyckoff is studying music in Germany.
- '91. Lucy Adelaide Pratt was married to Rev. Charles Lancaster Short, January 9th, at Worcester, Mass.
Susan Foster Lauriat was married to Alfred Church Lane, April 15th, at Boston, Mass.
Helen Rebecca Rice was married to Dr. Frederick Dale Barber, June 3d, at Newton Centre, Mass.
- '92. Miss Cora H. Coolidge and Miss Jennie Howe '93, will study in Göttingen, Germany, this summer.
- '93. Florence Jeffrey was married to Mr. William Wilson Carlile, June 2d, at Columbus, Ohio.
- '94. Mabel Darrow Searl was married to Mr. William Ward Damon, June 11th, at Syracuse, N. Y.
Katherine Olivia Graves was married to Mr. L. White Busbey, June 10th, at Brooklyn, N. Y.
Bertha A. Watters is to be married to Mr. John Tildsley, June 26th, at Newburgh, N. Y.
Charlotte Fairbanks received the resident fellowship in Chemistry at Bryn Mawr, the 26th of last April. She has been a graduate student at Yale from '94 to '96.
- '95. Amey O. Aldrich sails for Europe, June 17th.
Carrie W. Ormsbee sailed for Germany, April 9th, on the "Fürst Bismarck." She will spend the summer in Dresden.
Annah Putnam Hazen is taking a post-graduate course in Zoölogy at Dartmouth.
Adelaide Belle Preston is teaching in Miss Woodberry's school at Portsmouth, N. H.

ABOUT COLLEGE

There is not a student of Smith College who was present at the exercises on the morning of May 27th, who did not come away with a stronger and deeper love for her college and its founder. We have known so little of Sophia Smith until now ; we have heard the story of her simple life, felt perhaps unconsciously the benignity of the face we have seen every morning as we come out from chapel and have been vaguely conscious of gratitude to her for conceiving the idea of a woman's college which should be what Smith College has become.

To the suggestion of a few members of the class of '96, with the hearty co-operation of the faculty and the trustees, is due the recent celebration of the one hundredth anniversary of Sophia Smith's birth. The actual date of her birth was August 27th, but for reasons already stated in this department, it was decided to set apart May 27th for the observance of the anniversary. In honor of the day all college exercises were suspended and special exercises were held in the chapel at ten o'clock. In the afternoon a committee, consisting of three representatives from each class, drove out to the cemetery at Hatfield and decorated the grave of Miss Smith with flowers. At the exercises in the morning, the invited guests, consisting of the Mayor and the Common Council of Northampton, trustees, clergymen of the city and town officers of Hatfield, were seated on the platform and in the north transept. The rest of the chapel was filled by the students. The exercises opened with a chant, followed by a prayer, which was offered by the Rev. Robert M. Woods of the church in Hatfield of which Miss Smith was a member. After an anthem sung by the choir, President Seelye made an introductory address, in which he spoke of the circumstances giving rise to the celebration and then read the portions of Miss Smith's will which related to the endowment of the college. These were enthusiastically received by the students. The President then introduced the speaker of the day, Rev. John M. Greene, who was formerly Miss Smith's pastor and her intimate friend for years. He first suggested to her the founding of a college for women which should equal those for men. Dr. Greene spoke with an earnestness and simple sincerity which were very charming. He described vividly the conditions of life in New England one hundred years ago and the cramped facilities for education which were offered to girls when Sophia Smith was a child. He traced her development from childhood to womanhood, among influences of upright piety and simple living, quiet and unromantic, but moulding a character of more than ordinary strength and womanliness. Dr. Greene was very desirous of making a fair representation of Miss Smith without overrating her gifts and her strong personality, and, thanks to his loving and careful delineation of her life and character, we feel that we know what our benefactress was, a self-reliant, generous, loyal-hearted woman, ambitious for her sex and confident in their ability to do well with the means she should put at their disposal.

The student body was represented by Miss Elizabeth Read, of the Senior

class, who spoke of the debt of gratitude we feel for the founding of a college which is a living organism, pervaded by a spirit of liberality—not a mere machine for turning out ready-made teachers. Miss Jordan spoke for the faculty and succeeding in winning for the President such an expression of affection as we rarely find opportunity to give. The Mayor responded very ably for the city of Northampton, and the exercises closed with the singing of “Fair Smith” and a benediction from the President. As the students passed out from the chapel they all felt that whatever the trustees have done for Smith College, whatever the city has done, all this would have been of no avail without the untiring care and devotion of the man who has been the head of our college for twenty-five years, and with true affection we echo Miss Jordan’s words, “Providence gave us our President.”

FLORENCE VAN DUZER SMITH.

The recent changes which have been brought about in the Conference Committee are of sufficient interest and importance to be known to the college as a whole. Ever since the beginning of the year the student members of the Conference have felt a lack of unity and were exceedingly hampered by an ignorance of what had been accomplished in previous years, for no records had been kept of the meetings and there was no way of telling for what the Conference stood and what its duties were. This feeling led to the decision to keep minutes of the meetings, and a secretary was elected for this purpose. It was then felt that more organization was necessary and that such a body ought not to exist without a constitution. A constitution was therefore drawn up, which in a recent meeting with the faculty has been legally adopted.

The first thing of importance which is noticed in this constitution is a change of name. It was found necessary to distinguish the student members of the Conference from the whole body, which includes the class officers of the faculty and the President. Senate has been used for this purpose, but as that name is considered objectionable by the faculty, Council has been substituted for it. Thus the members elected annually by the classes are no longer Senators, but Councillors.

As to the election of these Councillors, some changes have been made. It was felt advisable and almost necessary that at least two members be re-elected at the end of each year to serve the ensuing year. It was therefore decided that one member from the Second class and one from the Junior class be re-elected according to the constitutions of their respective classes.

The object of the Council cannot better be expressed than by quoting Article IV of the Constitution, which reads: “The object of the Council shall be to represent the students in their common interests, and so serve as a medium of communication between the classes, and between faculty and students, to influence the students in the direction of definitely organized public sentiment for the regulation of their social life, and in general to aid in establishing a better understanding between faculty and students upon subjects of mutual interest.”

One of the By-Laws deserves mention as being a new feature in the management of the Reading Room. It reads: “It shall be the duty of the Council to have general oversight of the Reading Room, to audit the accounts

of the Custodian and to have charge of the surplus fund." A treasurer was therefore necessary, and Miss Ruth Duncan has been elected to that office for the remainder of the year. This provision concerning the Reading Room was thought necessary, for there has been no one to whom the Custodian was responsible and it was her desire that the measure should be adopted. There is often a surplus fund which ought to be in the hands of some committee, and as this committee already existed, it was thought better to put the matter in their hands rather than to have another committee solely for that purpose.

Now that the Council is definitely organized and its duties are more fully defined, there is sufficient reason to expect that it can accomplish more and meet the increasing demands made upon it.

MARTHA DAVIS HALE.

The Scientific Club, composed of members of the Faculty, was proposed and established during the winter of 1894-95 by Prof. Stoddard, at whose residence the first meeting was held. It was originally composed of the members of the faculty representing the departments of Chemistry, Astronomy, Botany, Zoology, Philosophy and Biblical Literature, the total membership being eleven. Upon this account the club was known as the "Scientific Eleven." At the first meeting of the present collegiate year, the membership was increased to fourteen by the addition of Dr. Smith, representing Psychology, the mathematicians, Miss Cushing and Miss Cobb, and the college physician, Dr. Howe. The meetings are held at the residences of the different members upon the second and fourth Thursday evenings of each month, thus alternating with the regular meetings of the Biological Society. The host for the evening presides at the meetings, which consist regularly of topics introduced by the different members, each being open to a free discussion. Occasionally the meeting is varied by the introduction of a more formal paper or by a general discussion upon some pre-arranged topic. Since the club has been in existence, announcements have been made of the discoveries of the new element, Argon, the new illuminating gas, Acetylene, the X-ray photography and the missing link, *Pithecanthropus erectus*. The club has proven of especial value to each member, as a means of noting the progress in the other departments.

HARRIS H. WILDER.

We all remember how last June within one week \$912 was collected by contributions from the undergraduates for that which is now so familiar to us all, the Students' Building Fund. To this nucleus has been added this year \$1,472. How has this money been raised? About \$280 was made during the summer in various ways, and during this college year we are all proud of the noble efforts made by the Morris House in its Fair, the Lawrence House in its circus, the Dewey House in its play, besides the Glee Club Concert, House Dramatics, and individual contributions and attempts made by many students in their respective homes during vacations, and which now makes the Fund stand \$2,384, though by the end of the semester it will, we hope, be raised to \$3,000 by subscription.

Has the Library Fund suffered by the existence of this new interest? The college, as before, now devotes the proceeds of one of its concerts to this cause, and I see no reason why these two interests, the one an *alumnæ*, the other an under-graduate, cannot exist side by side without conflict.

The limitation to the number of entertainments to be given for the benefit of the Students' Building certainly eliminates the danger of the enthusiasm proving spasmodic and short-lived, and the ingenious devices for raising money are most worthy of praise.

There is now in the possession of one of the students an old violin, the proceeds from the sale of which will be added to the present fund.

We hope that next year the report will be as encouraging as that of this year, which shows that the fund has almost been tripled.

ALBERTINE WHITNEY FLERSHEM.

Perhaps nothing since the fatal snow-ball fight of '91 has raised in the outside world such a harvest of rumor and conjecture as the news that an expensive new dormitory was being built just outside the campus. Some picturesque element in this seemingly prosaic fact has fired the imagination of the reporters and the results are numerous and varied. One locality deplores that Smith should erect a "Rich Girls' Dormitory," as startling head-lines in the paper announce, and prophesies a dismal tyranny to be expected from this plutocracy; another lauds to the skies the imaginary benefactor who is making the college so munificent a gift. We ourselves are cherishing expectations none the less splendid for their vagueness.

Facts, however superfluous and inartistic from the reporter's point of view, are in growing demand among the girls who think of applying for rooms, so a few of the prevalent rumors are being gradually dissipated. The fact of most importance is that the new house is a private enterprise and has absolutely no official connection with the college. The owner, Mr. DeWitt Smith of New York, expresses an intention of observing the college regulations, but is under no more obligation to do so than any of the private boarding houses.

Architecturally, the new dormitory will be a decided contrast to the college houses. The photographs show a five-storied building of yellow brick with a massive foundation of gray stone and an imposing entrance. The appointments, to judge from the plans, are to be rather more luxurious than "plain living and high thinking" are sometimes supposed to require. The rooms are no larger than many in the campus houses, but are arranged in suites, the prices ranging from twelve to fifteen dollars a week, which is several dollars more than the most expensive rooms in the college houses. The cost of the entire building will be eighty thousand dollars (\$80,000), almost double the cost of any campus house.

Some apprehension has been felt lest this separation between girls who have money and girls who have not, should break up our spirit of democracy. There is always some danger in distinctions of this kind, but since our democracy has successfully withstood the effect of graduated prices in rooms, of "pay" entertainments and all the other terrors that has beset its path, we have firm confidence in its staying power, and realize that it is too deeply rooted in the nature of our college life to be seriously affected by anything so external to its real interests.

CARRIE TILDEN MITCHELL.

CALENDAR

- May 16, Open Meeting of the Phi Kappa Psi Society. Lecture by Prof. Herbert W. Smythe of Bryn Mawr: "Alcaeus and Sappho."
- 20, Current Events Club Meeting. Lecture by Prof. John M. Tyler of Amherst: "Clams."
- 27, Centennial Celebration of the birth of Sophia Smith.
- Junior Reception.
- June 1, Annual Concert. Mr. and Mrs. E. Humphrey-Allen.
- 3, Tennis Tournament.
- 6, Tennis Tournament.

PROGRAMME FOR COMMENCEMENT WEEK.

Senior Dramatics,	Friday, June 12,	8 P. M.
Senior Dramatics,	Saturday, " 13,	8 P. M.
Baccalaureate Sermon,	Sunday, " 14,	4 P. M.
Ivy Exercises,	Monday, " 15,	10 A. M.
Reunion of Colloquium,	" " 15, 11 A. M.—1 P. M.	
Alpha Society,	" " 15,	3—4 P. M.
Biological Society,	" " 15,	3—5 P. M.
Phi Kappa Psi Society,	" " 15,	5—6 P. M.
Art Reception,	" " 15,	4—6 P. M.
Glee Club Promenade,	" " 15,	7 P. M.
Reception,	" " 15,	8—10 P. M.
Commencement Exercises,	Tuesday, " 16,	10.30 A. M.
Orator, WASHINGTON GLADDEN, D.D.		
Alumnæ Reception,	Tuesday, June 16,	2.30 P. M.



